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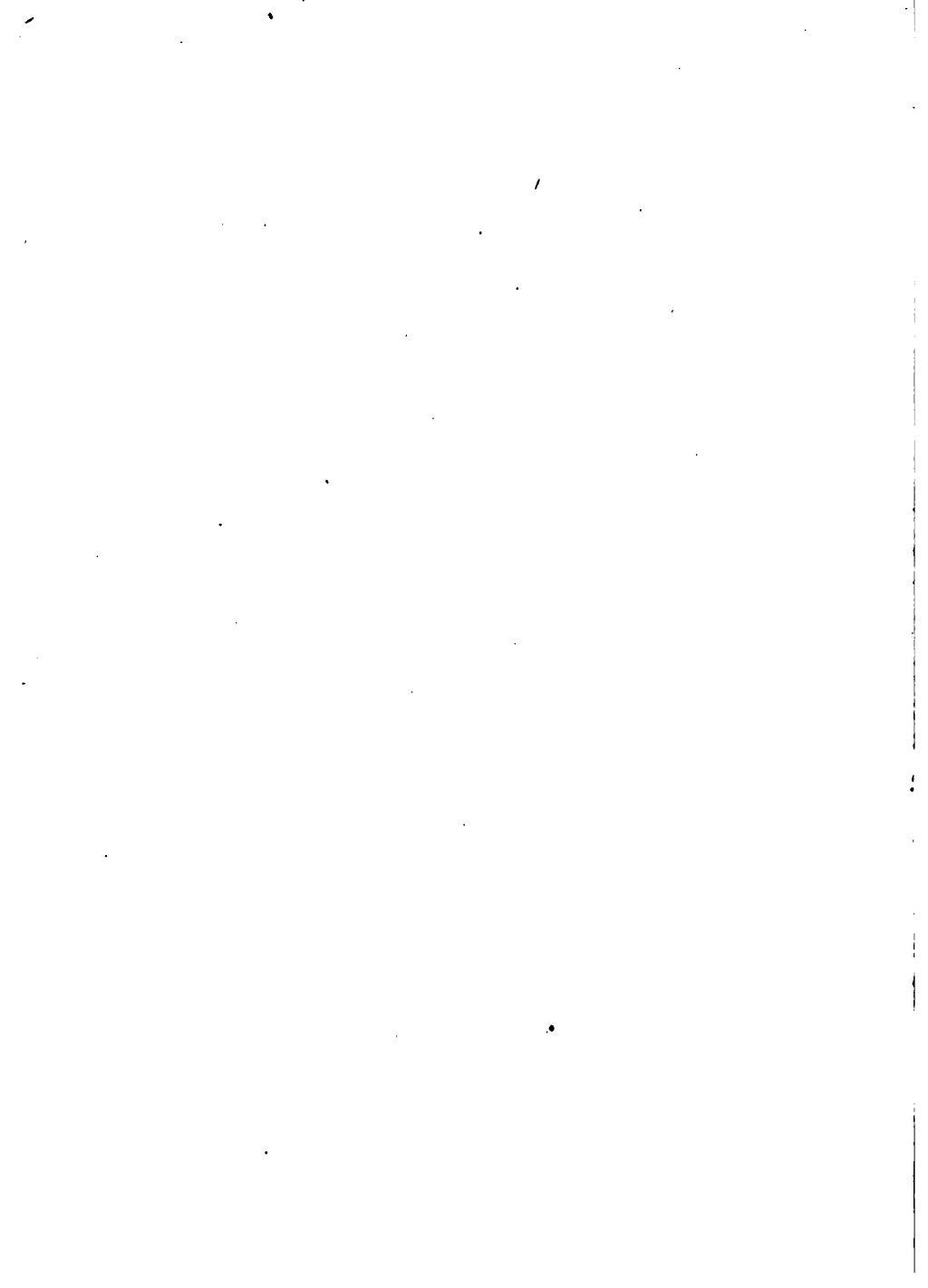
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THE HORACE MANN READERS

FOURTH READER

BY

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NEW YORK
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
FOURTH AVENUE AND 30TH STREET

1911

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FOURTH READER

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FOREWORD

THE Fourth Reader stage should be marked by a distinct increase in power, and a distinct broadening of interest and understanding. For a well-taught boy or girl of ten or eleven, words and phrases occurring in the reading lesson have come to serve as means to an end rather than as ends in themselves; merely mechanical difficulties have begun to disappear; to a greater extent than at any previous period there is space for attention to literary and ethical values.

There is also at this stage a widening view of the world, and there must be a widening range of subjects, of characters, and of situations. To this stage these words of Herbart are especially applicable: "The whole look of a well-trained boy is directed above himself, and . . . his entire line of vision extends beyond all histories of children. Present to the boy, therefore, such men as he himself would like to be." Such are the men and women whose deeds and characters are presented in this book.

The Horace Mann Fourth Reader is an open air book, in the spirit of Walt Whitman's

"I think heroic deeds were all conceived in the open air."

In this respect the spacious deeds of Ulysses and of Thor, and the famed exploits of King Arthur and Sir Peredur, of Robin Hood and Little John, are at one with the stir-

ring stories of the youthful Washington and Lincoln, with the adventures of the half-breed Antoine, of the frontier boy Balser, and even of Jock of the Bushveld.

The central teaching principle of the Fourth Reader, as indeed of the entire series, is the dictum: "*Let thought lead.*" If thought leads, the teaching of *expression* will be easy, for expression is the natural result of getting the thought. If thought leads, the teaching of *word meanings* will be easy, for the best way to learn new words is to meet them in a context that suggests their meaning. If thought *leads*, it will not be lost and forgotten in the multiplicity of mechanical details.

The special aims in teaching this book should be, and indeed must be: first, to give the children practice in getting the thought of whole sentences, whole paragraphs, whole selections; and secondly, to give the children power to deal with new and unfamiliar words, both as to their pronunciation and especially as to their meanings. The selections have been chosen with special reference to both of these aims, and the dictionary at the end of the book — to which definite references are made in the text — is intended to aid in securing the second aim.

Definite suggestions to the teacher regarding the handling of each lesson are given in the Manual which accompanies the series.

The selections from Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Warner, Trowbridge, Burroughs, and Holmes are used by permission of and special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of their works.

Acknowledgments are also due to the following authors and publishers for kind permission to use copyrighted material: to Charles Scribner's Sons for "Four Things" and "The Song-sparrow," by Henry van Dyke; to *The Youth's Companion* for "Bound to Rise" and "Queer Breakfast Guests"; to Charles Major for "Balser and the Bear," from "The Bears of Blue River," published by the Macmillan Company; to H. H. Bennett for "The Flag goes By"; to Little, Brown & Company for "October's Bright Blue Weather," by Helen Hunt Jackson; to Longmans, Green & Company for "Jock, a Dog of the Bushveld," "Jim's Crocodile," and "The Jumping Beans," from "Jock of the Bushveld," by Sir Percy Fitzpatrick; to the Bobbs-Merrill Company for "The Brook Song," by James Whitcomb Riley; and to McClure, Phillips & Company for "A Strange Adventure," by Charles A. Eastman.

NOTE: *The mark (°) indicates that the word to which it is attached is pronounced and defined in the Vocabulary at the back of the book, pages 316-324.*

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BALSER AND THE BEAR

FOURTH READER

BALSER AND THE BEAR

One day Mrs. Brent took down the dinner horn and blew two strong blasts. This was a signal for little Balser, who was helping his father in the clearing, to come to the house. Balser was glad enough to drop his hoe and to run home. When he reached the house, his mother said : —

“ Balser, go up to the drift° and catch a mess of fish for dinner. Your father is tired of deer meat three times a day, and I know he would like a nice dish of fried redeyes at noon.”

“ All right, mother,” answered Balser, taking down his fishing pole and line, and getting the spade to dig bait. When he had collected a small gourdful° of angle worms and was ready to start, his mother called to him : —

“ You may meet a bear. You had better take the gun; your father loaded it this morning. You must be careful in handling it.”

Balser took the gun — a heavy rifle considerably longer than himself — and started up the river toward the drift, which was a quarter of a mile away.

When Balser reached the drift, he looked carefully about

for bear tracks, placed his gun against a tree, unwound his fishing line from the pole, and walked out to the end of a log which extended into the river some twenty or thirty feet.

There he threw in his line, and soon was so busily engaged in drawing out sunfish and redeyes, and now and then a bass which was hungry enough to bite at a worm, that all thought of bears went out of his mind.

After he had caught enough fish for a bountiful dinner, he bethought him of going home, and turned toward the shore. Imagine, if you can, his consternation^o when he saw on the bank, quietly watching him, a huge black bear.

If the wild-cat which Balser had once seen had looked as large as a cow to him, of what size do you suppose the bear appeared? A cow! An elephant, surely, was small compared with the huge black fellow standing on the bank.

It is true Balser had never seen an elephant, but his father had, and so had his friend Tom Fox, who lived down the river; and they all agreed that an elephant was "purty nigh as big as all outdoors."

The bear had a peculiar,^o determined^o expression about it that seemed to say:—

"That boy can't get away; he's out on the log where the water is deep, and if he jumps into the river, I can easily jump in after him and catch him before he can swim a dozen strokes. He'll have to come off the log in a short time, and then I'll proceed to devour him."

About the same train of thought had been passing rapidly through Balser's mind. His gun was on the bank where he had left it, and in order to reach it he would have to pass the bear. He dared not jump into the water, for any attempt to escape would bring the bear upon him instantly.

Balser was very much frightened, but he was a cool-headed little fellow for his age; so he concluded° that he would not press matters, since the bear did not seem inclined° to do so. As long as the bear remained on the bank, Balser would stay upon the log where he was, and would allow the enemy to watch him to his heart's content.

There they stood, the boy and the bear, each eying the other as though they were the best of friends, and as if they would like to eat each other, which, in fact, was really true.

Time passed very slowly for one of them, you may be sure. It seemed to Balser that he had been standing almost an age in the middle of Blue River on the shaking log, when he heard his mother's dinner horn, reminding him that it was time to go home.

Balser quite agreed with his mother, and gladly would he have gone, I need not tell you; but there stood the bear, so patient, so determined, and so fierce, that the boy was almost convinced his own time to die had come.

He hoped that when his father went home to dinner and found him absent he would come up the river in search of him, and frighten away the bear. Hardly had this hope

sprung up in his mind when it seemed that the same thought occurred to the bear also, for it began to move down toward the shore end of the log on which Balser was standing.

Slowly came the bear until it reached the log, which it examined suspiciously; and then, to Balser's great alarm, cautiously stepped out upon it and began to walk toward him.

Balser thought of the folks at home, and, above all, of his baby sister. When he felt that he might never see them again, and that in all probability they would never know his fate, he began to grow heavy-hearted and was almost paralyzed^o with fear.

On came the bear, putting one great paw in front of the other, and watching Balser intently with its little black eyes. Its tongue hung out, and its great red mouth was open to its widest, showing the sharp, long, glittering teeth that would soon be feasting on a first-class boy dinner.

When the bear got within a few feet of Balser, — so close that he could almost feel its hot breath, — the boy grew desperate^o with fear and struck at the brute with the only weapon he had — his string of fish.

Now, bears love fish and blackberries above all other food; so when Balser's fish struck the bear in the mouth, it grabbed at them and in so doing lost its foothold on the slippery log and fell into the water with a splash and a plunge.

This was Balser's chance for life, so he flung the fish to the bear, and ran for the bank with a speed worthy of the cause.

When he reached the bank, his self-confidence returned, and he remembered all the things he had said he would do if he should ever meet a bear.

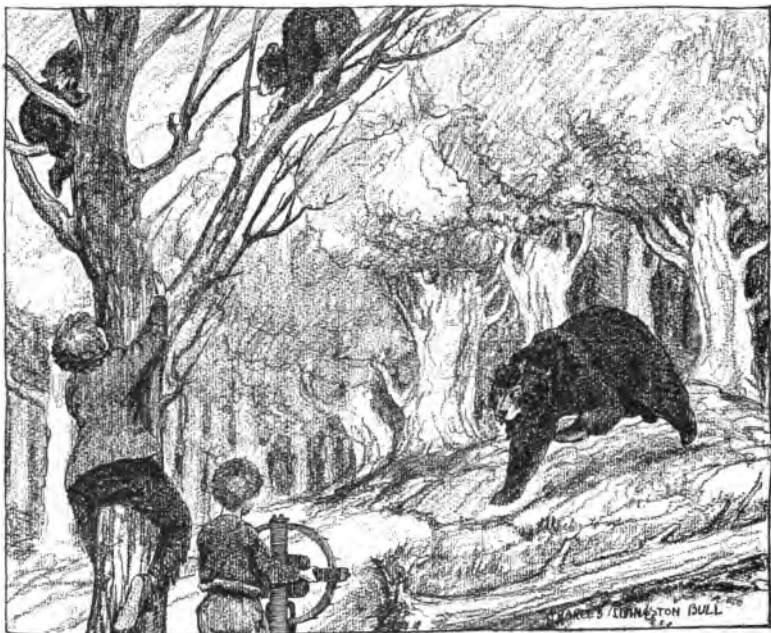
The bear, having caught the fish, climbed again upon the log, where it sat deliberately° devouring them.

This was Balser's chance for death—to the bear. Quickly snatching up the gun, he rested it in the fork of a small tree near by, took deliberate° aim at the bear, which was not five yards away, and shot it through the heart. The bear dropped into the water dead, and, floating downstream a little way, lodged at a ripple a short distance below.

After Balser had killed the bear, he became more frightened than at any time during the adventure,° and ran home screaming. That afternoon his father went to the scene of battle and took the bear out of the water. It was very fat and large, and weighed, Mr. Brent said, over six hundred pounds.

Balser was firmly of the opinion that he also was very fat and large, and weighed as much as the bear. He certainly had a right to feel "big"; for he had brought himself out of an ugly scrape in a brave, manly, cool-headed manner, and had achieved a victory of which a man might have been proud.

— CHARLES MAJOR.



A LEGEND OF VERMONT

In the days of the early settlements, there lived in the town of Rockingham, Vermont, a family named Simonds.

They had a nice field of corn at a little distance from the house, and night by night a bear made havoc° in it. She broke down the corn, she tore off the ears, she ate, she trampled under foot, she wasted most inconsiderately.° They set the bear trap in the field, but it was carefully avoided.

One morning, as usual, two of the boys went out to look at the trap. There it stood, with its huge jaws voraciously^o open, the cruel teeth holding nothing. They took up the trap to move it to another spot.

"What is that so black on that tree, Elijah?" asked John, suddenly.

John was about eleven years old, while Elijah was thirteen or fourteen. The boys made as fast as possible toward the tree, carrying the heavy trap between them. On the tree were two little cubs, only just large enough to climb, clinging among the branches.

"Brother," said Elijah, in a most excited tone, "I have a plan: one of us must go up and punch the cubs to make them cry, while the other shall hold the trap down there, and catch the old bear in it when she comes."

"Yes," said John.

"Well, have your choice, John."

"I'd rather stay with the trap."

Without further words, up went Elijah to tease the little bears and infuriate^o their mama.

Poor little bears! They were greatly alarmed at the sight of that rough, clambering boy intruding^o into their green withdrawing-room, and they trembled and cried out piteously for their mother. In a moment something black was seen on the top of the hillock, and on rushed the angry, savage beast directly toward the nursery where she had left her darlings.

"What are you doing at the foot of my tree, you ugly boy! Now I'll eat you right up!" said she, by "actions," which "speak louder than words."

John was holding the large trap open before him, his back against a tree, the end of the trap resting on the ground, when the bear dashed at him furiously, with mouth wide open. Snap went the trap, and poor Mrs. Bruin was fast.

Home went the boys, each of them carrying a cub.

"Father! Brother Gardner! we've caught a bear!"

"Yes! I held the trap, and the old bear ran at me with her mouth wide open, and ran her head right into the trap, and there she was! See the cubs! The old bear is in the trap now!"

"Impossible!" said Mr. Simonds.

"Impossible!" said Brother Gardner.

But they went with the boys, and, sure enough, there was the mother bear at the foot of the tree, muzzled with the heavy trap. So she was shot, and her meat filled the pork barrel.

Even at this distant day I cannot help feeling sorry in my heart for that poor mama of a bear. But I dare say all the boys who read this story will feel altogether on the side of Elijah and John.

— JULIA GILL and FRANCES LEE.

People do not lack strength; they lack will.

— VICTOR HUGO.

THE SONG-SPARROW

There is a bird I know so well,
It seems as if he must have sung
Beside my crib when I was young ;
Before I knew the way to spell
The name of even the smallest bird,
His gentle-joyful song I heard.
Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is that, every year,
Sings " Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

He comes in March, when winds are strong,
And snow returns to hide the earth ;
But still he warms his heart with mirth,
And waits for May. He lingers long
While flowers fade ; and every day
Repeats his small, contented lay,
As if to say, we need not fear
The season's change, if love is here
With " Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

He does not wear a Joseph's coat
Of many colors, smart and gay ;
His suit is Quaker brown and gray,
With darker patches at his throat.
And yet of all the well-dressed throng
No one can sing so brave a song.

It makes the pride of looks appear
A vain and foolish thing, to hear
His "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

A lofty place he does not love,
But sits by choice, and well at ease,
In hedges, and in little trees
That stretch their slender arms above
The meadow-brook; and there he sings
Till all the field with pleasure rings;
And so he tells in every ear,
That lowly homes to heaven are near
In "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

I like the tune, I like the words;
They seem so true, so free from art,
So friendly and so full of heart,
That if but one of all the birds
Could be my comrade everywhere,
My little brother of the air,
This is the one I'd choose, my dear,
Because he'd bless me, every year,
With "Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

It is well to think well; it is divine to act well.

—HORACE MANN.



FIDDLER DICK AND THE WOLVES

In the early days of Kentucky, the gray timber wolves were very numerous and very troublesome. Not only were stray cattle killed and devoured by them; but often they raided° the farmyards and carried off pigs, poultry, sheep, and calves.

During hard winters, when pressed by hunger, they hunted in great packs; and then, woe° betide the belated° footman who found himself surrounded by them in the

woods. His only safety lay in climbing a tree and waiting for the help that sometimes never came, or until the wolves wearied of the siege.^o

In those days there lived on a Kentucky plantation^o an old negro known as Fiddler Dick. The colored people thought that no one could handle a fiddle bow with such skill as he. To every wedding or merrymaking for miles around, Fiddler Dick was sure to be asked to furnish the music.

One day old Dick was invited to attend a wedding which was to take place that evening on a plantation some eight or ten miles distant.

Soon after sunset, when his work was done, Dick started, fiddle in hand, for the wedding. The snow lay thick upon the ground. There was no moon, but the night was clear and the stars twinkled merrily as the old man trudged along over the crisp and crackling snow.

The road trailed through the dark shadows of a thick forest which was still as wild as when the Indians roamed it.

Suddenly in the darkest and gloomiest part of his journey, the distant howl of a wolf smote^o on the old man's ear. It was answered by another and another, till the full chorus of the wolf pack was echoing faintly through the distant woods.

The old man quickened his steps; but the howls of the wolves grew louder and clearer, till it was plain that the

wolf pack was hot upon his trail. Soon they were close behind him. Then their howling ceased. But their quiet brought no relief to the frightened fiddler; for now he could plainly hear the patter of their feet among the bushes beside the trail. The woods seemed fairly alive with hungry wolves.

Old Dick had heard much about the habits of wolves. He wanted to run; but he knew very well that the moment he did so, the wolves would be upon him. His only chance was to walk steadily forward and show no fear. He remembered, too, that some distance ahead there was an old deserted hut which stood in the middle of a small clearing. The hope that he might reach the hut steadied him and gave him courage.

As the minutes passed, the number of the wolves grew and their boldness increased. Nearer and nearer they pressed till poor Dick could see their eyes glittering like balls of fire among the bushes beside him. Every few minutes one of them would brush past him, snapping his fangs as he went by with a sound like the ring of a steel trap.

Bolder and bolder grew the wolves. At each rush they passed nearer. At last one of them seemed bound to have "first blood" to his credit, and made a dash for the old man's legs. To save himself from being gashed, Dick thrust at the wolf with his fiddle. It did not touch the wolf, but as he drew it back, a bush raked across the

strings with a resounding twang. Instantly all the wolves sprang away as if a shot had been fired among them.

By great good luck, Fiddler Dick had now reached the edge of the clearing; and, raking his hands across the strings at every jump, he made a rush for the hut.

With their tails between their legs, the frightened wolves halted at the edge of the clearing. Their pause was brief; for at the sight of the fleeing fiddler their courage returned, and with a loud burst of yells, they pursued him at full speed. His running had broken the spell. Had they caught him then, little heed would they have given to his music.

Luckily the old man reached the hut just as they were at his heels. Darting through the doorway, he slammed the rickety door behind him.

The wolves crowded against the door. Knowing that it would not hold very long, the old fiddler scrambled up the stairs and climbed through a trap door to the roof.

The wolves soon followed him; and, thronging up the stairs, they leaped at him, gnashing their teeth and yelling with rage. One after another they thrust their noses up between the cracks in the roof, and it was with difficulty that old Dick could keep his feet from the reach of their steel-like fangs.

Seeing his danger, he drew his fiddle bow across the strings. At once the yelling ceased and the raging wolves became silent as they listened to the music.

The terror-stricken but astonished fiddler now found himself surrounded by the most attentive audience he had ever played to. But the moment he stopped, the hungry wolves would renew their yells and leap at him again.

So, hour after hour, the old fiddler played as he had never played before. Scraping away with all his might, he played every tune he knew,—“Old Zip Coon,” “Yankee Doodle,” “Hail Columbia,” reels and jigs, followed one another without a pause. The cold stiffened his legs, and his arms grew weary, but he dared not cease his fiddling for a moment.

Never had a night seemed so long to Fiddler Dick. At last, just as the first streaks of dawn reddened the eastern sky, some of the wedding guests who had come out to look for the old fiddler appeared at the edge of the clearing. At sight of them, the wolves scampered away into the forest, while old Dick threw down his fiddle and fainted from cold and weariness.

His friends carried him home and put him to bed, where he lay for several days. He never forgot the night when he was chief musician to a wolf pack, and never again would he venture to travel through the woods alone after dark.

Socrates, being asked by one of his friends how to gain a good reputation, replied, “You will gain a good reputation if you endeavor to be what you desire to appear.”

THE GIRL THAT SAVED THE STOCKADE

One evening in autumn, in the year 1776, there came bad news to a little settlement on the banks of the Ohio River, near where the city of Wheeling now stands.

A scout who had been sent into the forest to learn what danger lurked in the neighborhood reported that the Indians were on the warpath.

He had heard their terrible whoops, had seen a smoldering blockhouse which they had burned, and had watched a party of them, as, daubed with war paint and bristling with feathers, they moved swiftly in single file along a forest trail.

"To the stockade!" cried Colonel Sheppard, when he heard the evil tidings. But the settlers were already leaving their cabins and walking quickly and silently towards the log fort, which was their only protection.

As the men, women, and children passed through the gate, two captains, Silas and Ebenezer Zane by name, stood by, making sure that none were missing.

It was not long before a war whoop was heard in the forest, and the fight began. The woods seemed full of savages. They outnumbered the men and boys in the fort — five to one.

But the women and girls counted for something in the fights of those days. While the men and boys, as sharpshooters, thrust their long rifles through the loopholes, the

women and girls were by no means idle. For there were bullets to be cast from the molten° lead. There were the guns, overheated from rapid firing, to be cooled, reloaded, and passed to the men at the loopholes.

A day and a night wore slowly away. Without food or sleep, and almost without water, these brave men and women, boys and girls, stood at their posts.

Again and again the savages made a rush, under cover of smoke, to storm the fort, or to set it on fire. Each time they were driven back.

After the last attack, when they had retired into the woods to plan some new mischief, Colonel Sheppard called a council of war.

"The powder has almost given out," he said. "There is not enough for half a dozen rounds."

The settlers looked at one another very soberly. What could even the bravest do without powder?

"There's a keg of powder in my cabin," said Captain Ebenezer Zane, "but it is sixty yards away."

To cross that space before the eyes of those savages meant death.

Yes, but the Indians were sure to come back and make another attack. The settlers must have powder, or give up the fort. If they surrendered, the men would be tortured at the stake, and the women and children taken into captivity or put to death.

"We must have powder," said the colonel to his men;

"and there's none nearer than Captain Zane's cabin. Who will volunteer?"

Every man and boy in that band of heroes wished to go.

"No, no, indeed! Not a man shall go; we haven't one to spare. Let me go!" cried Elizabeth Zane, a fair young girl, sister to Captain Zane.

In vain did they try to keep her back.

"No, Betty, you must not run the risk!" cried all the men; "you'll be killed!"

"Besides, Betty, you can't run fast enough; you are only a girl," said a boy.

"But I am going," Elizabeth said. "You have wasted too much time already. Look at those Indians creeping out of the woods."

The men and boys looked ashamed.

"Let me go; I can run as fast as any of you," said the girl. "If I am killed, I shall not be missed as a man would be. Somebody pin up my hair, so it won't be loose for the Indians to catch hold of."

Carefully the big gate was opened just wide enough for Elizabeth to slip out. She gave one loving look at her brothers. Her dark eyes were shining, but in her face there was not a sign of fear as she walked slowly across the open space to her brother's log cabin.

The Indians hiding in the bushes saw the gate open, and gazed in wonder to see the girl, bareheaded, and with

sleeves rolled up, quietly walk out of the fort as if for a morning stroll.

"Squaw! squaw!" they shouted, but did not fire a shot.

Elizabeth had now reached the cabin and found the keg of powder.

In breathless silence the watchers at the loopholes saw the girl appear in the doorway with the keg of powder clasped in her arms. She stopped a moment and gave a quick glance at the fort, which seemed a long way off.

"Now it is death to my poor sister! Why did we ever let her go?" said Zane, as he saw the young girl making ready to run back.

Pulling her skirts tight around her, and hugging the keg, Elizabeth started for the fort as fast as she could run.

The Indians set up a yell. They knew now what the girl was doing.

Crack! crack! crack! sounded the rifles of the savages.

The bullets whistled past her, but not one hit her. Almost at the gate, the excited girl stumbled and fell.

Was she hit?

No.

She picked herself up and ran for her life.

Ping! ping! sang the bullets; but in another moment the great gate was opened, and Elizabeth fell into the arms of her brother, who stood ready to catch her.

"Three cheers for Betty Zane!" cried the colonel, and they were given with a will.

With Elizabeth unharmed, and plenty of powder, they all took fresh courage.

The worst, however, was over. Before sunrise the next morning, mounted riflemen from other settlements came to the help of the fort. The Indians now gave up hope. After killing the live stock and setting fire to some cabins, they hurried across the Ohio.

Twenty years afterward, Captain Ebenezer Zane founded the town of Zanesville, Ohio, now a flourishing city.

As for his brave young sister, she kept the beauty of her youth even to old age. She lived to tell the story of the gunpowder to her grandchildren.

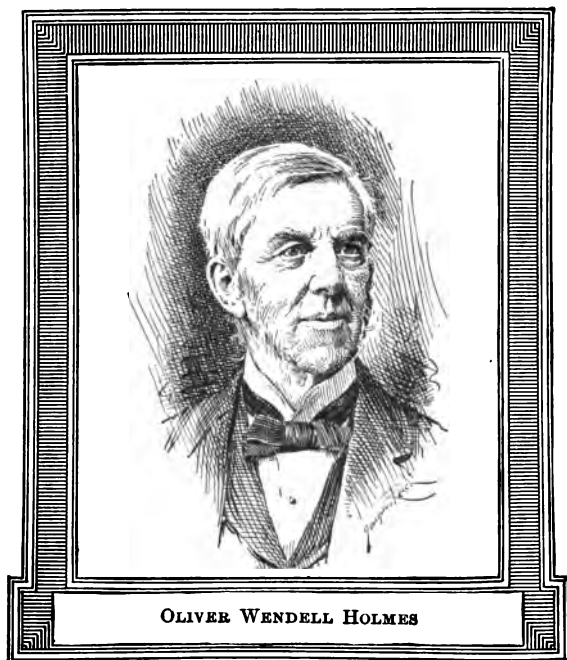
"But never," said one young girl who heard the story from her lips, "did she speak of it boastfully or as a wonderful matter."

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving; to reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, — but we must sail and not drift, nor lie at anchor.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

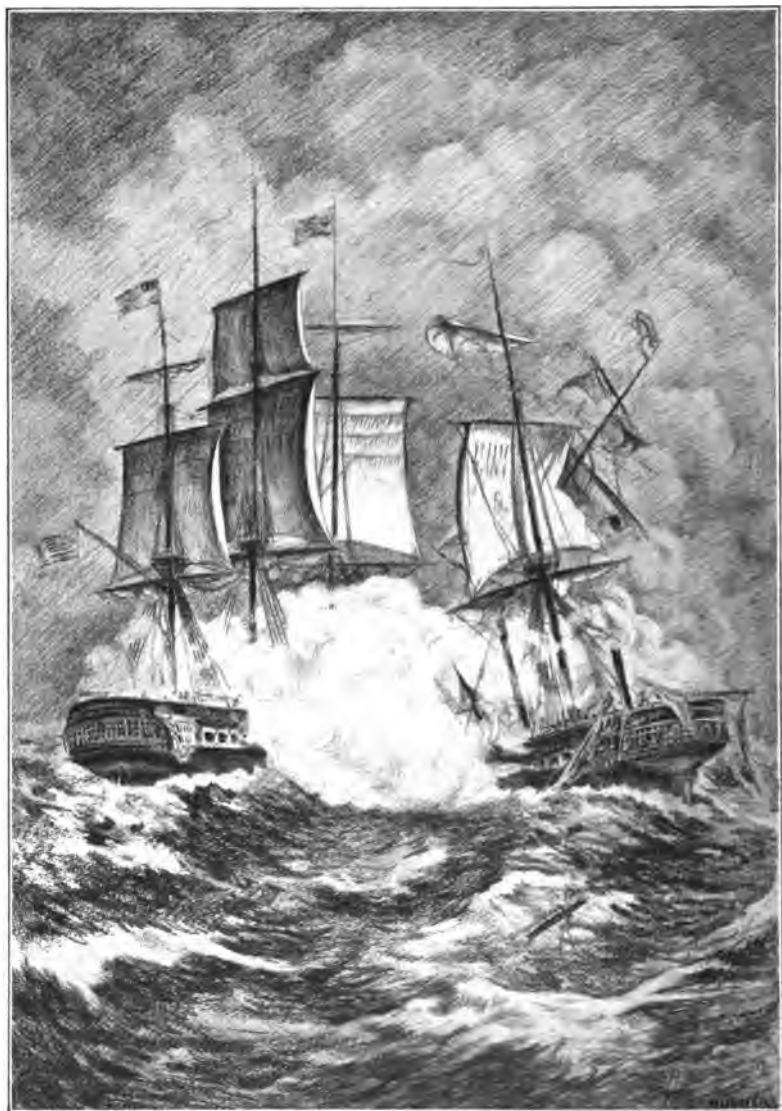
He that avoideth not small faults, by little and little falleth into greater.

— THOMAS A KEMPIS.



OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign° down !
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky ;
 Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar ;—
 The meteor° of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.



OLD IRONSIDES AND THE GUERRIÈRE

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished° foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee ; —
The harpies° of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea !

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave ;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave ;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale !

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,
While its broad folds o'er the battle-field wave,
Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splendors,
Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE "MINUTE-MAN"

During the War of American Independence, British expeditions were frequently sent out from Canada to attack the settlements along the coast of New England. Creeping stealthily along the coast in whaleboats, they surprised the settlers, killed many of the people, and returned carrying much plunder and many scalps and captives.

In those days there dwelt on the coast of Maine a certain Colonel Allen who was widely known for his honesty, his courage, and his ingenuity.^o Seeing the sufferings of his neighbors, Colonel Allen thought it was high time to adopt measures of protection. With this thought in mind, he constructed a new kind of war vessel: its hull was simply a strongly built lumber scow to which Colonel Allen added a powerful rudder and a centerboard which could be raised or lowered at will. This was to make the scow steer well and sail close to the wind. On the sides he placed locks for sixteen oars or sweeps; on the bow he erected a strong mast fitted with a large sail.

Evidently the *Minute-Man*, as the boat was named, could get over the water at a high rate of speed; and since her bottom was flat, she could float in very shallow water. This enabled her to sail close to the shore and hide in any of the numerous little coves which indent the coast.

The *Minute-Man* was armed with a swivel gun which, swinging on a pivot, could be fired in any direction.

Soon after the *Minute-Man* was launched Colonel Allen heard that a party of the enemy was preparing to attack the settlers in his neighborhood. Quickly assembling a strong party, Colonel Allen put to sea in the *Minute-Man*, to meet them. Hiding behind a small island, he surprised the enemy and gave them a sound drubbing, the grape-shot from the swivel doing great execution. After that, Colonel Allen in his queer vessel fought several battles, in every one of which he was victorious; and the enemy soon learned that it was very dangerous to meddle with the settlers on that part of the coast.

One foggy morning Colonel Allen was cruising along the coast in the *Minute-Man*, with a crew consisting only of his three sons. The Colonel himself was at the tiller°; William, the eldest boy, a lad of sixteen, was on the lookout in the bow; while the other lads, Mark and John, were stationed on each side of the vessel. Suddenly something loomed° up through the fog straight ahead; which, as they drew nearer, proved to be a large raft manned by some twenty men.

Calling Mark to take the tiller, the Colonel ordered him to head the *Minute-Man* straight for the raft.

"What are you going to do?" asked William.

"I am going to break up that raft," replied the Colonel; "those logs shall never be built into British vessels if I can help it."

Just then John cried out that there was something

else off to the right; and this proved to be a British frigate.

"Surely," said John, "you are not going to disturb the raft now with that ship near it."

"Indeed I will," replied the Colonel, "the ship is at anchor. We can get away before she can get in motion."

"But the ship has boats," said one of the boys, "and the sailors will be after us in them."

"Do not be frightened," replied the Colonel; "obey orders and we shall escape them. Stand fast now! I am going to give the raftsmen a shot. I do not want to hurt them, only to scare them off." Swinging the swivel about, he sent a four-pound ball skipping over the water toward the raft. With a crash it struck the raft, scattering the splinters in every direction, while the frightened raftsmen crowded to the other end. Hastily reloading the swivel, the Colonel fired again, and again the splinters flew from the logs. This was too much for the raftsmen, and leaping into the water, they began to swim toward the ship.

Soon the bow of the *Minute-Man* touched the raft, and Colonel Allen, seizing an ax, sprang upon it. It was the work of but a few minutes to cut through the planks which bound the logs together. Then leaving the logs to be scattered by the tide, the Colonel sprang again aboard the *Minute-Man*. Seizing the tiller, he headed her away from the ship. By this time the sailors on the ship had two boats in the water and were plying their oars in pursuit.

Putting John at the tiller, the Colonel and the other boys seized the oars, thus increasing the speed of the *Minute-Man*. But in spite of all their efforts, their pursuers gained upon them. "Bring her about a little," cried the captain; "I will give them a hint." Springing into the bow, he whirled the swivel about, and sent a ball skipping across the water between the two boats. Seeing this, the sailors desisted from rowing and seemed to be considering what to do, while the *Minute-Man* continued her flight.

In a moment the pursuit recommenced, and gradually the boats drew nearer until they were almost within musket shot.

"They are catching up, father," John called out; "they will surely get us this time."

"Keep up your courage," cried the Colonel; "a charge of grapeshot poured into one of those boats would work wonders. But I will not fight unless I have to."

The chase continued, and soon the *Minute-Man* was abreast of a long point which stretched far out into the water, and, seizing the tiller, the Colonel swung her round the point.

As soon as they were out of sight of the British, he brought his vessel close to shore. "Now, boys," he cried, "take the muskets, jump out, and wade ashore and hide yourselves in the bushes." Then as the boys obeyed, he swung the *Minute-Man* into deeper water. Quickly he

ran down the sail, took down the mast, and knocked a big plug out of the bottom of the *Minute-Man*, which quickly sank out of sight into the deep water. Then swimming hastily to land, the Colonel disappeared into the bushes which lined the shore. Scarcely had he hidden himself when the British boats rounded the point.

"Hussa, my men," cried their commander, "we have them now," and he looked about for the *Minute-Man*. To his great astonishment no vessel was to be seen. The British boats pulled along the shore examining it inch by inch, but found nothing. At last in great bewilderment they pulled wearily back to their vessel. "That man must be a wizard," said they; "his boat must have vanished into thin air."

A few days later Colonel Allen with some of his friends returned to the little cove, raised the *Minute-Man*, and sailed home with her.

A little while after the Colonel in the *Minute-Man* again met the enemy and inflicted upon them a severe defeat.

"Surely," they declared, "that man is a wizard, who can make a vessel appear and disappear at will." So all up and down the coast the story was told and believed that Colonel Allen was a wizard, and so greatly was he feared by the enemy that they gave that part of the coast a wide berth° during the remainder of the war.

ABE LINCOLN, LIFE-SAVER

One spring when he was a young man, Mr. Lincoln was employed to build a flatboat on the Sangamon River. He immediately set to work, and with the help of several other young men, the boat was soon finished.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Lincoln, "our boat is finished, but we must have a canoe to go with her."

"To be sure!" said the other young fellows, and they all started up the river to find a suitable tree. About half a mile above the village, they found what they were looking for. The tree was soon felled, and in a few hours a clumsy wooden canoe, able to carry several persons, was ready for the water.

It was just at the time when the winter snow was melting very rapidly and the river had overflowed its banks and was running very swiftly. But the young fellows did not mind that; each one of them was anxious for the first ride in the new canoe.

So they dragged it down to the bank and made ready to launch it. "Let her go!" yelled one of the boys, and as they did so, two of them, John Seamon and Walter Carman, leaped into the canoe which shot out from the shore. They got the first ride, but it was much more of a ride than they had counted on.

They found themselves being carried rapidly down the river, unable to make the least headway against the swift

stream. Seeing their danger, young Lincoln shouted to them to work back to the shore. The two boys tried to obey, but were utterly unable to do so. They paddled with all their might, but, in spite of their efforts, slowly drifted down the stream. At last they began to pull for the wreck of an old flatboat which had sunk in the river, leaving a single post sticking out of the water. Just as they reached this post, one of the boys made a grab for it and got hold of it, but, as he did so, the canoe turned over, leaving John clinging to the post, and Walter in the water, which carried him along with the speed of a railway train.

Running along the bank, young Lincoln yelled at the top of his voice to Walter to swim for an elm tree which stood in the water below him. Hearing Lincoln's voice and being a good swimmer, he succeeded in reaching the elm. Catching a branch, he pulled himself into the tree, and there he sat shivering, his teeth chattering from cold.

Lincoln, seeing Walter safe, called out to John to let go of the post and swim for the tree. He obeyed and struck out, while Lincoln cheered and directed him from the bank. As he neared the tree, he made a grab for the branch and, missing it, went under the water. A second trial was more successful, and he climbed upon the branch beside Walter.

The two boys were now in the tree with a long stretch of swift-flowing water between them and the bank. It was a cold raw April day and there was great danger that they would become benumbed and fall back into the

water and be drowned. The village had become alarmed by this time, and many people rushed to the bank of the stream.

Lincoln procured a rope and tied it to a log, and then called to all hands to come and help roll the log into the water. This was done, and then, with the help of the others, he towed it some distance up the stream. A daring young fellow then took his seat on the log, which was pushed into the water in the hope that it would be carried downstream against the tree where the boys were.

The log went straight to the tree, but the young man was in too much of a hurry. Making a hasty grab at a branch, he raised himself off the log, which was at once swept from under him by the raging water.

There were now three men in the tree, and the first two were no better off than before. Their position was very dangerous, and the people on the shore were greatly excited.

Lincoln now got two ropes, one of which was tied to one end of another log which was rolled into the water as before; the other rope he held in his hand.

"Hold fast, boys," he cried, "I'm coming myself this time."

Getting astride the log, he gave the word to push it out into the stream. This was done, and when he dashed by the tree, he threw the rope over the stump of a broken limb and let it slide along until it broke the speed of the log. Then, inch by inch, he drew the log up to the tree

and held it there until the three young men, now nearly frozen, had climbed down and seated themselves upon it.

"Hold fast!" he yelled to the men on the shore as he let go his rope and turned the log adrift. The force of the stream pulling against the rope sent the log slowly around against the bank, and all the party were saved.

The excited people at once gave three cheers for Abe Lincoln. This adventure made him quite a hero, and the people of that region never tired of telling the story and praising the courage and coolness with which he had acted.

AN UGLIER MAN

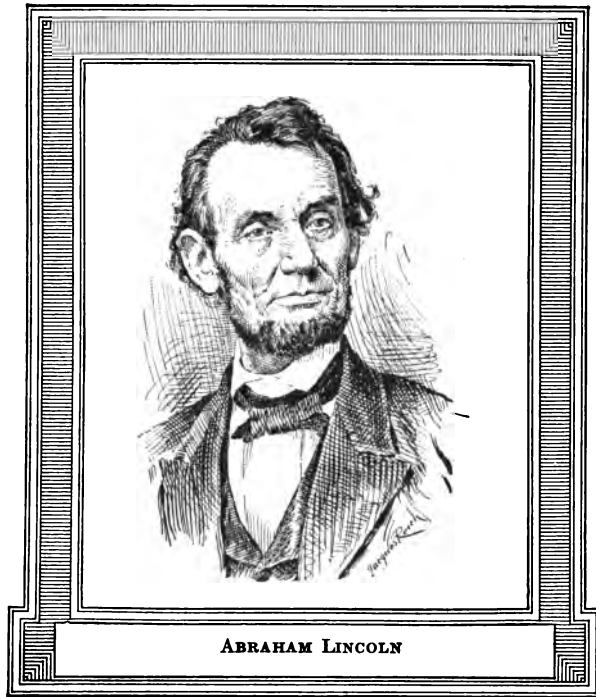
This is a story which Mr. Lincoln used to tell at his own expense.

"In the old days," said he, "when I was practicing law, a stranger came up to me in the cars and said, 'Excuse me, sir, but I have something which belongs to you.'

"How is that?' I asked, greatly astonished.

"Thereupon, the stranger took a jackknife from his pocket.

"Some years ago,' said he, 'a man gave me this knife and told me to keep it till I found a man uglier than myself. I now give it to you, for you are certainly entitled to it.'"



WORDS OF LINCOLN

Learn the laws and obey them.
 I am nothing, but truth is everything.
 Killing the dog does not cure the bite.
 Give us a little more light, and a little less noise.
 It is not best to swap horses while crossing a stream.
 He sticks through thick and thin — I admire such a man.

Success does not so much depend on external^o help as on self-reliance.

It is better only sometimes to be right than at all times to be wrong.

When you have an elephant on hand, and he wants to run away, — better let him run.

Gold is good in its place ; but living, brave, and patriotic men are better than gold.

My experience and observation have been that those who promise the most do the least.

The face of an old friend is like a ray of sunshine through dark and gloomy clouds.

I must stand with anybody that stands right ; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true.

MONTMORENCY'S MISTAKE

The only subject on which Montmorency and I have any serious difference of opinion is cats. I like cats ; Montmorency does not.

Such is the nature of fox-terriers ; and, therefore, I do not blame Montmorency for his tendency to quarrel with cats ; but he wished he had not given way to it that morning.

We were returning from our usual morning walk, and halfway up High Street a cat darted out from one of the houses in front of him, and began to trot across the road. Montmorency gave a cry of joy — the cry of a stern warrior who sees his enemy given over to his hands — and flew after his prey.

His victim was a large black Tom. I never saw a larger cat, nor a more disreputable^o-looking cat. It had lost half its tail, one of its ears, and a fairly sizable piece of its nose. It was a long, sinewy^o-looking animal. It had a calm, contented air about it.

Montmorency went for that poor cat at a rate of twenty miles an hour; but the cat did not hurry up — did not seem to have grasped the idea that its life was in danger. It trotted quietly on until its would-be assassin^o was within a yard of it, and then it turned round and sat down in the middle of the road, and looked at Montmorency with a gentle, inquiring expression, that said: —

“Yes! You want me?”

Montmorency does not lack pluck; but there was something about the look of that cat that might have chilled the heart of the boldest dog. He stopped abruptly and looked at Tom.

Neither spoke; but the conversation that one could imagine was clearly as follows: —

THE CAT. Can I do anything for you?

MONTMORENCY. No — no, thank you.

THE CAT. Don't you mind speaking, if you really want anything, you know.

MONTMORENCY (*backing away*). Oh, no — not at all — certainly — don't you trouble. I — I am afraid I've made a mistake. I thought I knew you. Sorry I disturbed you.

THE CAT. Not at all — quite a pleasure. Sure you don't want anything now?

MONTMORENCY (*still backing*). Not at all, thanks — not at all — very kind of you. Good morning.

THE CAT. Good morning.

Then the cat rose and continued his trot; and Montmorency, fitting what he calls his tail carefully into its groove, came back to us, and took up his position modestly in the rear.

To this day, if you say the word "Cats!" to Montmorency, he will visibly shrink and look up piteously at you, as if to say: —

"Please don't!"

— JEROME K. JEROME.

I tell you earnestly (and I know I am right in this), that you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable — nay, letter by letter.

— JOHN RUSKIN.



OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival° for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless° vagrant,°
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant ;

When gentians roll their fringes tight,
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burs
Without a sound of warning ;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining ;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields still green and fair,
Late aftermaths° are growing ;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting ;

* * * * *

O suns and skies and flowers of June.
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

— HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

BOUND TO RISE

When any one mentioned John Sibley, the face of John's grandfather brightened, for John was the apple of the old man's eye. "People thought because he was undersized, he wouldn't ever amount to much," the old gentleman would say with a chuckle, "but I guess they've seen before now. Youngest of the lot of them and already superintendent of one branch of the railroad where he started in as conductor only five years ago."

"He must have made quick progress," said one visitor, who had accidentally started Mr. Sibley on the subject of his favorite grandson.

"He certainly did," said Mr. Sibley. "The fact is, John has a lot of horse sense and a level head.

“It seems that the president of the road is almost seven feet tall ; and one day, just to try John, who didn’t know him by sight, he bought a ticket and got on John’s train. He put the ticket in his hatband, and when John came along, he was standing up at the rear end of the car, talking to a man, watching to see what John would do.



“John took a good look at him, saw he didn’t intend to pass down his ticket, and looked as if he’d make game of John’s size if a word was said — but there wasn’t !

“John finished up the fares, then he opened the little

store closet, took out the steps he used when he lighted the lamps to go through the tunnel, set them up beside the president, climbed up, took the ticket, punched it, and put it back in the hatband.

“Well, sir, there were a good many in the car that knew who the president was, and when John had gone on, sober as a judge, there was considerable talk.

“When he came through the car next time, the president was sitting down, and he asked John a number of questions, and the upshot of it was that John got his first promotion the next week.

“The president said that he had shown three things all at once, John had—that he was good-tempered, knew when to hold his tongue, and had resources° of his own.”

— *The Youth's Companion.*

CROSS QUESTIONS

Frederick the Great paid so much attention to his regiments of guards, that he knew personally every one of his soldiers. Whenever he saw a fresh one, he used to put the three following questions to him: 1st, How old are you? 2d, How long have you been in my service? 3d, Are you satisfied with your pay and treatment?”

It happened that a young Frenchman, who did not understand three words of German, enlisted in the Prussian

service, and Frederick, on seeing him, put the usual questions. The soldier had learned the answers, but in the same order as the king generally asked them.

Unfortunately, on this occasion Frederick began with the second question.

"How long have you been in my service?"

"Twenty-one years," replied the Frenchman.

"What?" said the king; "how old are you, then?"

"One year," was the reply.

"Upon my word," said Frederick, "you or I must be crazy."

"Both," replied the soldier, according to what he had been taught.

"Well," said the astonished monarch, "this is the first time I was ever called a madman by one of my guards: What do you mean by it, sir?"

The poor fellow, seeing the king enraged, told him, in French, that he did not understand a word of German.

"Oh! is it so?" said Frederick. "Well, learn it as soon as possible and I have no doubt that you will make a very good soldier."

Truth is tough. It will not break, like a bubble, at a touch; nay you may kick it about all day like a football and it will be round and full at evening.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A GOOD THANKSGIVING

Said Old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."
So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price,
And the Shoemaker said, "What a big bird! how nice!
And since a good dinner's before me, I ought
To give poor Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."

"This fine chicken, O see!" said the pleased Widow Lee.
"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!
I would like to make some one as happy as I —
I'll give Washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."

"And O sure," Biddy said, "'tis the queen of all pies!
Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes!
Now it's my turn, I think; and a sweet ginger cake
For the motherless Finnigan children I'll bake."

"A sweet-cake, all our own! 'Tis too good to be true!"
Said the Finnigan children, Rose, Denny, and Hugh:
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice,
To poor little Lane Jake — who has nothing that's nice."

"O I thank you, and thank you!" said little Lane Jake,
"O what a bootiful, bootiful, bootiful cake!
And O such a big slice! I will save all the crumbs,
And will give 'em to each little Sparrow that comes!"

And the Sparrows they twittered as if they would say,
Like old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away!"

— MARION DOUGLAS.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree;
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree;
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary° forest,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled° ;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward ;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant° branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance ;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

“Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous° roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Larch, with all its fibers,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
“Take them all, O Hiawatha!”

From the earth he tore the fibers,°
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

“Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Fir Tree, tall and somber,°
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
“Take my balm, O Hiawatha!”

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
Seamed therewith each seam and fissure,^o
Made each crevice^o safe from water.

* * * * *

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest ;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple^o sinews ;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The talent^o of success is nothing more than doing what
you can do well, and doing well whatever you can do with-
out a thought of fame.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



HIAWATHA'S SAILING

THE GRATEFUL INDIAN

Many years ago, when there were but few white men in this country, an Indian went, in the dusk of the evening, to a public house in a small village called Wilton. He asked the innkeeper to give him some drink and a supper. At the same time, he said that he could not pay for them. He promised, however, to pay him soon.

The innkeeper told him that he had nothing for him; called him a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, and said he did not work so hard to throw away his earnings upon such creatures.

A gentleman, who was sitting by, observed that the Indian was suffering from hunger and fatigue.° As the Indian turned to leave the house, the gentleman told the innkeeper to supply him with what he needed, and said that he would pay for it himself. He did so.

When the Indian had finished his supper, he turned to the gentleman, thanked him, and told him that he would remember his kindness, and, whenever he was able, repay him.

Some years after, the innkeeper and the gentleman set out to visit a city at some distance from Wilton. In order to reach it, they were obliged to pass through a wilderness. In the woods they were taken captive by an Indian party, and carried to Canada.

When they arrived there, some of the Indians advised

that they should be put to death, and others, that they should be kept as prisoners. In the meantime, they were bound and kept safely, until the savages should decide what to do with them.

One day, when most of the Indians were out hunting, one of them came to the gentleman and unbound him. He then gave him a musket and some powder, and a bag with food in it, to strap on his back. Having done this, the Indian told him to follow him.

They traveled, for many days, toward the south. The Indian preserved, all the time, perfect silence. In the day-time, they shot such game as came in their way for food, and, at night they kindled a fire, by which they slept.

After a journey of many days, they came one morning to the top of a hill, from which they could see a number of houses, forming quite a village. The Indian asked the man if he knew that place. He replied, very eagerly, that it was Wilton.

His guide then reminded him that many years before he had relieved the wants of a weary and hungry Indian, at a public house in that place, and added, "I am that Indian; now I pay you; go home."

Having said this, the Indian left him, and the man joyfully returned to his home.

What became of the innkeeper was never known.

AN INDIAN STRATAGEM

During the French and Indian War, a company of Americans was stationed on the frontier to protect the settlements from the Indians. The commander was a veteran^o Indian fighter, and although the savages were known to be constantly prowling about in the neighborhood, they found no opportunity for a surprise.

One morning the guard went as usual to relieve a sentinel who had been posted at a spot within the wood. The sentinel was gone, and no trace of him could be found. But such things had happened before, and the officer of the day, concluding that the man had deserted, left another man in his place, remarking that he hoped to find *him* there when the next relief came around.

"You need not be afraid," replied the soldier with warmth, "I shall not desert."

The sentinels were relieved every four hours, and at the appointed time the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their great astonishment, the man was gone. Again search was made for some sign to indicate his fate, but none was to be found. It was now more necessary than ever that *that* station should be occupied ; another man was left and the guard continued their rounds.

When the relief guard visited the post the next time, they were astounded to find that the third man had

disappeared as mysteriously as the others. The men were terrified ; no one would willingly remain at that post.

When this was reported to the colonel in command, he decided to call for volunteers. At first no one moved ; but after a moment a young frontiersman stepped forward.

"I will take the post, Colonel," said he, "and I will never be taken alive. You shall hear from me at the least alarm. If a leaf falls or a squirrel chatters, you will hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter ; but I shall not be taken by surprise."

The colonel approved his plan and praised his courage ; his comrades shook hands with him as with one going to certain death ; and the brave fellow marched off to his post.

An hour had passed and twilight had come on when the report of a musket rang out. Every one sprang to his feet and rushed toward the wood. As they approached the post, they saw the sentinel advancing toward them dragging an Indian along the ground by the hair of his head.

"Well done, my good fellow," cried the colonel, who was among the foremost ; "now tell us what has happened."

"I told you, Colonel," replied the sentinel, "that I should fire at the least provocation, and that is exactly what I did. I had not been long at my post when I heard a rustling at a little distance. I looked about and

saw a wild hog crawling along the ground and seemingly searching for nuts among the fallen leaves.

“As these animals are very common about here, I suspected nothing ; but since the hog was the only moving



object in sight, I kept my eyes upon it and watched its progress among the trees. For a long time nothing suspicious occurred. I noticed, however, that the pig seemed gradually to be approaching a little copse° behind my post. Still there seemed nothing strange about that ; but knowing something about Indian trickery, I began to be sus-

picious. I therefore kept my eyes upon it, but hesitated° to shoot. I did not wish to be laughed at for raising a false alarm.

“Finally, when I had almost resolved to let it alone, I thought I saw something odd about its movements. That was enough. Taking quick but careful aim, I fired, and the animal tumbled over with a groan that was far from piglike.

“I immediately ran up to it and poked it with my bayonet. The trick was plain. The Indian had covered himself so artfully and completely with the skin of a wild hog that at a little distance any one would have been deceived. Even his hands and his feet were so carefully concealed that but for the slight oddity of movement which I fortunately observed, he might have approached close to me without creating any suspicion. It was a clever° stratagem.”

The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now plain. The Indian, disguised in the pigskin and armed with a knife and a tomahawk, had drawn close to them without creating any uneasiness. A sudden spring, a blow with tomahawk or knife, had instantly killed them; and the Indian had carried their bodies off into the bushes and concealed them.

The alert sentinel was Israel Putnam, afterwards a general in the Revolutionary War.

THE CHRISTMAS TREES

There's a stir among the trees,
There's a whisper in the breeze,
Little ice points clash and clink,
Little needles nod and wink,
Sturdy fir trees sway and sigh —
“Here am I! Here am I!”

“All the summer long I stood
In the silence of the wood.
Tall and tapering, I grew ;
What might happen well I knew ;
For one day a little bird
Sang, and in the song, I heard
Many things quite strange to me
Of Christmas, and the Christmas tree.

“When the sun was hid from sight
In the darkness of the night,
When the wind with sudden fret
Pulled at my green coronet,^o
Stanch^o I stood, and hid my fears,
Weeping silent, fragrant tears,
Praying still that I might be
Fitted for a Christmas tree.

“Now here we stand
On every hand !

In us a hoard of summer stored,
Birds have flown over us,
Blue sky has covered us,
Soft wings have sung to us,
Blossoms have flung to us
Measureless sweetness, —
Now in completeness,
We wait.”

—MARY F. BUTTS.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the
house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash;

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a luster of midday to objects below ;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature° sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name :
“ Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer and Vixen !
On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Donner and Blitzen ! —
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all ! ”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle,° mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas, too ;
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound ;
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot ;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes, how they twinkled ! his dimples, how merry !
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry ;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf ;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings ; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out of sight,
“ Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night ! ”

— CLEMENT C. MOORE.

The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

— MRS. HEMANS.



The gallant General Custer was riding one day at the head of a troop of cavalry. They were crossing a desert in single file; there was no trail. Suddenly the general pulled his horse sharply to the right, as if to avoid some obstacle. The man next behind him did the same, and so did all the rest. The last man in the column° looked to see the cause of the abrupt° change of direction. There in the sand of the desert, he discovered — not a prairie dog's burrow, not a rattlesnake — but a bird's nest.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

There was once an English nobleman, named Sir Philip Sidney, who for four hundred years has been remembered for a simple deed of kindness and courtesy.^o

It was on a battlefield. The ground was covered with dead and dying men. Sir Philip was wounded, and near him was a private soldier, also wounded. Both were suffering with pain and thirst, and both were dying.

When the battle was over, the soldiers cared for their wounded comrades on the field. A soldier, seeing the wounded officer, ran to him and put a cup of cold water to his lips.

. Just as he was about to drink, the noble Sir Philip remembered his comrade in suffering. Pushing the cup away, he said to the soldier, "Give it to him." And to the wounded man, he said, "Drink, my comrade, thy need is greater than mine."

The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known ;
For a man by nothing is so well betrayed
As by his manners.

— SPENSER.

Life is not so short, but that there is always time for courtesy.

. — RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

I. THE OLD-FIELD SCHOOLHOUSE

George Washington, the first President of the United States, was born in Virginia, February 22, 1732. When he was four or five years of age, his father sent him to the "old-field" schoolhouse. An "old-field" was one which had been planted with tobacco, year after year, until the soil was quite worn out and would yield no more. This field was then left uncultivated and was soon covered with briars, bushes, vines, and "second-growth" pine trees. Such a field was the finest place imaginable for children to play in, and in such fields the old-time country schoolhouses in Virginia were always built.

The schoolhouse to which little George went was situated in an old field which belonged to his father, who was probably the wealthiest man in the neighborhood. It is quite likely, too, that Mr. Washington, who had been educated in England and had sent his older sons there to be taught, cared more for learning than any of his neighbors, many of whom could barely read and write. However this may be, Mr. Washington furnished not only school grounds and schoolhouse, but the teacher also. This teacher was one of Mr. Washington's servants who was called Hobby. He was not very well educated himself and could teach no more than a little reading, writing, and arithmetic.

But poor as Hobby's teaching doubtless was, little George had no other for several years; I mean no other school teaching. But we are told that both his father and his mother took great pains with him; in particular they trained him to do carefully and well whatever he undertook to do. There are yet in existence letters and copy-books of his which show the effects of this home training.

After his father's death, which took place when he was eleven years old, George was sent to live with his elder brother Augustine, that he might attend a better school, kept by a certain Mr. Williams. Just how much Mr. Williams taught him we cannot tell: but the lad seems to have learned a good deal from a book called *The Young Man's Companion or Arithmetic Made Easy*, which fell into his hands about this time. In the preface of this book the author declares that it will teach a boy without a tutor how to read and write good English, how to write letters and make out bills, bonds, releases, and wills, how to measure timber and survey^o land, and many other useful things.

From blank books which have been preserved we know that George solved all the problems and wrote out all the forms in this book and that he took great pains with his penmanship, which improved steadily as he grew older. These old blank books show clearly that the boy Washington was already practicing those painstaking habits with his pen which led him in later life to keep careful accounts

of all his expenses, diaries of his doings, and copies of all his letters.

In one of these notebooks George copied one hundred and ten curious° “Rules for Behavior.” These are some of them : —

Be not apt° to relate news if you know not the truth thereof. A secret discover° not.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

When your superiors talk to anybody, hearken not, neither speak nor laugh.

Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals ; feed not with greediness ; cut your bread with a knife ; lean not on the table ; neither find fault with what you eat.

Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not ; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

Honor and obey your parents, although they be poor.

Let your recreation° be manful, not sinful.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial° fire called conscience.°

—GEORGE WASHINGTON.



II. THE BOY SOLDIER

When young George Washington was attending Hobby's school, his elder brother Lawrence joined the British Army and sailed away to fight the French. Of course all the boys in Hobby's school heard a great deal about war, and straightway fell to imitating their elders. They formed themselves into two parties, one of which was called the French and Indians; the other, the British and Americans. The general on one side was George; on the other a bright active lad of about his age whose name was William Bustle.

The old field made a fine battle ground. There were ambushes and fights without number. Their muskets were cornstalks, while the make-believe Indians fought with tiny bows and headless arrows. In winter snowballs were used. At one time it is said that General Bustle blackened General Washington's eye with a hard snowball which contained a stone. This was contrary to the rules of war.

George Washington was never quarrelsome, but such a violation of the rules could not be allowed to pass. General Bustle's reply to General Washington's protest^o was unsatisfactory. A fight followed between the two generals, in which General Bustle received his just deserts,^o a sound thrashing.

III. THE YOUNG ATHLETE

Even as a boy Washington possessed great strength and quickness. He was fond of all manly exercises. When he went to Mr. Williams's school at the age of fifteen, he soon became the champion wrestler of the school. This is the way in which he won the championship.

One day, when he first entered the school, so the story goes, young Washington sat reading a book under an oak tree near the school, while the other boys were trying their strength against the champion wrestler of the school. One after another the boys went down. Presently the champion dared Washington to come on, or own that he was afraid. George quietly put down his book and "came

on." The struggle lasted but a few seconds, when, as the champion afterwards said, "I felt myself grasped and hurled to the ground with a jar that shook the marrow of my bones." After that George Washington was the acknowledged champion of the school.

IV. THE SKILLFUL HORSEMAN

George Washington was always very fond of horses and early in life became a skillful and fearless rider. His father always kept a number of fine horses which he bred himself, and Mrs. Washington, after the death of her husband, kept up the stock. At one time she had a favorite young horse, a spirited sorrel which no one had succeeded in breaking.

George and some boy friends were looking at the horses one day when George declared that he was going to ride the sorrel. Boylike his companions dared him to try it. Driving the restless animal into a corner of the field, they caught him and forced a bit into his mouth. No sooner was this done than George sprang upon his back. Instantly the horse reared and plunged so fiercely that George's companions began to be frightened about the result of their sport! But George firmly kept his seat until finally the animal gave one bound into the air and fell back upon the ground dead. It had burst a blood vessel.

Immediately after this the boys were called to dinner, feeling very much scared over the outcome of their sport.

When they were seated at table, Mrs. Washington began to ask about her colts, especially her favorite, the sorrel. The boys looked at one another in silence, but Mrs. Washington demanded an answer. "The sorrel is dead, madam," said George, quietly; "I killed him." And then he told how it had happened. At first Mrs. Washington's face flushed red with anger, but presently she said that, although she regretted the loss of the horse, she was proud of having a son who always told the truth.

There is another story about his horsemanship that is worth telling. It is said that while George was living with his brother Lawrence, he went one day to Alexandria where a dealer was showing some thoroughbred horses he had for sale. George admired the splendid creatures and perhaps bragged a little about what he could do with horses.

"Well," said the dealer, pointing to a spirited young horse, "if you can ride that fellow to Mt. Vernon and back without losing your seat, he is yours." George immediately accepted the offer, and mounting the animal rode away. The next day he returned to town firmly seated upon the wild creature.

"Well," said the dealer, "you have won; the horse is yours."

"No, he isn't," replied George, "for he threw me once and dragged me a little way by the reins."

V. A NOBLE FRIEND

In 1747, when he was fifteen years old, George Washington went for a long visit to his brother Lawrence at Mt. Vernon. While there he became acquainted with Lord Fairfax, a gentleman who probably had more influence over his future^o than any other person. Lord Fairfax was a man of the world and had seen life in every form. He had passed his youth as a fine gentleman in the elegant society of London; and had come, a disappointed man, to pass his old age in the Virginia woods.

At the time of their first acquaintance, George was practicing his one hundred and ten rules of behavior so carefully that he seemed an awkward, silent, and rather stupid youth. But the more Lord Fairfax knew the quiet lad, the better he liked him, and they began to be together a great deal. The old lord found his young friend respectful, willing to take advice from his elders, and eager to learn.

Soon the two became great chums, considering the great difference in their ages and rank. They fished and hunted together or sat in his lordship's room talking about things in which they were both interested.

To the youth these talks with the old earl must have been equally profitable in expanding his views and giving him a glimpse of the great world; and it is certain that to the end of his life he retained the warmest regard for the old nobleman.

At this time his mother had some notion of sending him to England to school, and about this she asked Lord Fairfax's advice. He gave it in a letter which shows what George Washington was at that time better than any other account that has come down to us. He wrote :

BELVOIR.

HONORED MADAM : —

You are so good as to ask me what I think of a temporary° residence° for your son George in England. It is a country for which I myself have no inclination,° and the gentlemen you mention are certainly renowned° gamblers whose influence I should be sorry your son were exposed to, even if his means easily admitted of a residence in England.

He is strong and hardy and as good a master of a horse as any could desire. His education might have been bettered, but what he has is accurate° and inclines him to much life out of doors. He is very grave° for one of his age and reserved° in his intercourse°; not a great talker at any time. His mind appears to me to act slowly, but, on the whole, to reach just conclusions,° and he has an ardent° wish to see the right of questions — what my friend Mr. Addison was pleased to call “The intellectual° conscience.” Method and exactness seem to be natural to George. . . . I presume him to be truthful because he is exact.

I wish I could say that he governs his temper. He is

subject to attacks of anger on provocation and sometimes without just cause ; but as he is a reasonable person, time will cure him of this vice° of nature ; and in fact he is, in my judgment, a man who will go to school all his life and profit thereby.

I hope, madam, that you will find pleasure in what I have written and will rest assured that I shall continue to interest myself in his fortunes. Much honored by your appeal to my judgment, I am, my dear madam, your obedient, humble servant,

FAIRFAX.

TO MRS. MARY WASHINGTON.

VI. THE YOUNG SURVEYOR

At the time when George Washington was visiting his brother at Mt. Vernon, his mother and two older brothers were seriously° discussing his future. The property which he had inherited° from his father was not sufficient to keep him in idleness. Something he must do, but what ? that was the question.

Some time before, it had been decided that he should become a sailor. His mother gave her consent, and a midshipman's berth had been secured for him. The ship lay at the wharf not far from his mother's home. His luggage was sent on board ; but when he went to bid his mother "good-by" she broke down, and, with tears in her eyes, begged him to stay at home. George was a dutiful and

obedient son. "Very well, mother," he said quietly, and immediately ordered a servant to go aboard and bring off his baggage.

But he now had quit school for good, and whatever he was to do, he should be preparing for it.

"George," said his brother Lawrence one day, "what would you like to be?"

"Well," replied George, "I think I will be a surveyor."

Lawrence was inclined to favor the idea, but when it was placed before Mrs. Washington, she was opposed to it. "It is not a proper occupation for a gentleman," she said. They argued the matter pro° and con for a while, and finally agreed to ask Lord Fairfax's advice.

"It is a fine manly business," said the old earl, "much better than any kind of trading. It will keep the boy out of doors and make a strong, healthy man of him, and if you like I will give him his first job. He shall survey my land beyond the Blue Mountains for me." And so it was decided.

George had been practicing surveying for a long time. It is said that he had surveyed and plotted° all his brother's fields, even the turnip patch. Besides, he had done some small jobs of surveying for the neighbors; and everything he had done had been well done. The old earl had watched the lad and had confidence in his ability and his integrity.° He knew that whatever surveying George did would be carefully and honestly done.

In March, 1748, young Washington, accompanied by George Fairfax, a nephew of the old earl, set out on horseback for the valley of the Shenandoah,—Daughter of the Stars, as the Indians called it,—where they arrived after a journey of two or three days.

The young surveyor at once set to work. It was a job which exactly suited young Washington's self-reliant and adventurous spirit. All day long he worked surveying lines through the primeval° forest.

One night when they first went into the valley, they stopped at a cabin, and, as he says in his journal°: "Not being so good a woodsman as the rest of the company, I undressed myself and jumped into bed." The bed proved to be a little straw matted together, with no sheets, and an abundance of vermin.° The young surveyor quickly found his bed very uncomfortable. So as soon as the light had been carried away, he got up very quietly and stretched himself on the floor with the other members of his party. "Had I not been very tired," he writes, "I should not have slept much that night."

The next day they rode to Fredericksburg. "There," he says in his journal, "we found our baggage and made haste to change our clothes to get rid of the vermin we had caught the night before." After that he preferred, when the weather was fine, to sleep in the open air by the camp fire.

Game was plentiful, and, for the most part, Washington

and his party lived upon what they shot. At meal time they roasted venison or the flesh of turkeys or squirrels on forked sticks held over the coals.

Their plates were pieces of bark or clean chips ; and as a few blows with an ax would give them fresh chips, they washed no dishes, but threw them away and cut a new set for each meal.

At one time the straw on which he slept caught fire, and one of his men saved him from burning by waking him in time. At another time their tent was blown away by a storm which came up suddenly in the night. Once they ate dinner in a frontier cabin where there was no tablecloth or knives, and they thought themselves fortunate in having some knives of their own.

At one place the boy surveyors were stopped several days at a ford by high rains and rising water. After two days of dull waiting, they were delighted with the sight of a party of Indians returning from the warpath, "with only one scalp."

The Indians had some liquor, which, as he says in his journal, "elevating their spirits, put them in the humor of dancing. Their manner of dancing is as follows: They clear a large circle and make a great fire in the middle; then the men seat themselves around it. The speaker makes a grand speech, telling them in what manner they are to dance. After he has finished, the best dancer jumps up, as one awaked out of a sleep, and runs and jumps

about the ring in a most comical manner. He is followed by the rest. Then their musicians begin to play. Their musical instruments are a pot half full of water, with a deerskin stretched over it as tight as possible, and a gourd with shot in it to rattle, with a piece of a horse tail tied to it to make it look fine. One keeps the gourd rattling, and others drum all the while the rest are dancing."



For three years George Washington led the life of a backwoods surveyor, followed about by emigrants° seeking lands. "Since you received my letter in October last," he writes

to a boy friend, "I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed, but, after walking a good deal all the day, I lie down before the fire upon a little straw, fodder, or a bear-skin, whichever is to be had, with man, wife, and children, like a parcel of dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. There is nothing would make it pass off tolerably, but a good reward. A doubloon a day is my constant gain, every day that the weather will permit my going out, and sometimes six pistoles." A doubloon was equal to seven dollars and twenty cents, while six pistoles amounted to twenty-one dollars and sixty cents.

In this way the foundation was laid for Washington's future greatness; hardihood, endurance, and independence were the lessons he learned in the School of the Wilderness.

VII. BACKWOODS FRIENDS

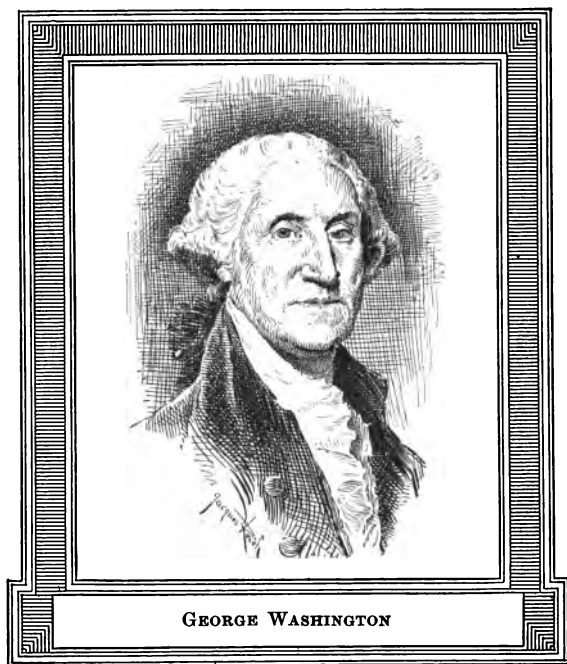
While surveying in the valley of the Shenandoah, Washington boarded part of the time in the house of the widow Stinson. This lady had seven sons — William and Valentine Crawford, by her first husband; and John, Hugh, Dick, Jim, and Mark Stinson, by her last husband. These seven young men, in Herculean^o size and strength, were equal, perhaps, to any seven sons of any one mother in Christendom. This was a family exactly to George's mind, because promising him an abundance of that manly exercise in which he delighted.

In front of the house lay a fine extended green, with an area of several hundred square yards. Here when his daily toil of surveying was over, George used to turn out every evening with his sturdy young companions, "to see," as they termed it, "which was the best man," at running, jumping, and wrestling. And so keen was their passion° for these sports, and so great their ambition° to excel each other, that they would often persist, especially on moon-shiny nights, till bedtime. The Crawfords and Stinsons, though not taller than George, were much heavier men; so that at wrestling, and particularly at the close or Indian hug, he seldom gained much glory. But in all trials of agility,° they stood no chance with him!

When George Washington, twenty-five years after this, was called to lead the American armies, he did not forget his old friends, the Stinsons and Crawfords; but gave commissions as officers to all of them who chose to join his army, — and several of them did. William Crawford, the eldest of them, and as brave a man as ever shouldered a musket, was advanced as high as the rank of colonel. He was burnt to death by the Indians at Sandusky.

Equally cordial° was the love of those young men towards Washington, of whom they always spoke as of a brother. Indeed, Hugh Stinson, who had a way of snapping his eyes when he talked of anything that greatly pleased him, used to brighten up at the name of Washington; and would tell his friends that "he and his brother

John had often laid the conqueror of England on his back"; but at the same time he would admit that "in running and jumping they were no match for him."



Such was the way in which young Washington spent his leisure° hours while in the service of Lord Fairfax. Little did the old gentleman suspect that he was educating a youth who should one day dismember° the British empire and break his own heart, — and this truly came to pass. For on hearing that Washington had captured Cornwallis

and all his army, he called out to his black waiter, "Come, Joe! carry me to my bed! for I am sure 'tis high time for me to die!"

Then up rose Joe, all at the word
And took his master's arm,
And to his bed he softly led
The lord of Greenway farm.

There he called on Britain's name
And oft he wept full sore. —
Then sigh'd — "Thy will, O Lord, be done" —
And word spake never more.
— From WEEMS'S *Life of Washington*. (*Adapted.*)

THE FLAG GOES BY!

Along the street there comes
A blare° of bugles, a ruffle° of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky :

Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines,

Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State :
Weary marches and sinking ships ;
Cheers of victory on dying lips ;

Days of plenty and years of peace,
March of a strong land's swift increase ;
• Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverent awe° ;

Sign of a nation, great and strong,
To ward° her people from foreign wrong ;
Pride and glory and honor — all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off !

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums ;
And loyal hearts are beating high ;

Hats off !

The flag is passing by !

— H. H. BENNETT.

A PATRIOTIC PLEDGE

Flag of Freedom ! true to thee,
All our Thoughts, Words, Deeds shall be,
Pledging steadfast Loyalty° !



JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.
Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
Never spend your money before you have earned it.
Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.
Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

ULYSSES AND THE CYCLOPS

I. THE TROJAN WAR

To the westward of the land of Greece there lies a little island called Ithaca. More than three thousand years ago, this island was ruled by a king called Ulysses; and in his days a great war arose between the Greeks and the Trojans. All the Grecian princes were summoned to this war.

Now King Ulysses was a brave and skillful warrior, but he loved peace better than war. He had lately wedded a beautiful young wife who had borne him a fair son, and both were very dear to him. Besides, he was quite content with his little island kingdom and had no wish to fare^o forth across the great salt sea to fight in a distant land either for gain or for glory.

So, when the heralds^o came to summon him, he feigned^o madness and went plowing the sand of the seashore with oxen, and sowing the furrows with salt.

But one of the heralds suspected that he was feigning, for Ulysses was already far famed for his sound wisdom and cunning craft.^o So the herald took the little son of Ulysses and placed him directly in the path of the plowshare. But Ulysses quickly turned the plowshare aside and caught his son in his arms; and the heralds at once cried out that Ulysses was not mad, but sane, and must obey the summons as he was bound by oath to do.

Seeing his ruse discovered, he feigned no more; but, collecting his warriors, joined the Grecian forces. Then in a fleet of a thousand ships the Greek warriors crossed the sea to Asia and pitched their tents before the lofty walls of Troy.

For nine long years, they sought in vain to capture the strong city of the Trojans. In the tenth year of the war, Ulysses, the wisest of the Grecian princes, formed a plan by which it was taken and burned to the ground.

II. A LONG VOYAGE

Leaving the mighty city of Troy a smoking pile of ruins, the Greeks set sail for home.

But the winds were contrary, and wise Ulysses and his men were driven about for several years over the stormy sea. Many strange lands they saw; but ever as they set their ship's prow toward Ithaca, contrary winds arose and drove them far from their course. At last they knew not

where they were, save that they were far, far to the westward of their long-sought home.

One evening as the sun was setting, the wandering Greeks saw before them a green island ; and sailing along the coast for a little, they found a fair haven into which they ran their ships and beached them on the sandy shore. Joyfully they leaped from their vessels and, kindling fires, there passed the night. Long afterward Ulysses told this story of what happened upon that island.

III. THE CYCLOPS'S CAVE

“When next the rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, I called a gathering of my men and spake to them and said :

“‘Abide here all the rest of you, my dear companions. But I will go with mine own ship’s company and make trial of the men who dwell in this strange land, what manner of folk they be ; whether wicked, lawless, and unjust ; or friendly and of god-fearing mind.’

“So I set forth with twelve faithful followers, to spy out the land.

“Soon came we to a cave beside the sea, lofty and roofed over with branching trees, and there great flocks of sheep and goats were used to rest. About it a high outer court was built of massive° stone and over it huge pines and oaks with their leafy crowns cast a deep shade.

“With careful steps we entered the cave, but found no one

within. There, as we gazed about, we saw baskets, well laden with cheeses; and the pens were thronged with kids and lambs, each kind penned by itself.

“And all about the sides of the cave were pails and bowls and well-wrought earthen jars, swimming with milk and whey.

“My men then spoke and begged me to take all the cheeses, and drive the kids and lambs from the pens to our swift ships, and then to make haste and sail away over the salt sea water.

“But I would not listen to them, but waited to see the master of the cave himself, and whether he would give me the gifts which are a stranger’s due.

“So we kindled a fire and made a burnt offering to the gods. Then we ourselves took of the cheeses and did eat while we sat within, waiting for the coming of the master of the cave.”

IV. THE ONE-EYED MAN-MONSTER

“At last he came and when we saw him, our hearts shook within us for very fear. For he was a huge man-monster, tall as a mountain, and in the middle of his forehead, his single eye gleamed like a warrior’s shield.

“On his huge shoulder he bore a mighty weight of dry wood against his supper time. This log he cast down with a resounding crash, so that the whole cave echoed as with

a peal of thunder. Trembling with the fear of it, we hid ourselves far back within the shadows of the cave.

“As for him, he drove his fat flocks into the wide cavern, even all he was wont^o to milk. But the rams and the he-goats he left without in the deep yard. Thereafter he lifted a door of stone, huge and wide, such as twenty wagons never could have borne, and set it within the doorway of the cave.

“Then he sat down and milked the ewes and the she-goats in order, and beneath each one he placed her young. And next, half of the milk he curdled, and in wicker^o baskets stored the curds; the other half, he set ready for himself when he should sup.

“And now when he had done all his work busily, he kindled the fire anew and as it cast its light about the gloomy cave, he espied us and made question:—

“‘Strangers, who are ye; and whence do ye come, sailing over the wide waves? Are ye merchants, or at adventure do ye rove, even as sea robbers, over the salt sea? For in danger of their own lives they wander, bringing evil to foreign folk.’

“So he spoke and our hearts within us were broken for terror of his deep voice, his monstrous shape, and the evil gleam of his huge round eye.

“Yet in spite of my fear, I answered him, saying:—

“‘Lo, we are wandering Greeks. And from Troy we set sail seeking our homes over the great gulf of the never-

resting sea. But driven by the shifting winds, against our will have we lighted here and come to this, thy home. Now, lord, do thou have regard unto Zeus, the god of strangers, and give us such gifts as are the stranger's due.'

"Thus I spoke, and soon he answered out of his pitiless heart: —

"'Surely thou art witless, my stranger, and void° of understanding or thou hast indeed come from afar, thou who biddest me have regard unto the will of Zeus. Knowest thou not that the Cyclops pay no heed to Zeus nor to the other blessed gods, for verily we deem ourselves stronger than they. Nor would I, to shun the anger of Zeus, spare either thee or thy companions unless my own proud spirit bade me. But where, O witless stranger, didst thou leave thy well-wrought ship? Was it, perchance, at the end of the island or hard by? Tell me that I may know.'

"So spake he, but he cheated me not, for I saw his guile° and answered him with careful words: —

"'As for my ship, the god who rules the restless waves cast it upon the rocks at the border of thy country and there brake it in pieces. But I, with these my men, escaped a watery grave.'

"So I spake and he answered me not a word. But, seizing with pitiless hands four of my men, he dashed them to death against the rough rocks of the cavern. Then like a hungry lion, he made his meal upon their quivering flesh. But we, beholding the cruel deed, wept

many tears and raised our hands to Zeus, the god of strangers, praying for help against the wicked Cyclops.

"But he, when he had filled his huge maw with human flesh and the milk he drank thereafter, lay down within the cave, stretched out among his sheep.

"And now were we indeed at our wits' end. But I, in rage, plucked my sharp sword from its sheath, meaning to slay him as he slept. But my second thought withheld me, for so, too, should we have perished with an evil doom. For all our strength would have been as naught to roll away from the door the lofty stone which he had set there. So for that time, we made our moan, waiting for the coming of the morning light."

V. THE STICK OF OLIVE WOOD

"Now when again the rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, the Cyclops rose, kindled his fire and milked his flocks all orderly, and beneath each ewe he set her lamb.

"But soon again, when all his work was done, he seized two other of my men, and on their flesh he made his mid-day meal. Then, when he was done, lightly he moved away the great stone and drove his fat flocks forth from the cave, and afterwards he set the stone again in place as one might set the lid upon a quiver. Then with a mighty shout, the Cyclops drove his fat flocks toward the hills. But I was left, turning in my mind a crafty plan

whereby I might avenge me, and save my men from death.

“Within the cave, there lay the great trunk of an olive tree, yet green, which the Cyclops had cut to carry with him as a staff when it should be well seasoned. Now when we saw it, it seemed to us in size like unto the mast of a black ship of twenty oars that sails along the restless waves of the great sea gulf, so huge it was in bulk and length.

“While wondering at its size, I formed a crafty plan. So, cutting from it a part, as it were a fathom’s length, I bade my fellows fine it down and bring it to a point. When this was done, I thrust it into the bright fire until it was well hardened. Then I hid it carefully in a crevice of the cavern wall.

“Then I bade my companions cast lots among them, which of them should risk the adventure with me, and the lot fell upon the four whom I myself would first have chosen.

“In the evening, the cruel Cyclops returned, shepherd-ing his flocks of goodly fleece; and presently he drove them each and all into the cave; nor left he any without in the deep courtyard.

“Thereafter, he lifted the huge doorstone and set it in the mouth of the cave; and sitting down, he milked the ewes and bleating goats all orderly, and beneath each ewe he placed her young.

“And when he had done his work all busily, again he seized yet other two of my company and upon them he made his evening meal.”

VI. NOMAN

“Now, by chance, I had brought with me a goatskin of sweet dark wine, meaning it as a gift unto the ruler of the land. So when the Cyclops had finished his horrible meal, I rose, and taking my stand before him, spake to him, holding in my hands an ivy bowl of the sweet dark wine.

“‘Cyclops, take and drink this wine, after thy feast of men’s meat, that thou mayest know what manner of drink it was that our ship held. And lo, I was bringing it to thee as a peace offering, hoping that haply thou mightest take pity upon me and send me on my homeward way.’

“So I spake and greedily he seized the cup and drank it off; and finding great delight in drinking the sweet draft, he asked me for it yet a second time.

“‘Give to me,’ said he, ‘another draft and tell me thy name straightway that I may give thee a stranger’s gift, whereby thou mayest be glad. For truly, the earth, the giver of grain, bears for the Cyclops mighty clusters of juicy grapes; and the rain of heaven gives them increase; but thy wine is like the very nectar° of the gods.’

“So he spake, and again I handed him the dark wine. Thrice I bare and gave it to him, and thrice in his folly

he drank it to the lees.^o Now when at last the strong wine had got about the Cyclops's wits, then I spake to him with soft words : —

“ ‘Cyclops, thou biddest me tell my name, and now will I declare it unto thee and do thou therefore grant me a stranger's gift as thou didst promise. Noman is my name and Noman do they call me, — my father, my mother, and my fellows.’

“So I spake and straightway he answered me out of his pitiless heart.

“ ‘Noman, in the number of thy fellows, will I eat thee last. That shall be thy gift.’

“Thereupon he sank down upon the earth and fell with face upturned and there he lay; and sleep, that conquers all men, overcame him.

“Then I thrust that stick of olive wood among the ashes until it grew hot; and I spake to my companions comfortable words, lest any should hang back from me in fear. But when that bar of olive was just about to burst into flame, I drew it from the coals. And then my fellows gathered round me, and some god breathed great courage into us. And so we seized the bar and thrust the point of it into his huge round eye. Then as he felt the pain, he raised a great and terrible cry so that the rock rang round and we fled away in fear.

“But the Cyclops, maddened with the pain, plucked the point forth from his eye, and casting it from him, called

with a loud voice upon the other Cyclops who dwelt about him in the caves along the windy heights. They heard his cry and flocked together from every side, and gathering round the cave asked what ailed him :—

“‘What ails thee, Polyphemus? Why dost thou cry aloud thus in the middle of the night and wake us from our sleep? Surely, no mortal° man hath driven off thy flocks against thy will; surely none dare seek to slay thee either by force or guile.’

“And the mighty Polyphemus spake to them again from out the cave and said, ‘My friends, Noman is slaying me by guile, not at all by force.’

“And they answered him with winged words and said: ‘If, then, thy pain and sharp distress are caused by no man, in no wise canst thou escape the sickness sent by the blessed gods. Therefore do thou pray unto thy father, the ruler of the restless waves, and he, perchance, will give thee ease.’

“In this wise they spake, and straightway departed, while my heart leaped within me to see how my name and cunning counsel had beguiled them.

“But Polyphemus, groaning with pain, groped about with his hands and lifted away the stone from the door of the cave. Then he set himself down in the doorway with his arms outstretched to catch any one who might go forth among his sheep.”

VII. THE ESCAPE

“But I devised a crafty plan whereby I might find a way of escape both for myself and all my fellows. And this was the plan that seemed best in my sight.

“The rams of the flock were huge and thick of fleece. I took the slender twigs whereon the Cyclops slept and twisted them together into a kind of rope. With this I lashed the huge rams together, three by three, and under the middle one I tied one of my fellows.

“As for me, I laid hold of the back of a young ram, that was by far the best and goodliest of the flock, and curled myself beneath his shaggy body. So there I clung, face upward, grasping the wondrous fleece with a steadfast heart. Then making our prayers unto the mighty gods for help, we waited for the coming of the rosy-fingered Dawn.

“When next the early morning light appeared, then did the rams hasten forth to pasture. But their huge lord, sore stricken with pain, felt along the backs of all as they passed before him.

“But he guessed not, in his folly, that my men were hidden beneath the bodies of his thick-fleeced rams. Last of all, came forth the ram that bore me hidden beneath his shaggy wool.

“And then the mighty Polyphemus laid his hands upon his back and spake to him and said : —

“‘Dear ram, wherefore, I pray thee, art thou, the good-

liest of all my flock, last to come forth to pluck the tender blossoms of the pasture? Of old, ever wert thou first to go forth, faring with long strides, the leader of the flock. But now thou art the very last.

“‘Surely thou art sorry for the eye of thy lord which evil Noman hath blinded, after he had subdued my wits with wine. Ah, if thou couldst speak and tell me where he shifts about to shun my wrath, then soon should an evil death come upon him and my heart be lightened of the sorrows which, by his craft, he hath brought upon me.’

“‘Therewith he sent the ram forth from him. But when he had gone a little way forth from the cave, I loosed myself from under the ram and then I set my fellows free. Then swiftly we drove those thick-fleeced sheep unto our hollow ships and a glad sight to our fellows were we that had escaped from death. For the others, they would have made their moan with tears; but I with frowning brows forbade each man to weep. Rather, I bade them cast on board the goodly rams and hastily pull away over the salt sea water.

“‘But when we had not gone so far but that a man’s shout might be heard, then I spake unto the Cyclops, mocking him.

“‘Cyclops, so thou wert not to eat the company of a weakling in thy hollow cave. Thy evil deeds were soon to find thee out, thou cruel man, who hast no shame to eat the guests within thy gates; and therefore Zeus, the god of strangers, hath paid thee back in full measure.’

"So I spake and he was yet more angered and brake off the peak of a great hill and threw it at us, so that it fell far in front of our swift ship. Then the sea heaved beneath the fall of the rock, and the backward wash of the rolling waves bore our ship quickly toward dry land and drove it on the shore. But I caught up a long pole in my hands and thrust the ship off the land and bade my fellows ply their oars so that we might escape the cruel Cyclops's wrath.

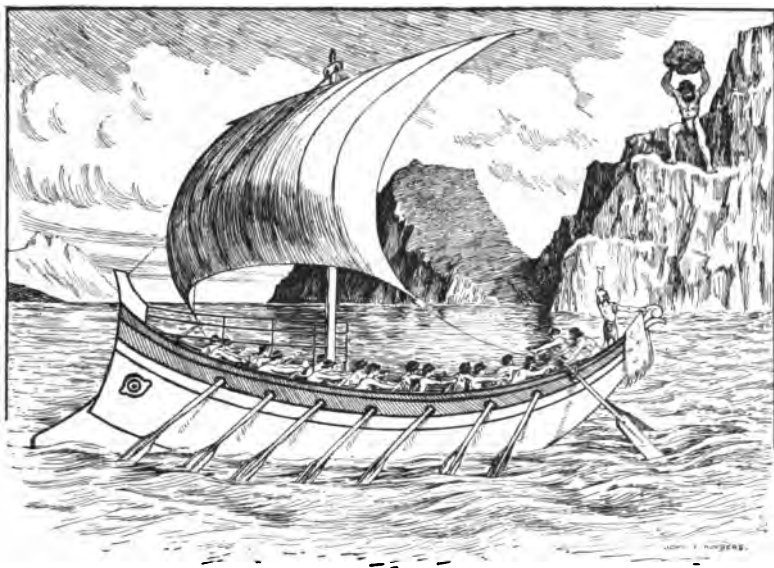
"So they bent to their oars and rowed off quickly from the land. But when we now had made twice our former distance from the shore, I spake again unto the raging Cyclops.

"'Cyclops, if any one of earthly men should ask thee who it was that blinded thy huge eye, say it was Ulysses, the taker of cities, whose dwelling is in Ithaca.'

"So spake I, and with a moan he answered me: —

"'Lo, now for truth, the ancient prophecy has come upon me. For once there lived a seer, a man noble and wise, who waxed^o old among the Cyclops. He it was who told me that all these things should come to pass, even that I should lose my sight at the hands of wise Ulysses. But I looked ever for some tall goodly man who should come hither, clad in great might. Behold now hath come a dwarf, a weakling and a worthless man, who hath subdued my wits with wine and so hath blinded me. But now, do you, Ulysses, come hither that I may set by thee a stranger's cheer and speed thy parting hence, so that the god who

rules the waves may heal me if it be his will; and none other of the blessed gods or men who walk beneath the sun hath power to do it.'



"Even so he spake, and then I answered him and said:—

"'Not so, O cruel Cyclops, for I would that I might be as sure to slay thee as I am that even thy father, the ruler of the restless waves, can never heal thine eye.'

"So I spake, and then, stretching forth his hands to the starry heavens, the Cyclops prayed unto his father:—

"'Hear me, thou ruler of the dark green sea. If indeed I be thy son, grant that this Ulysses may never see

his home, even sea-girt Ithaca. Yet if it be the will of the blessed gods that he shall see his friends and his well-built house, grant that he may come late and in an evil case, after the loss of all his fellows, and find sorrows in his house.'

"So he spake in prayer; and once again lifted a huge stone, far greater than the first, and, putting forth his measureless strength, with one swing he hurled it so that it fell but a little space behind our hollow ship. And the sea heaved beneath the fall of the rock and the swelling waves drove our ship swiftly out to sea.

"And then my fellows, sitting in order upon the benches, smote the salt sea water with their oars so that full soon the Cyclops's isle was lost to sight. So left we the sightless Cyclops and never saw him more."

—HOMER (*Adapted*).

A SAILOR'S LOGIC

A sailor, who had already made several voyages to sea, had engaged on board a vessel bound to China. This was a longer voyage than any he had yet made, and one of his friends endeavored to persuade him to settle on shore on account of the perils of a seafaring life.

"Nonsense," replied the jack-tar, "don't talk to me of danger; there is no more on sea than on shore."

"Let me ask you," said his friend, "what was your father?"

"He was a seaman."

"And where did he die?"

"He was lost in a shipwreck."

"And your grandfather?"

"He fell overboard and was drowned."

"And where did your great-grandfather die?"

"He perished in a vessel that struck against a rock."

"Then don't you think you are very foolhardy to go to sea, and risk your life where so many of your family have perished?"

"And let me ask *you*," said the sailor, "where did *your* father die?"

"Why, in his bed, certainly."

"And your grandfather?"

"In his bed, also."

"Then don't you think you are foolhardy to go to bed, where so many of your ancestors^o have perished? Let me tell you that God protects his creatures as much on sea as on shore."

We first make our habits; then our habits make us.

— DRYDEN.

Every man is the son of his own works.

— CERVANTES.

SOLOMON'S CHOICE

After David was dead, Solomon went down to Gibeon to offer sacrifices to the Lord. There God appeared to Solomon in a dream by night, and said to him, "Ask what I shall give thee."

And Solomon said, "I am but a child, yet I am the king of a great people, and I know not what to do. Give me, therefore, wisdom and knowledge, a wise and understanding heart, that I may know how to rule the people as it shall please thee."

Then God said unto him, "Because thou hast asked for wisdom and understanding, and hast not asked for thyself long life, nor riches, nor the destruction of thine enemies, behold, I will give thee wisdom, so that there shall be none like unto thee; and I will also give thee what thou hast not asked, both riches and honor; and if thou wilt walk in my ways, and keep my law, as thy father David did, I will give thee long life also."

And Solomon awoke; and, behold, it was a dream.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom; and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and none of the things thou canst desire are to be compared unto her.

— FROM THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES

When Hercules° was a young man, he sat one day considering which path in life, that of virtue° or vice, he would choose. As he was thinking, two queenly women appeared.

The first said to him : "I see that you are considering which path in life you will travel. Now if you will make me your friend, I shall lead you by the easiest and pleasantest path. You will have no care, but only enjoyment."

When Hercules heard these words, he said, "What is your name?" and she replied, "My friends call me Pleasure, but those who do not like me say I am Vice."

The other woman said, "If you will follow me, you will become a good man. I shall not make false promises to you of pleasure, but shall show you how you may become both rich and great. You will, however, have to work for what you want, for the gods will give nothing to those who do not labor."

Here Vice interrupted her, saying: "The path this woman wishes you to take is hard. Come with me, and I shall lead you by an easier path to happiness."

The other woman, whose name was Virtue, said : —

"What real pleasure can you give? You only make promises that will never be fulfilled, for those who spend their youth with you will have only toil and burdens in their old age, but those who follow me will have sweet enjoyment. They will have the gods for their friends,

men to love them, and their country to honor them. So it will be with you, Hercules, if you follow me; by toil you will win the most blessed happiness."

Now when Hercules had heard the words of the two women, he turned to her that was called Vice: "Begone," said he, "for I like not your ways"; and to her that was called Virtue, he said: "Abide with me and be my counselor and guide; for I will follow your path all the days of my life."

THE MONSTER STRIFE

As Hercules was once traveling along a narrow roadway, he met a monster. The horrid creature reared its head and threatened him. Hercules, who knew no fear, gave it a blow with his club, and thought to have gone on his way.

To his surprise, however, the creature threatened him the more, growing thrice as big and rearing its head thrice as high as at first.

Hercules straightway dealt the monster such terrible blows as would have slain an army of giants.

But the harder the strokes of the club, the bigger and more frightful grew the monster; so that now it completely filled the road.

Then appeared Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom. "Stop, Hercules," said she. "Cease your blows. The monster's name is Strife; let it alone, and it will become as little as it was at first."

— Æsop.

THE WISE KING

Long, long ago, there lived in the East a great king whose name was Solomon.

Now King Solomon was wise, so wise that no one could ask him any question which he could not answer.

The fame of King Solomon's wisdom spread abroad through many lands until it came to the ears of the beautiful Queen of the South.

And the Queen of the South said to herself, "I will go and see this King Solomon who is said to be so wise; and I will see if his wisdom is as great as his fame."

So the Queen made ready and went until she came to the city where King Solomon lived.

And she went to the King's palace and asked him many hard questions, and to all her questions the King gave right answers, so that the Queen wondered at his wisdom.

Then she thought in her heart, "I will yet find some question which he cannot answer."

So she sent and fetched a man who was skillful in the making of images.

And when he was come, the Queen showed to him some blossoms of white clover and said, "Make me a perfect image of these." And the man did so.

Then the Queen of the South sent and called King Solomon, and when he was come, she said: "Behold these two flowers. The one is a true flower that grew in the

field; the other is the image of it, and was made by the hand of man. Touch them not, but tell me which is the image and which is the true flower."

King Solomon looked long at the two flowers, but he could see no difference in them. Then the Queen began to be glad in her heart; for she thought, "Now, at last, I have found a question he cannot answer."

But while she was thus thinking in her heart, the King went and opened a great window. And through the window the sun shone and a light breeze blew. And on the wings of the breeze a honeybee flew into the room and alighted on one of the flowers.

Then King Solomon smiled and said, "There is now no need to say which is the true flower and which is its image."

And the Queen of the South, marveling greatly at the wisdom of King Solomon, went her way, asking him no more questions.

THE STONECUTTER

Once upon a time there was in Japan a poor stonecutter — a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude; he worked much, gained little, and was not at all contented with his fate.

"Oh, if I could only be rich enough to rest, to sleep on a thick matting, wrapped in a robe of soft silk!" Such was the sigh that he breathed to heaven. An angel heard it.

"It shall be according to thy desire," said the angel.

The stonecutter at once became rich; and he rested, slept upon thick matting, and wrapped himself in a robe of soft silk.

It happened that the emperor passed by. He was preceded by heralds on foot and on horseback, followed by a brilliant escort of cavaliers, and surrounded by persons who held overhead an immense parasol, shining with gold.

"What good does it do me to be rich," murmured the rich man, "as long as I have not the right to go out with an escort, and have my head protected by a golden parasol? Why am I not the emperor?"

"Thou shalt be," said the angel.

And, indeed, he became the emperor. He had an escort before and behind him, and servants who held above his head an immense parasol, glittering with gold.

But now the sun, with his ardent beams, dried up the country, and the dusty road, quivering with his brightness, wearied the eyes.

"It is a great advantage to be emperor," cried the man, "when the heat of the day exhausts^o you, and the sun never ceases to make you feel his power! But if one could be the sun!"

"Behold! art thou satisfied?" the angel asked; for the emperor had become the sun, and he darted his beams up and down, right and left, and all around him. And

he scorched the herbage of the fields and the faces of the princes upon the earth.

But now a cloud thrust itself between the earth and him; it held back the rays of the sun, and prevented them from falling upon the earth's surface.

"There is strength," cried the sun; "a cloud capable of resisting my power. It would be better if I were a cloud."

"Very well," said the angel.

And the change was at once accomplished. The new cloud placed itself haughtily between the sun and the earth, and so thoroughly intercepted° the rays of the sun that it soon saw the earth covered with its shadow. Then it caused big drops of rain, and pouring showers, and waterspouts to fall upon the lands, so that the torrents burst their bounds, and the rivers spread over the fields and destroyed the crops.

Nothing resisted the force of the flood; only a rock defied° it, perfectly motionless. In vain the bellowing waters beat upon it in their fury; the rock yielded not, but the foaming waves died at its foot.

"A rock, then, is my superior," said the cloud; "I would rather be in its place."

"Thou shalt be," said the angel.

And he was transformed into a steep, unshaken rock, insensible to the rays of the sun, heedless of the torrents of rain and the shock of the tumultuous waves.

Nevertheless, he distinguished° at his feet a man of poor appearance, hardly clothed, but armed with a chisel and a hammer; and the man, with the help of these implements, struck off pieces of the rock, which he dressed into stones proper for cutting.

“What is that?” cried the rock; “has a man the power of rending pieces of stone from my breast? Shall I be weaker than he? Then it is absolutely necessary that I should be that man.”

“Have thy will,” said the angel.

And he became again what he had been — a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, he worked much, and gained little; but he was contented with his lot.

—BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE BLUE JACKAL

Once there was a jackal who was as gray as any other jackal. But, at early dawn one day, as he was prowling about a village, where he had no business to be, he fell into a dyer’s vat. The vat was deep, and down he went over eyes and ears, till there was not so much as a hair of him that was dry.

When, after much struggling, he had climbed out of the vat, he sought a place apart, and there dried his coat in the beams of the rising sun.

When his coat was dry, he went to a pool of water to quench his thirst. But as he looked into the clear pool, he saw his image; and behold! his color was changed; he was blue, — blue as the sky above him.

“Alas!” said he, “I am undone, for who ever heard of a blue jackal? I shall be an outcast upon the face of the earth, and it shall come to pass that every beast that sees me will fall upon me and seek to slay me.”

And he was very sorrowful, and lay on the ground a long while, considering what he should do. At last he said to himself: “I am resolved what to do. What can’t be cured must be endured. I will make the best of it. Perhaps I may even turn my mishap to some profit.”

So he went into the forest, and, seeing there some of his fellows, he boldly approached them. But they, being frightened by the strange beast, turned and fled. Then the blue jackal lifted up his voice and called after them, saying: “Fear nothing; I will do you no harm. Return, for I have something important to say to you.”

So, one by one, they returned and listened to the words of the strange beast.

“Behold me,” said he, “who but yesterday was a jackal like any other jackal. But last evening, as I was wandering in this forest, I met the goddess of the place, who spoke to me, and appointed me to be king of all the beasts in her dominions. And that all the beasts might know that I was appointed to be their king, she gave me a sign, even

this sky-blue coat, such as is worn only by kings. Now, therefore, go ye forth and make known this, my command : —

“ Let all the beasts of this forest assemble at the great oak, this night, at moonrise.”

Then the other jackals, seeing the sign, believed his words, and obeyed his command.

So the same night, at the rising of the moon, all the beasts of that forest assembled at the great oak. And there they proclaimed the blue jackal king of beasts; and even the lions and the tigers paid court to him.

So when the king found that he was treated with respect by the lions and the tigers, he became proud and haughty. Forgetting that he was only a jackal himself, he treated his fellow jackals so harshly and so unjustly that his rule soon became a burden to them.

At this, the jackals took counsel together how they might overthrow their haughty king. Some proposed one plan, and some another.

At last, a certain wise old jackal who had, up to this time, kept quiet, stood up and spoke as follows : —

“ This fellow, who claims to be king, may be only an impostor. Let us put him to the test. We know that old habits are hard to get rid of. If a dog claimed to be king, would he not gnaw an old shoe if one were given him ?

“ Now, therefore, when next all the beasts meet at the great oak, let us set up a mighty howl in the presence of

this king. Then all may know whether he be truly a king or no."

And all the jackals, when they heard the counsel of the old jackal, said, "Let it be so."

So, at the next assembly, as the moon rose, all the jackals set up a mighty howl. And lo! the blue jackal lifted up his voice and howled with them.

Then all the beasts knew that their king was no king, but only a jackal.

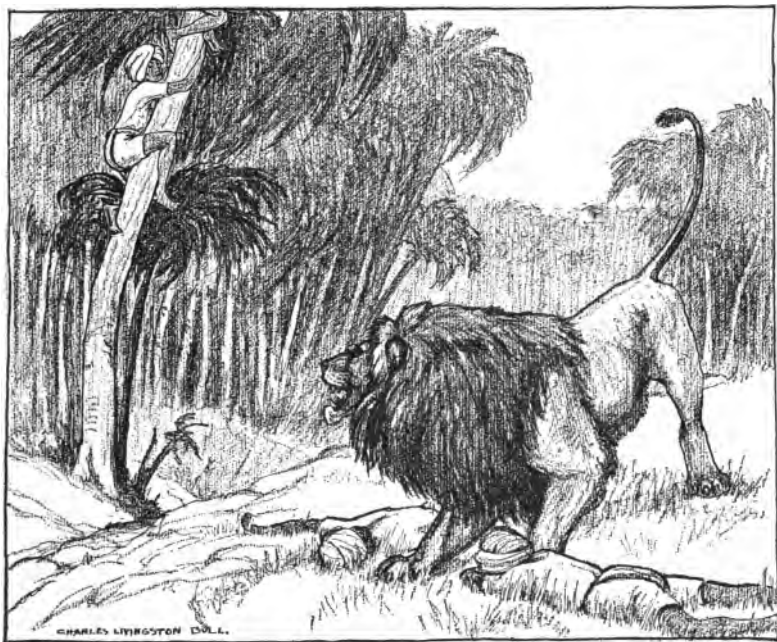
So they straightway fell upon him and put him to death.

THE LION MAKERS

In a certain place there dwelt four Hindu° youths in great friendship. Three of them had got to the farther shore of the ocean of book learning, but were devoid° of common sense, while the fourth had common sense only, and no mind for book learning. Now once upon a time these friends took counsel together and said: "Let us go forth into the world and seek our fortune. To the eastern country let us go." And so it came to pass.

Now after they had gone a little way, the eldest spoke: "There is one among us, the fourth, who has no book learning, but only common sense, — and a man can't get presents from kings by common sense without learning. Not a bit will I give him of all that I gain; so let him go home."

And the second said, "Ho, there, Gumption! get you homeward, for you have no book learning!"



But the third made answer: "Not so, for have we not played together since we were boys? And besides, who knows but there may be profit to us from common sense. So let him come along, too. He shall have a share in the wealth that we win."

On they went together into the jungle till they saw the bones of a dead lion. Then spoke the eldest: "Ha! now we can put our book learning to the test. Here lies

some sort of dead creature; by the power of our learning we'll bring it to life. I'll put the bones together." And that then he did with zeal. The second added flesh, blood, and hide. But just as he was breathing the breath of life into it, Gumption stopped him and said, "Hold! he will kill every one of us."

But the other made answer: "Fie, stupid! is learning to be fruitless in my hands?" And so also said the eldest. But the third, who had befriended Gumption, bade them heed his words; but to no avail.

"Well then," said Gumption, "just wait a bit till we two climb a tree."

Thereupon the lion was brought to life. But the instant this was done, he sprang up and killed the two. Afterwards Gumption and his learned friend climbed down and went home.

— From *The Panchatantra*. (*Adapted.*)

THE PRINCE WHO KNEW NO FEAR

There was once a Prince of India named Five Weapons; and from a child he knew no fear.

One day, as he journeyed through the land, he came to a forest haunted by an ogre named Sticky Hair; and at the entrance, men who met him tried to stop him, saying, "Young man, do not go through the forest; it is the haunt of the ogre Sticky Hair, and he kills every one he meets."



THE PRINCE AND THE OGRE

But as bold as a lion, the self-reliant Prince pressed on till in the heart of the forest he came upon the ogre.

The monster made himself appear as tall as a palm tree, with a head as big as an arbor, and huge eyes like bowls; with two tusks like turnips, and a nose like the beak of a hawk; his body was blotched with purple; and the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet were blue-black!

"Whither away?" cried the monster; "halt! you are my prey!"

"Ogre," answered the Prince, "I knew what I was doing when I entered this forest. You will be ill advised to come near me. For, with a poisoned arrow, I will slay you where you stand."

And with this defiance,^o he fitted to his bow an arrow dipped in the deadliest poison, and shot it at the ogre; but it only stuck in the monster's shaggy coat. Then he shot another and another, till fifty were spent, all of which merely stuck in the ogre's hair.

Hereupon the ogre, shaking the arrows off so that they fell at his feet, came at the Prince; and the latter, again shouting defiance, drew his sword and struck at the ogre. But like the arrows, his sword, which was thirty-three inches long, merely stuck fast in the shaggy hair. Next the Prince hurled his spear, and that stuck fast also. Seeing this, he attacked the ogre with his club; but, like his other weapons, that too stuck fast.

And thereupon the Prince shouted, "Ogre, you have never yet heard of me, Prince Five Weapons. When I ventured into this forest, I put my trust not in my bow and other weapons, but in myself. Now will I strike you a blow which shall crush you to death."

So saying, the Prince smote the ogre with his right hand; but the hand stuck fast upon the hair. Then in turn with his left hand, and with his right and left foot, he struck at the monster; but hand and feet alike clove to the shaggy hide.

Again shouting, "I will crush you into dust!" he butted the ogre with his head, and that too stuck fast. Yet even when thus caught and snared in fivefold wise, the Prince, as he hung upon the ogre, was still fearless, still undaunted.

Then the monster thought to himself: "This is a very lion among men, a hero without fear. Though he is caught in the clutches of an ogre like me, yet not so much as a tremor^o will he show. Never since I first took to slaying travelers upon this road have I seen a man to equal him. How comes it that he is not frightened?" Not daring to devour the Prince offhand, he said, "How is it, young man, that you have no fear of death?"

"Why should I fear death?" answered the Prince. "Each life must surely have its destined^o end. Moreover, within my body is a sword called the Sword of Truth, which you can never digest. It is as hard as adamant^o and as sharp as a razor, and, if you eat me, it will chop your in-

wards into mince-meat, and my death will involve° yours also. Therefore it is that I have no fear.”

Thereupon the ogre fell a-thinking: “This young Prince is clearly speaking the truth and nothing but the truth. Not a morsel so big as a pea could I digest of such a hero. I’ll let him go.” And so, in fear of his life, he let the Prince go free, saying, “Young Prince, you are a lion among men. I will not eat you. I fear your Sword of Truth. Go forth from my hand, and return to gladden the hearts of your kinsfolk, your friends, and your country.”

— From *The Jataka*.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

There were six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
“Why, bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!”

The second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried : " Ho ! what have we here,
So very round, and smooth, and sharp ?
To me 'tis very clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear ! "

The third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up he spake :
" I see," quoth he, " the elephant
Is very like a snake ! "

The fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee :
" What most this wondrous beast is like,
Is very plain," quoth he ;
" 'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree ! "

The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said : " E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most ;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan ! "

The sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
“I see,” quoth° he, “the elephant
Is very like a rope!”

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong;
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong.

—JOHN G. SAXE.

QUEER BREAKFAST GUESTS

When we lived in India, we once spent the summer in a house that was sixteen miles or more from any other habitation of white men. It stood perched on the steep white cliffs of the Nerbudda River, which here flows through a cañon° of pure white marble,—not altogether pure white, however, for here and there is a crag of pink alabaster or a rock of tawny jasper.

Far down below, at the foot of the white cliffs, flows the sacred Nerbudda River. Cranes and herons wade about in the shallows; in the rifts of the rock big brown

owls sit blinking, and on the sandbanks lie crocodiles basking all day long.

Away on the right, at the bend of the river, was a famous Hindu temple, all gold and scarlet, to which crowds of worshipers used to come from distant cities, and whence all day and night we could hear the priests tinkling their little brazen bells to keep their hard-worked gods awake.

Close beside our house was a little hut where a holy man lived in charge of an adjoining shrine,^o earning money for himself and for the shrine by polishing little pieces of marble as mementos^o for visitors.

It was a wonderful place altogether; and while my wife went in to change her dress, the servants laid breakfast on the veranda overlooking the river.

At the first clatter of the plates there began to come down from the big tree that overshadowed the house, and up from the trees that grew in the ravine^o behind it; and from the cliff below it, from the house roof itself, from everywhere, a multitude of solemn monkeys.

They came up singly and in couples and in families, and took their places without noise or fuss on the veranda, and sat there, like an audience waiting for an entertainment to commence. And when everything was ready, the breakfast all laid, the monkeys all seated, I went to call my wife.

"Breakfast is all ready, and they are all waiting," I said.

“Who are waiting?” she asked in dismay. “I thought we were going to be alone, and I was just coming out in my dressing gown.”



“Never mind,” I said. “The people about here are not very fashionably dressed themselves. They wear pretty much the same things all the year round.”

And so my wife came out. Imagine, then, her astonishment! In the middle of the veranda stood our breakfast table; and all the rest of the space, as well as the railings and the steps, was covered with an immense company of

monkeys, as grave as possible and as motionless and silent as if they were stuffed. Only their eyes kept blinking and their little round ears kept twitching.

Laughing heartily,—at which the monkeys only looked all the graver,—my wife sat down.

“Will they eat anything?” asked she.

“Try them,” I said.

So she picked up a biscuit and threw it among the company. And the result! Three hundred monkeys jumped up in the air like one, and just for an instant there was a riot that defies description. The next instant every monkey was sitting in its place as solemn and serious as if it had never moved. Only their eyes winked and their ears twitched.

My wife threw them another biscuit, and again the riot, and then another and another and another; and the fun grew so fast and furious that I caught the infection and began to throw too, first biscuit, then bread, then lumps of sugar, and then fruit, till the whole veranda went mad in scrambling, and we ourselves seemed to be as mad as the monkeys.

In the excitement the monkeys came closer and closer, till at last the little ones were actually taking lumps of sugar from our hands and plucking at my wife's dress to attract her attention.

But at length we had given away all that we had to give, and got up to go. The monkeys at once rose, every

one on the veranda, and advancing gravely to the steps walked down them in a solemn procession, old and young together, and dispersed for their day's occupations among the trees from which they had emerged.

— *The Youth's Companion.*

STORIES FROM THE NORTHLAND

I. THE GIANTS

In the beginning, as the old Norse stories tell, gods and men, giants and dwarfs, elves and fairies, all dwelt upon the earth together. The giants were fierce and wicked, and a great war arose between them and the gods. After many dreadful battles the cruel giants were defeated and banished to gloomy Giant-land, a region of cloud, darkness, and storm.

In the southern part of this dreary country, the fierce fire giants made their homes, while the terrible frost giants dwelt in the northern part.

But though the giants had been beaten, they were not conquered. Their hearts were so wicked that they hated the gods and everything that was good. They knew all the arts of sorcery^o and magic, and could change their shapes so as to appear like beasts or men, or even like the very gods themselves.

In different forms they continually wandered about

doing evil wherever they went, so that there was no peace either on earth, or in the home of the gods.

II. THE WISE MAIDENS

Now there dwelt in the land of the gods three wise maidens, who knew all things, whether past, present, or to come.

And in the days when the wicked giants were troubling the whole world, it came to pass that Odin, the All-father, went to the wise maidens to learn how he might wisely deal with his wicked enemies.

And the wise maidens, answering, said : —

“O Odin, ruler of gods and men, if thou desirest wisdom, one thing must thou do, — seek Mimir’s well, and drink from it a draft of the water of wisdom. This precious water cannot be stolen or taken by force, but must be bought with a great price. Many have sought it, but not one yet of giants or gods has been willing to pay that price. But do thou, O Odin, pay it, whatever it may be.”

Hearing these things, Father Odin went away, pondering in his heart the sayings of the wise maidens.

III. THE WATER OF WISDOM

The next morning Father Odin mounted Glider, his beautiful eight-footed steed, and rode across the rainbow bridge which reached from the home of the gods to Giant-land.

When he had crossed the bridge, he left Glider in the care of the keeper of the bridge and journeyed alone on foot through the gloomy regions of Giant-land.

During the first day, his path lay through the icy country of the frost giants. There the valleys were filled with frozen rivers, and on either side of them huge mountains of ice were piled almost to the sky.

The second day he passed through the region lying between the land of the frost giants and the country of the fire giants. Here sometimes his breath froze almost before it had passed his lips, while his feet were chilled to the very bone by the frozen ground. At other times he was almost smothered by the heated steam which rose from boiling lakes and rivers, while his feet were blistered by the burning rocks.

The third day he passed through the land of the fire giants, where the heat was so great that it could be borne by no living creature but a god or a fire giant.

At the end of that day he entered a deep valley, and there he found Mimir, sitting beside the well of the water of wisdom.

Father Odin greeted him, and said, "I am come, O Mimir, to ask of thee a draft of the water of wisdom."

When he heard this, Mimir for some time sat silent, making no reply. Then he spoke and said : —

"The water of wisdom is very precious, and great is the price of it. Art thou, O Odin, ready to pay for so great a boon ?"

"I am ready," replied the All-father. "Whatever thou mayest ask, that will I give. All the gold and silver and precious stones that can be found will I give thee; even the shields and swords of the gods, — for great is my need of wisdom."

"By none of these things," answered Mimir, "may wisdom be bought. Only by courage and endurance can it be gained, and by giving thy very flesh and blood for the good of others. Wilt thou, O Odin, give me one of thine eyes?"

"Even so," replied the All-father; "pluck it forth and give me to drink of the water of wisdom."

So, with one hand, Mimir held a cup of the water of wisdom to the lips of the All-father, while with the other he plucked forth one of his eyes.

And Odin, having gained what he sought, returned to the city of the gods, pondering in his heart how he should use his hard-earned wisdom for the benefit of gods and men.

IV. THOR AND THE THREE-HEADED GIANT

On his return from Mimir's well, Father Odin mounted his lofty air throne, from which he could look down upon all the world; and summoned an assembly of the gods. And when they were assembled about his throne, he told them all that had befallen him, — how he had consulted the wise maidens, and had gone to Mimir's well, — and had given an eye for a draft of the water of wisdom.

And all the gods, when they knew what he had suffered, and that he had suffered for the good of all, were filled with admiration and with love.

And Odin said : " The gods must now become the helpers of men. For the men of the earth are foolish and faint of heart."

As he spoke, he looked down from his air throne upon the earth, and, as he looked, there settled upon his face a frown.

" What seest thou ?" asked Thor, his mighty son, who sat close beside his father's throne.

" I see a three-headed giant," said Odin. " He throws a shepherd boy into the sea, and puts the whole flock into his pocket. Now he takes them out again, one by one, and devours them, cracking their bones as if they were hazelnuts. There are men standing about, but they are puny and fearful, and they do nothing. Is there no one who can deliver gods and men from these fearful giants ?"

" Father," cried Thor, in a rage, " I have lately got for myself three things of might — a belt, a glove, and a hammer. With these three things, I will go forth to fight this giant."

" Go, my son," said the All-father, and, quick as a lightning's flash, Thor stood before his huge foe. With three blows of his mighty hammer, he crushed the three heads of the cruel giant, and then threw his huge body into the sea.

V. ODIN AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE

Then Father Odin spoke again: "The men of the earth are stupid, idle, and ignorant. There are dwarfs, elves, and fairies who live among them and play tricks upon them, which they do not understand and do not know how to prevent. At this moment I see a husbandman sowing wheat in the furrows, while a dwarf runs after him and changes it into pebbles."

"What are the elves doing?" asked the Wind-king, who stood by, softly whistling to himself.

"Some are laughing at the plight of the poor husbandman, others are tangling the long hair of little girls, and clapping their hands in glee at their distress when it is combed; and others are doing yet other deeds of mischief."

"They should be taught better ways," said the Wind-king, and to Odin the saying seemed a wise saying.

So he called to him Flying-word, his swift messenger, and said, "Go down to earth and say to the dwarfs, elves, and fairies, that I, the All-father, desire them to come to my throne."

The dwarfs, elves, and fairies, when they received the message of Odin, came following after Flying-word, clustering together like a swarm of bees following their queen.

But when they drew near to Odin's throne, they were filled with fear by the majestic presence of the All-father.

Their hearts failed them, and they stopped at some distance from his throne. There they stood cowering and whispering, while each one peeped over his neighbor's shoulder, and gazed at the All-father, half curious, half afraid.

It was not until Father Odin had beckoned to them three times that they finally approached the foot of his throne. Then when all was silent, he spoke to them in calm and serious tones, telling them how wrong it was to be idle and mischievous instead of busy and helpful.

Some, the very worst of them, were angry at his words and only scowled and frowned; and these were mostly of the people of the dwarfs.

Others laughed and tittered at his words, giving no heed to them. These were, for the most part, of the people of the elves. But others were surprised and pleased at being spoken to seriously by the mighty All-father, and to them his words seemed good; and of these, the greater part were elves and fairies. And some of the fairies wept, for they were tender-hearted little things.

Seeing these things, the All-father sat silent for a space, looking down earnestly upon the little people; and by the wisdom which he gained from the draft from Mimir's well, he was able to search their hearts and read their inmost thoughts.

Then he lifted up his voice and spoke to them again: "You dwarfs," he said sternly, "who love darkness rather

than light, shall dwell forever in the gloomy caverns of the earth. There you shall dig the fire stones and pile them upon the earth's great central fire.

"And there, too, you shall have charge of the mines of gold, silver, iron, lead, and precious stones. In your gloomy dwellings, you shall build forges and work upon metals and precious stones.

"When darkness covers the earth, you may sometimes come up to visit the upper world. But when the first streaks of dawn shall redden the eastern sky, you shall return to your underground homes."

The dwarfs, hearing the stern voice and seeing the angry light which flashed from the eye of the mighty All-father, knew that his commands must be obeyed, and, when he waved his hand, all chattering at once, they scampered away to their deep-buried homes.

VI. HOW THE FAIRIES WENT TO SCHOOL

But the light fairies and water elves still lingered with sorrowful faces and with tears in their eyes, which shone and sparkled like drops of dew on a sunshiny morning.

"We love the light and air of the upper world," said they. "Must we, too, dwell in the dark? We have never done anybody any harm."

"Have you ever done anybody any good?" asked the All-father.

"Oh, no," answered they, "we have never done anything at all but dance, and play, and make merry."

Then the All-father, seeing that they loved not evil, but were only ignorant of good, said: "Since you love light and not darkness, you may make your homes in the upper world. But you must learn to work and be useful. It shall be your work to tend the trees, the plants, and the flowers."

"We will very gladly do that," they replied, "if only some one will teach us how: for we are such foolish little people. We only know how to play, and dance, and make merry."

The All-father looked around upon the gods who stood about his throne.

"Leave that to me," said the Wind-king; "I will find them a teacher."

Like a morning breeze, the Wind-king floated away from the air throne, and sat down upon the edge of a mountain.

Then he began to whistle, at first in strong, wild gusts, and then more and more softly, until the whistle became low, soft, enticing^o music, like the call of a singing bird.

Far away a little fluttering answer came, sweet as the invitation itself. Then through the clear sky a beautiful form came flying, his golden hair bathed in sunlight and floating upon the wind.

As he drew near to the Wind-king, he spoke in a voice that was as clear and mellow as the tones of a silver bell.

"Father," said the voice, "here I am; why hast thou called me?"

Then the Wind-king led his son gracefully to the foot of the throne. "My son Frey," said he, proudly, "he will teach the little people their duties."

"What can you teach my elves and fairies?" asked Odin, after giving him a gracious welcome.

"I am the spirit of clouds and sunshine," answered Frey; "if the light elves will have me for their king, I can teach them how to burst the folded buds, to set the blossoms, and pour sweetness into the swelling fruit.

"I can show them how to lead the bees to the honey hidden in the flowers; how to fill the wheat ears with golden grain, how to hatch birds' eggs, and then, how to teach the little ones to sing,—all this and much more," said Frey, "I know and I will teach them."

"It is well," said Odin.

"Look," said he to the little people, "what a fair young teacher I have found for you."

Fair he was indeed; his face was lovely as the dawn. His breath was as sweet as the breath of an orchard in full bloom. And wherever he trod, flowers sprang up under his footsteps.

So Frey took his little pupils into their schoolroom. It was the most wonderful schoolroom that ever was, for it was *all out of doors*—all the orchards, fields, and gardens in the world.

There he taught them their lessons, and these lessons, too, were wonderful.

The first lesson came at dawn, when they learned how to waken the birds; how to show them where to find food for their birdlings, and how to teach the birdlings to chirp and sing.

When the sun was halfway up the sky, they learned how to make the morning-glories twine and climb.

At noon they ripened the fruit on the trees, and gave a bright yellow color to the corn.

In the evening they filled their tiny buckets and hung the dewdrops on the slender grass blades, or dropped them into the half-closed cups of the sleeping flowers.

Thus did the light elves leave their mischievous and idle ways, and learn to be busy and useful.

But sometimes they would forget their lessons and be at their old tricks again. And then everything would go wrong. Little birds would fall out of the nest, no dew would fall, and seeds would not grow.

Then the people of the earth would say, "The little people have forgotten their lessons."

And then Frey, the sweet spirit of sunshine, would again come and patiently and lovingly teach the little people their tasks, and then the whole world would be joyous and blooming again.



FAIRIES AT WORK

ARIEL'S SONG

Where the bee sucks there suck I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry ;
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

— From *The Tempest*, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE SONG OF THE FAIRY

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,°
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;°
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs° upon the green ;
The cowslips tall her pensioners° be;
In their gold coats spots you see ;
These be rubies, fairy favors° —
In those freckles live their savors° :
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE UNDERGROUND EMPIRE

I. THE MAGIC CAP

There once lived in Rambin, a town on the island of Rugen in the Baltic Sea, an honest, industrious man named James Dietrich. He had several children, all of a good disposition, especially the youngest, whose name was John. John Dietrich was a handsome, smart boy, diligent at school, and obedient at home. His great passion was for hearing stories, and whenever he met any one who was well stored with such, he never let him go till he had heard them all.

When John was about eight years old, he was sent to spend a summer with his uncle, a farmer in Rodenkirchen. Here he had to keep cows with other boys, and they used to drive them to graze about the Nine-hills, where an old cowherd, one Klas Starkwolt, frequently came to join the lads, and then they would sit down all together and tell stories. Consequently Klas became John's best friend, for he knew stories without end. He could tell all about the Nine-hills, and the underground folk who inhabited them; how the giants disappeared from the country, and the dwarfs or little people came in their stead.

These tales John swallowed so eagerly that he thought of nothing else, and was forever talking of golden cups, and crowns, and glass shoes, and pockets full of ducats,^o and gold rings, and diamond coronets, and snow-white brides, and the like. Old Klas used often to shake his

head at him and say: "John! John! what are you about? The spade and scythe will be your scepter° and crown, and your bride will wear a garland of rosemary and a gown of striped drill.°"

Still John longed to get into the Nine-hills, for Klas had told him that any one who by luck or cunning should get the cap of one of the little people might go down with safety, and, instead of becoming their slave, he would be their master. The fairy whose cap he got would be his servant, and obey all his commands.

Midsummer eve, when the days are longest and the nights shortest, was now come. In every village of Rugen old and young kept the holiday, had all sorts of plays, and told all kinds of stories. John, who knew that this season was the time for all fairy people to come abroad, could now no longer contain himself, but the day after the festival he slipped away to the Nine-hills, and when it grew dark laid himself down on the top of the highest of them, which Klas had told him was the principal dancing-ground of the underground people. John lay there quite still from ten till twelve at night.

At last it struck twelve. Immediately there was a ringing and a singing in the hills, and then a whispering and a lispings and a whiz and a buzz all about him, for the little people were now come out, some whirling round and round in the dance, and others sporting and tumbling about in the moonshine, and playing a thousand merry pranks.

John felt a secret dread creep over him at this whispering and buzzing, for he could see nothing of them, as the caps they wore made them invisible; but he lay quite still, with his face in the grass and his eyes fast shut, snoring a little just as if he was asleep. Yet now and then he ventured to open his eyes a little and peep out, but not the slightest trace of them could he see, though it was bright moonlight.

It was not long before three of the underground people came jumping up to where he was lying; but they took no heed of him, and flung their red caps up into the air, and caught them from one another. At length one snatched the cap out of the hand of another and flung it away. It flew direct, and fell upon John's head. He could feel, though he could not see it; and the moment he did feel it, he caught hold of it. Starting up, he swung it about for joy, and made the little silver bell of it tingle, then set it upon his head, and — O wonderful to relate! — that instant he saw the countless and merry swarm of the little people.

The three little men came slyly up to him, and thought by their nimbleness to get back the cap, but he held his prize fast, and they saw clearly that nothing was to be done in this way with him, for in size and strength John was a giant to these little fellows, who hardly reached his knee. The owner of the cap now came up very humbly to the finder, and begged, in a tone as if his life depended upon it, that he would give him back his cap.

"No," said John, "you sly little rogue, you'll get the cap no more. That's not the sort of thing: I should be in a nice perplexity° if I had not something of yours; now you have no power over me, but must do what I please. And I will go down with you, and see how you live below, and you shall be my servant. — Nay, no grumbling, you know you must. And I know it too, just as well as you do, for Klas Starkwolt told it to me often and often."

The little man made as if he had not heard or understood one word of all this; he began all his crying and whining over again, and wept and screamed and howled most piteously for his little cap. But John cut the matter short by saying to him, "Have done; you are my servant, and I intend to take a trip with you." So the underground man gave up the point; especially as he well knew there was no remedy.

John now flung away his old hat, and put on the cap, and set it firmly on his head, lest it should slip off or fly away, for all his power lay in it. He lost no time in trying its virtues, but commanded his new servant to fetch him food and drink. The servant ran away like the wind, and in a second was there again with milk and bread, and rich fruits. So John ate and drank, and looked on at the sports and the dancing of the little people, and it pleased him right well, and he behaved himself stoutly and wisely, as if he were a born master.

When the cock had now crowed for the third time, and

the little larks had made their first flutter in the sky, and the daybreak appeared in slender white streaks in the east, then there went a whisper, *hush, hush, hush*, through the bushes, and flowers, and trees; and the hills rang again, and opened up, and the little men stole down and disappeared.

II. THE GLASS DOOR IN THE HILL

John gave close attention to everything, and found that it was exactly as he had been told. And behold! on the top of the hill where they had just been dancing, and which was now full of grass and flowers, as people see it by day, there rose, of a sudden, a small glass door. Whoever wanted to go in stepped upon this; it opened, and he glided gently in, the glass closing again after him; and when they had all entered, it vanished, and there was no further trace of it to be seen.

Those who descended through the glass door sank quite gently into a wide silver tun or barrel, which held them all, and could easily have harbored a thousand such little people. John and his man went down also, along with several others, all of whom screamed out and prayed him not to tread on them, for if he did, they were dead men. He was, however, careful, and acted in a very friendly way towards them. Several barrels of this kind went up and down after each other, until all were in. They hung by long silver chains, which were drawn and guided from below.

In his descent John was amazed at the wonderful brilliancy of the walls between which the tun glided down. They seemed all studded with pearls and diamonds, glittering and sparkling brightly, while below him he heard the most beautiful music tinkling at a distance, so that he did not know what he was about, and from excess° of pleasure he fell fast asleep.

He slept a long time, and when he awoke he found himself in the most beautiful bed that could be, such as he had never seen in his father's or any other house. It was also the prettiest little chamber in the world, and his servant was beside him with a fan to keep away the flies and gnats. He had hardly opened his eyes when his little servant brought him a basin and towel, and held ready for him to put on the nicest new clothes of brown silk, most beautifully made; with these was a pair of new black shoes with red ribbons, such as John had never beheld in Rambin or in Rodenkirchen either. There were also there several pairs of glittering glass shoes, such as are only used on great occasions. John was, we may well suppose, delighted to have such clothes to wear, and he put them on joyfully.

His servant then flew like lightning and returned with a fine breakfast of milk, and delicate white bread and fruits, and such other things as little boys are fond of. He now perceived, every moment, more and more, that Klas Starkwolt, the old cowherd, had known what he was talk-

ing about, for the splendor and magnificence here surpassed anything John had ever dreamt of. His servant, too, was the most obedient one possible; a nod or a sign was enough for him, for he was as wise as a bee, as all these little people are by nature.

John's bedroom was all covered with emeralds and other precious stones, and in the ceiling was a diamond as big as a ninepin bowl, that gave light to the whole chamber. In this place they have neither sun, nor moon, nor stars to give them light; neither do they use lamps or candles of any kind; but they live in the midst of precious stones, and have the purest of gold and silver in abundance, from which they manage to obtain light both by day and by night, though indeed, properly speaking, as there is no sun here, there is no real day and night, and they reckon only by weeks.

They set the brightest and clearest precious stones in their dwellings, and in the ways and passages leading under the ground, and in the places where they have their large halls, and their dances and feasts; and the sparkle of these jewels makes a sort of silvery twilight which is far more beautiful than common day.

III. THE FEAST

When John had finished his breakfast, his servant opened a little door in the wall, where was a closet with silver and gold cups and dishes and other vessels, and baskets filled with ducats, and boxes of jewels and precious

stones. There were also charming pictures, and the most delightful storybooks he had seen in the whole course of his life.



John spent the morning looking at these things; and, when it was midday, a bell rung, and his servant said, "Will you dine alone, sir, or with the large company?"

"With the large company, to be sure," replied John. So his servant led him out. John, however, saw nothing but solitary halls, lighted up with precious stones, and here and there little men and women, who appeared to him to

glide out of the clefts and fissures of the rocks. Wondering what it was the bells rang for, he said to his servant — “But where is the company?” And scarcely had he spoken when the hall they were in opened out to a great extent, and a canopy set with diamonds and precious stones was drawn over it. At the same moment he saw an immense throng of nicely dressed little men and women pouring in through several open doors: the floor opened in several places, and tables, covered with the most beautiful ware, and the most luscious^o meats, and fruits, and wines, arranged themselves in rows, and the chairs arranged themselves along beside the tables, and then the men and women took their seats.

The principal persons now came forward, bowed to John, and led him to their table, where they placed him among their most beautiful maidens. The party was very merry, for the underground people are extremely lively and cheerful, and can never stay long quiet. Then the most charming music sounded over their heads; and beautiful birds, flying about, sung sweetly; these were not real but artificial birds, which the little men make so ingeniously that they can fly about and sing like natural ones.

The servants of both sexes, who waited at table, and handed about the gold cups, and the silver and crystal baskets with fruit, were mortal children, whom some misfortune had thrown among the underground people, and who, having come down without securing any pledge, such

as John's cap, had fallen into their power. These were differently clad from their masters. The boys and girls were dressed in snow-white coats and jackets, and wore glass shoes, so thin that their steps could never be heard, with blue caps on their heads, and silver belts round their waists.

John at first pitied them, seeing how they were forced to run about and wait on the little people; but as they looked cheerful and happy, and were handsomely dressed, and had such rosy cheeks, he said to himself: —

“After all, they are not so badly off, and I was myself much worse when I had to be running after the cows and bullocks. To be sure, I am now a master here, and they are servants; but there is no help for it; why were they so foolish as to let themselves be taken and not get some pledge beforehand? At any rate, the time must come when they shall be set at liberty, and they will certainly not be longer than fifty years here.” With these thoughts he consoled himself, and sported and played away with his little playfellows, and ate, and drank, and made his servant and the others tell him stories, for he always liked to hear something strange, and to get to the bottom of everything.

They sat at table about two hours: the principal person then rang a little bell, and the tables and chairs all vanished in a whiff, leaving the company standing on their feet. The birds now struck up a most lively air, and the

little people began to dance, jumping and leaping and whirling round and round, as if the world were grown dizzy. And the pretty little girls that sat next John caught hold of him and whirled him about; and, without making any resistance, he danced with them for two good hours. Every afternoon while he remained there, he used to do the same; and, to the last hour of his life, he always spoke of it with the greatest glee.

When the music and dancing were over, it might be about four o'clock. The little people then disappeared, and went each about their work or their pleasure. After supper they sported and danced in the same way; and at midnight, especially on starlight nights, they slipped out of their hills to dance in the open air. John used then, like a good boy, to say his prayers and go to sleep, a duty he never neglected either in the evening or in the morning.

IV. THE SUBTERRANEAN COUNTRY

For the first week that John was in the glass hill he only went from his chamber to the great hall and back again. After that, however, he began to walk about, making his servant show and explain everything to him. He found that there were here most beautiful walks, in which he might ramble along for miles, in all directions, without ever finding an end of them, so immensely large was the hill that the little people lived in, and yet out-

wardly it seemed but a little hill, with a few bushes and trees growing on it.

He found also meadows and lanes, islands and lakes, where the birds sang sweeter, and the flowers were more brilliant and fragrant than anything he had ever seen on earth. There was a breeze, and yet one did not feel the wind; it was quite clear and bright, but there was no heat; the waves were dashing, still there was no danger; and the most beautiful little barks and canoes, like white swans, came when one wanted to cross the water, and went backwards and forwards of their own accord. Whence all this came nobody knew, nor could his servant tell anything about it.

These lovely meads and plains were, for the most part, all solitary. Few of the underground people were to be seen upon them, and those that were just glided across them, as if in the greatest hurry. It very rarely happened that any of them danced out here in the open air; sometimes two or three of them did so; at the most half a dozen: John never saw a greater number together. The meadows never seemed cheerful, except when the earth-children, who were kept as servants, were let out to walk. This, however, happened but twice a week, for they were mostly kept employed in the great hall and adjoining apartments, or at school.

For John soon found they had schools there also; he had been there about ten months, when one day he saw

something snow-white gliding into a rock, and disappearing. "What!" said he to his servant, "are there some of you too that wear white, like the servants?" He was informed that there were; but they were few in number, and never appeared at the large tables or the dances, except once a year, on the birthday of the great Hill-king, who dwelt many thousand miles below in the great deep. These were the oldest men among them, some being many thousand years old; they knew all things, and could tell of the beginning of the world, and were called the Wise. They lived all alone, and only left their chambers to instruct the underground children and the attendants of both sexes.

John was greatly interested by this news, and he determined to take advantage of it: so next morning he made his servant conduct him to the school, and was so well pleased with it that he never missed a day. The scholars were taught reading, writing, and accounts, to compose and relate histories and stories, and many elegant kinds of work; so that many came out of the hills very prudent and learned. The oldest, and those of best capacity, received instruction in natural science and astronomy, and in poetry and riddle making, arts highly esteemed by the little people. John was very diligent, and soon became a clever painter; he wrought, too, most ingeniously in gold, and silver, and stones; and in verse and riddle making he had no fellow.

V. JOHN AND ELIZABETH

John had spent many a happy year here without ever thinking of the upper world, or of those he had left behind, so pleasantly passed the time—so many an agreeable playfellow had he among the children.

Of all his playmates there was none of whom he was so fond as of a little fair-haired girl, named Elizabeth Krabbin. She was from his own village, and was the daughter of Frederick Krabbin, the minister of Rambin. She was but four years old when she was taken away, and John had often heard tell of her. She was not, however, stolen by the little people, but came into their power in this manner.

One day in summer, she, with other children, ran out into the fields: in their rambles they went to the Nine-hills, where little Elizabeth fell asleep, and was forgotten by the rest. At night, when she awoke, she found herself under the ground among the little people. It was not merely because she was from his own village that John was so fond of Elizabeth, but she was a most beautiful child, with clear blue eyes and ringlets of fair hair, and a most angelic smile.

Time flew away unperceived: John was now eighteen, and Elizabeth sixteen. Their childish fondness was now become love, and the little people were pleased to see it, thinking that by means of her they might get John to renounce^o his power, and become their servant; for they

were fond of him, and would willingly have had him to wait upon them. But they were mistaken; John had learned too much from his servant to be caught in that way.

John's chief delight was walking about alone with Elizabeth; for he now knew every place so well that he could dispense with the attendance of his servant. In these rambles he was always gay and lively, but his companion was frequently sad and silent, thinking of the land above, where men lived, and where the sun, moon, and stars shine.

Now it happened in one of their walks, that as they talked of their love, and it was after midnight, they passed under the place where the tops of the glass hills used to open and let the underground people in and out. As they went along they heard of a sudden the crowing of several roosters above. At this sound, which she had not heard for twelve years, little Elizabeth felt her heart so affected that she could contain herself no longer, but throwing her arms about John's neck, she bathed his cheeks with her tears. At length she spoke:—

“Dearest John,” said she, “everything down here is very beautiful, and the little people are kind, and do nothing to injure me, but still I have always been uneasy, nor ever felt any pleasure till I began to love you; and yet that is not pure pleasure, for this is not a right way of living, such as it should be for human beings.

“Every night I dream of my dear father and mother, and of our churchyard, where the people stand so piously at the church door waiting for my father, and I could weep tears of blood that I cannot go into the church with them, and worship God as a human being should; for this is no true life we lead down here, but a delusive,^o half heathen^o one.

“And only think, dear John, that we can never marry, as there is no priest to join us. Do, then, plan some way for us to leave this place; for I cannot tell you how I long to get once more to my father, and among pious people.”

John, too, had not been unaffected by the crowing of the roosters, and he felt what he had never felt here before, a longing after the land where the sun shines.

“Dear Elizabeth,” replied he, “all you say is true, and I now feel that it is a sin for us to stay here; and it seems to me as if our Lord said to us in that cry of the roosters, ‘Come up, ye children, out of those abodes of magic; come to the light of the stars, and act as children of light.’ I now feel that it was a great sin for me to come down here, but I trust I shall be forgiven on account of my youth; for I was a child and knew not what I did. But now I will not stay a day longer. They cannot keep *me* here.”

At these words, Elizabeth turned pale, for she recollected that she was a servant, and must serve her fifty years. “And what will it avail me,” cried she, “that I shall continue young and be but as twenty years old when I go out,

for my father and my mother will be dead, and all my companions old and gray ; and you, dearest John, will be old and gray also," cried she, throwing herself on his bosom.

VI. PLANS OF ESCAPE

John was thunderstruck at this, for it had never before occurred to him ; he, however, comforted her as well as he could, and declared he would never leave the place without her. He spent the whole night in forming various plans ; at last he fixed on one, and in the morning he dispatched his servant to summon to his apartment six of the principal of the little people. When they came, John thus mildly addressed them : —

"My friends, you know how I came here, not as a prisoner or servant, but as a lord and master over one of you, and, consequently, over all. You have now for the ten years I have been with you treated me with respect and attention, and for that I am your debtor. But you are still more my debtors, for I might have given you every sort of annoyance and vexation, and you must have submitted to it. I have, however, not done so, but have behaved as your equal, and have sported and played with you rather than ruled over you.

"I now have one request to make. There is a girl among your servants whom I love, Elizabeth Krabbin, of Ramin, where I was born. Give her to me, and let us depart.

For I will return to where the sun shines and the plow goes through the land. I ask to take nothing with me but her, and the ornaments and furniture of my chamber."

He spoke in a determined tone, and they hesitated and cast their eyes to the ground ; at last the eldest of them replied : —

"Sir, you ask what we cannot grant. It is a fixed law, that no servant should leave this place before the appointed time. Were we to break through this law, our whole subterranean empire would fall. Anything else you desire we will grant, for we love and respect you, but we cannot give up Elizabeth."

"You can and you shall give her up," cried John in a rage ; "go think of it till to-morrow. Return here at this hour. I will show you whether or no I can triumph over your cunning stratagems."

The six retired. Next morning, on their return, John addressed them in the kindest manner, but to no purpose ; they persisted in their refusal. He gave them till the following day, threatening them severely in case they still refused.

Next day, when the six little people appeared before him, John looked at them sternly, and made no reply to their salutations, but said to them shortly, "Yes or No?" And they answered with one voice, "No." He then ordered his servant to summon twenty-four more of the principal persons, with their wives and children. When they

came, they were in all five hundred, men, women, and children. John ordered them forthwith to go and fetch pickaxes, spades, and bars, which they did in a second.

He now led them out to a rock in one of the fields, and ordered them to fall to work at blasting, hewing, and dragging stones. They toiled patiently, and made as if it was only sport to them. From morning till night their taskmaster made them labor without ceasing, standing over them constantly, to prevent their resting. Still their obstinacy° was inflexible°; and at the end of some weeks his pity for them was so great that he was obliged to give over.

He now thought of a new species of punishment for them. He ordered them to appear before him next morning, each provided with a new whip. They obeyed, and John commanded them to strip and lash one another till the blood should run down on the ground, while he stood looking on as grim and cruel as an Eastern tyrant.° Still the little people cut and slashed themselves, and mocked at John, and refused to comply with his wishes. This he did for three or four days.

Several other courses did he try, but all in vain; his temper was too gentle to struggle with their obstinacy, and he began now to despair of ever accomplishing his dearest wish. He began to hate the little people whom he was before so fond of; he kept away from their banquets and dances, associated only with Elizabeth, and ate and drank quite solitary in his chamber.

VII. THE RETURN

While in this temper, as he was taking a solitary walk in the evening, and to divert^o his mind was flinging the stones that lay in his path against each other, he happened to break a tolerably large one, and out of it jumped a toad. The moment John saw the ugly animal, he caught him up in great joy, and put him into his pocket and ran home, crying, "Now I have her! I have my Elizabeth! Now you shall catch it, you little mischievous rascals!" And on getting home he put the toad into a costly silver casket, as if it was the greatest treasure.

To account for John's joy, you must know Klas Starkwolt had often told him that the underground people could not endure any ill odor, and that the sight or even the smell of a toad made them faint and suffer the most dreadful tortures, so that, by means of these animals, one could compel them to do anything. Hence there are no bad smells to be found in the whole glass empire, and a toad is a thing unheard of there; this toad must therefore have been inclosed in the stone from the Creation, as it were, for the sake of John and Elizabeth.

Resolved to try the effect of his toad, John took the casket under his arm and went out, and on the way he met two of the little people in a lonesome place. The moment he approached them, they fell to the ground, and whimpered and howled most woefully, as long as he was near them.

Satisfied now of his power, he next morning summoned the fifty principal persons, with their wives and children, to his apartment. When they came, he addressed them, reminding them once again of his kindness and gentleness towards them, and of the good terms on which they had hitherto lived together. He reproached them with their ingratitude in refusing him the only favor he had ever asked of them, but firmly declared he would not give way to their obstinacy. "Wherefore," said he, "for the last time, I warn you; — think for a minute, and if you then say No, you shall feel that pain which is to you and your children the most terrible of all sufferings."

They did not take long to deliberate, but with one voice replied "No"; for they thought to themselves, "What new scheme has the youth hit on, with which he thinks to frighten wise ones like us?" and they smiled when they said No. Their smiling enraged John above all, and he ran back to where he had laid the casket with the toad, under a bush.

He was hardly come within a hundred paces of them when they all fell to the ground as if struck with a thunderbolt, and began to howl and whimper, and to writhe, as if suffering the most intense pain. They stretched out their hands, and cried: "Have mercy! have mercy! we feel you have a toad, and there is no escape for us. Take the odious^o beast away, and we will do all you require." He let them kick a few seconds longer, and then took the toad away.

They then stood up and felt no more pain. John let all depart but the six chief persons, to whom he said:—

“This night, between twelve and one, Elizabeth and I will depart. Load, then, for me three wagons, with gold, and silver, and precious stones. I might, you know, take



all that is in the hill, and you deserve it, but I will be merciful. Further, you must put all the furniture of my chamber in two wagons, and get ready for me the handsomest traveling carriage that is in the hill, with six black horses. Moreover, you must set at liberty all the servants who have been so long here that on earth they would be twenty years old and upwards, and you must give them as much

silver and gold as will make them rich for life, and make a law that no one shall be detained here longer than his twentieth year."

The six took the oath, and went sadly away, and John buried his toad deep in the ground. The little people labored hard according to his bidding. At midnight everything was out of the hill, and John and Elizabeth got into the silver tun and were drawn up.

It was then one o'clock, and midsummer eve, the very time that twelve years before John had gone down into the hill. Music sounded around them, and they saw the glass hill open, and the rays of the light of heaven shine on them for the first time after so many years; and when they got out, they saw the streaks of dawn already in the east. Crowds of the underground people were around them busied about the wagons. John bade them a last farewell, waved his red cap three times in the air, and then flung it among them. And at the same moment he ceased to see them; he beheld nothing but a green hill, and the well-known bushes and fields, and heard the church clock of Rambin strike two. When all was still, save a few larks who were tuning their morning songs, they both fell on their knees and worshiped God, resolving henceforth to lead a pious life.

When the sun rose, John and his Elizabeth, with the children whom they had saved from the underground people, set out for Rambin. Every well-known object that they saw awakened pleasing recollections; and as they passed

by Rodenkirchen, John recognized, among the people that gazed at and followed them, his old friend Klas Starkwolt, the cowherd, and his dog Speed. It was four in the morn-



ing when they entered Rambin, and they halted in the middle of the village, about twenty paces from the house where John was born. The whole village poured out to gaze on these Asiatic princes ; for such the old sexton, who had in his youth been at Moscow and Constantinople, said they were. There John saw his father and mother, and his brother Andrew, and his sister Trine. The old minister, Krabbin, stood there too, in his black slippers and white nightcap, gaping and staring with the rest.

John discovered himself to his parents, and Elizabeth to hers, and the wedding day was soon fixed, and such a wedding was never seen before or since in the island of Rugen; for John sent to Stralsund for whole boat-loads of sugar and coffee and whole herds of oxen, sheep, and pigs. The quantity of harts° and roes° and hares that were shot on the occasion it were vain to attempt to tell, or to count the fish that were caught. There was not a musician in Rugen and Pomerania that was not engaged, for John was immensely rich, and he wished to display his wealth.

John did not neglect his old friend Klas Starkwolt, the cowherd. He gave him enough to make him comfortable for the rest of his days, and insisted on his coming and staying with him as often and as long as he wished.

After his marriage, John made a progress through the country with his beautiful Elizabeth, and they purchased towns and villages and lands until he became master of nearly half of the island of Rugen. His father, old James Dietrich, was made a nobleman, and his brothers and sisters, gentlemen and ladies.

John and his wife spent their days in acts of piety and charity. They built several churches, they had the blessings of every one that knew them, and died universally lamented. It was Count John Dietrich who built and richly endowed the present church of Rambin. He built it on the site of his father's house, and presented to it several of the cups and plates made by the underground people, and

his own and Elizabeth's glass shoes, in memory of what had befallen them in their youth. But they were all taken away in the time of the great Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, when the Russians came on the island, and plundered even the churches, and took away everything.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might;
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
“It's very rude of him,” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun !”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky ;
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.



The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand —
“If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “it would be grand !”

“If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“That they could get it clear ?”
“I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

“Oysters, come and walk with us !”
The Walrus did beseech.

“A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach;
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head,—
Meaning to say, he did not choose
To leave the oyster bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock

Conveniently low —
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.



“The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“To talk of many things :
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings.”

“But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,
“Before we have our chat ;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat ! ”
“No hurry ! ” said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

“A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,
“Is what we chiefly need ;
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed —
Now, if you’re ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.”

“But not on us!” the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
“After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!”
“The night is fine,” the Walrus said.
“Do you admire the view?”

“It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!”
The Carpenter said nothing but,
“Cut us another slice.
I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I’ve had to ask you twice!”

“It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,
“To play them such a trick.
After we’ve brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!”
The Carpenter said nothing but,
“The butter’s spread too thick!”



“I weep for you,” the Walrus said ;
“I deeply sympathize.”

With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

“O Oysters,” said the Carpenter,
“You’ve had a pleasant run !
Shall we be trotting home again ?”
But answer there was none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
They’d eaten every one.

— LEWIS CARROLL.

THE DUEL

An apothecary° was once asked by a military officer to give up his seat at the theater to the officer's lady. The apothecary refused; thereupon the officer felt himself insulted and sent him a challenge.

The apothecary was punctual at the time and place appointed. On being asked what weapons he chose, he replied, "Not being accustomed to the use of sword or firearms, I have the honor to propose a weapon with which I am more familiar." He then drew from his pocket a pill box, took from it two pills, and thus addressed his antagonist:—

"As a man of honor, sir, you certainly do not wish to fight me except on equal terms. Here are two pills, one composed of the most deadly poison, the other perfectly harmless. You shall take your choice of them, and I promise faithfully to take the one which you leave."

It is needless to say that the affair was settled by a hearty laugh.

THE KING AND THE CAKES

Many, many years ago, there lived in England a king so wise and brave and good that he was called Alfred the Great. Although a king, he had many trials to bear.

Once, when hard-pressed by the cruel Danes, who were fighting his people for pillage and plunder, the English

king sought shelter in a hut of a cowherd. The man's wife did not know the king. Being obliged to leave the house, she asked him to watch some cakes that were baking for supper. This the king readily agreed to do, but no sooner had she gone than Alfred forgot all about the cakes and everything else except the troubles of his country.

Presently the woman returned and found her cakes all burned to a crisp! She scolded the king soundly, you may be sure, but he said never a word in reply. Only to himself he said, "How can I be trusted to rule a kingdom wisely, when I cannot even keep cakes from burning?"

MORNING

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus° 'gins° arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced° flowers that lies:
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,°
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

JOCK, A DOG OF THE BUSHVELD°

I. JESS, THE MOTHER OF JOCK

The first time I saw Jess, we were having dinner, and I gave her a bone,— putting it down close to her and saying, “Here, good dog!” As she did not even look at it, I moved it right under her nose. She gave a low growl, and her little eyes turned on me for just one look as she got up and walked away.

There was a snicker of laughter from my friends who were looking on, but nobody said anything, and it seemed wiser to ask no questions just then. Afterwards, when we were alone, one of them told me that Ted, her master, had trained her not to feed from any one else, adding, “You must not feed another man’s dog; a dog has only one master!”

We respected Jess greatly; but no one knew quite how much we respected her until the memorable° day of which I am about to tell.

We had rested through the heat of the day under a big tree on the bank of a little stream. About sundown, just before we were ready to start, some other wagons passed, and Ted, knowing the owner, went on with him, intending to rejoin us at the next outspan.° As he jumped on to the passing wagon, he called to Jess. She answered his call instantly, running out of a patch of soft grass under one of the big trees behind our wagons.

But when she saw him moving off on the other wagon, she sat down in the road and watched him anxiously for some seconds, then ran on a few steps in her curious, quick, silent way and again stopped, giving swift glances toward Ted and toward us. Ted remarked laughingly that she evidently thought he had made a mistake by getting on the wrong wagon, and that she would follow presently.

After he had disappeared she ran back to her patch of grass and lay down, but in a few minutes she was back again squatting in the road, looking with that same anxious, worried expression after her master. Thus she went to and fro for the quarter of an hour it took us to inspan,^o and each time she passed we could hear a faint, anxious little whine.

The oxen were inspanned and the last odd things were being put up, when one of the Kaffir^o boys came to say that he could not get the guns and water barrel because Jess would not let him near them. There was something the matter with the dog, he said; he thought she was mad.

Knowing how Jess hated Kaffirs, we laughed at the notion, and went for the things ourselves. As we came within five yards of the tree where we had left the guns, there was a rustle in the grass, and Jess came out with her swift, silent run, appearing as unexpectedly as a snake does, and with some odd suggestions^o of a snake in her look and attitude.

Her head, body, and tail were in a dead line, and she was crouching slightly as for a spring; her ears were laid flat back, her lips twitching constantly, showing the strong white teeth, and her cross, wicked eyes had such a look of remorseless° cruelty in them that we stopped as if we had been turned to stone. She never moved a muscle or made a sound, but kept those eyes steadily fixed on us.

We moved back a pace or two and began to coax and wheedle her; but it was of no use, she never moved or made a sound, and the unblinking look remained. For a minute we stood our ground, and then the hair on her back and shoulders began very slowly to stand up. That was enough: we cleared off. She had a mighty uncanny° appearance.

Then another tried his hand; but it was just the same. No one could do anything with her; no one could get near the guns or the water barrel; as soon as we returned for a fresh attempt, she reappeared in the same place and in the same way.

The position was too ridiculous, and we were at our wits' end; for Jess held the camp. The Kaffirs declared the dog was mad, and we began to have very uncomfortable suspicions that they were right; but we decided to make a last attempt, and surrounding the place approached from all sides. But the suddenness with which she appeared before we got into position so terrified the Kaffirs that they bolted, and we gave it up, owning our-

selves beaten. We turned to watch her as she sank back for the last time, and as she disappeared in the grass, we heard distinctly the cry of a very young puppy. Then the secret of Jess's madness was out.

We had to send for Ted, and when he returned a couple of hours later, Jess met him out on the road in the dark where she had been watching half the time ever since he left. She jumped up at his chest, giving a long, tremulous whimper of welcome, and then ran ahead straight to the nest in the grass.

He took a lantern and we followed, but not too close. When he knelt down to look at the puppies, she stood over them and pushed herself in between him and them; when he put out a hand to touch them, she pushed it away with her nose, whining softly in protest and trembling with excitement — you could see she would not bite, but she hated to have him touch her puppies. Finally, when he picked one up, she gave a low cry and caught his wrist gently, but held it.

That was Jess, the mother of Jock!

II. THE RAT

There were six puppies; five of them were fat, strong, yellow little chaps with dark muzzles, the sixth one, a poor miserable little rat of a thing about half the size of the others. He was not yellow like them, nor dark brindled like Jess, but a sort of dirty, pale, half-and-half

color with some dark, faint, wavy lines all over him, as if he had tried to be brindled and failed ; and he had a dark, sharp, wizened little muzzle that looked shriveled up with age.

Ted had old friends to whom he had already promised the pick of the puppies, so when I came along it was too late, and all he could promise was that if there should be one over I might have it.

After a while, when my chance of getting one of the good puppies seemed hopeless and I got used to the idea that I should have to take the odd one, I began to notice little things about him that no one else noticed, and got to be quite fond of the little beggar—in a kind of way.

Perhaps I was turning my sand into gold, and my geese into swans ; perhaps I grew fond of him simply because, finding him lonely and with no one else to depend on, I befriended him ; and perhaps it was because he was always cheerful and plucky and it seemed as if there might be some good stuff in him after all.

Those were the things I used to think of sometimes when feeding the little outcast. The other puppies would tumble



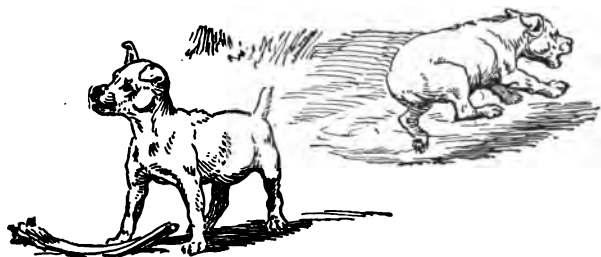
him over and take his food from him ; they would bump into him when he was stooping over the dish of milk and porridge, and his head was so big and his legs so weak that he would tip up and go heels over head into the dish.

But no one else said a good word for him ; he was really beneath notice, and if they had to speak about him they called him "The Rat." There is no doubt that he was extremely ugly, and instead of improving as he grew older, he became worse. Yet I could not help liking him and looking after him, sometimes feeling sorry for him, sometimes being tremendously amused, and sometimes, wonderful to relate — really admiring him.

He was extraordinarily silent ; while the others barked at nothing, howled when lonely, and yelled when frightened or hurt, the odd puppy did none of these things. In fact, he began to show many of Jess's peculiarities : he hardly ever barked, and when he did, it was not a wild, excited string of barks, but little suppressed, muffled noises, half bark and half growl, and just one or two at a time ; and he did not appear to be afraid of anything, so no one could tell what he would do if he was.

One day we had an amusing instance of his nerve : one of the oxen, sniffing about the outspan, caught sight of him all alone, and filled with curiosity came up to examine him, as a hulking, silly, old tame ox will do. It moved towards him slowly and heavily with its ears spread wide and its head down, giving great sniffs at this

new object, trying to make out what it was. "The Rat" stood quite still, with his stumpy tail cocked up and his head a little on one side, and when the huge ox's nose was about a foot from him, he gave one of those funny, abrupt little barks. It was as if the object had suddenly "gone off" like a firecracker, and the ox nearly tumbled over with fright; but even when the great mountain of a thing gave a clumsy plunge round and trotted off, "The Rat" was not the least frightened; he was startled, and his tail and ears flickered for a second, but stiffened up again instantly, and with another of those little barks he took a couple of steps forward and cocked his head on the other side. That was his way.



He was not a bit like the other puppies; if any one fired off a gun or cracked one of the big whips, the whole five would yell at the top of their voices and, wherever they were, would start running, scrambling, or floundering as fast as they could towards the wagon, without once looking back to see what they were running away from. The odd puppy would drop his bone with a start or jump

round ; his ears and tail would flicker up and down for a second ; then he would slowly bristle up all over, and with his head cocked first on one side and then on the other, would stare hard with his half-blind, bluish puppy eyes in the direction of the noise ; but he never ran away.

And so, little by little, I got to like him in spite of his awful ugliness. And it really was awful ! The other puppies grew big all over, but the odd one at that time seemed to grow only in one part — his “tummy” ! The poor little chap was born small and weak ; he had always been bullied and crowded out by the others, and the truth is, he was half starved. The natural consequence° of this was that as soon as he could walk about and pick up things for himself, he made up for lost time, and filled up his middle piece to an alarming size before the other parts of his body had time to grow ; at that time he looked more like a big tock-tockie beetle than a dog.

Besides the balloon-like “tummy,” he had stick-out bandy°-legs, very like a beetle’s too, and a neck so thin that it made the head look enormous, and you wondered how the neck ever held it up. But what made him so supremely ridiculous was that he evidently did not know he was ugly ; he walked about as if he was always thinking of his dignity, and he had that puffed-out and stuck-up air of importance that you only see in small people and bantam roosters, who are always trying to appear an inch taller than they really are.

III. FIGHTING HIS WAY

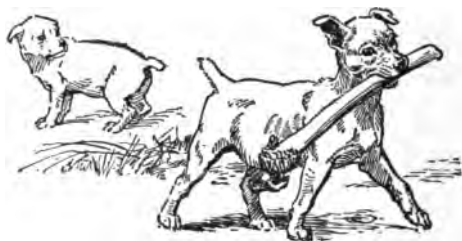
When the puppies were about a month old, and could feed on porridge or bread soaked in soup or gravy, they got to be too much for Jess, and she used to leave them for hours at a time and hide in the grass as if to have a little sleep and peace. Puppies are always hungry, so they soon began to hunt about for themselves, and would find scraps of meat and porridge or old bones; and if they could not get anything else, would try to eat the rawhide neckstraps and reins.



Then the fights began. As soon as one puppy saw another busy on anything, he would walk over towards him and, if strong enough, fight him for it. All day long it was nothing but wrangle, snarl, bark, and yelp. Sometimes four or five would be at it in one scrimmage; because as soon as one heard a row going on, he would trot up hoping to steal the bone while the others were busy fighting.

It was then that I noticed other things about the odd puppy: no matter how many packed on to him, or how

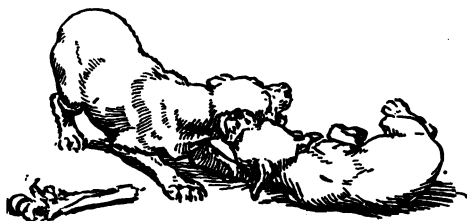
they bit or pulled him, he never once let out a yelp ; with four or five on top of him you would see him on his back, snapping right and left with bare white teeth, gripping and worrying them when he got a good hold of anything, and all the time growling and snarling with a fierceness that was really comical. It sounded as a lion fight might sound in a toy phonograph.



Before many days passed, it was clear that some of the other puppies were inclined to leave “The Rat” alone, and that only two of them — the two biggest — seemed anxious to fight him and could take his bones away. The reason soon became apparent: instead of wasting his breath in making a noise, or wasting strength in trying to tumble the others over, “The Rat” simply bit hard and hung on ; noses, ears, lips, cheeks, feet, and even tails — all came handy to him ; anything he could get hold of and hang on to was good enough, and the result generally was that in about half a minute the other puppy would leave everything and clear off yelling, and probably hold-

ing up one paw or hanging its head on one side to ease a chewed ear.

When either of the big puppies tackled the little fellow, the fight lasted much longer. Even if he were tumbled over at once — as generally happened — and the other one stood over him barking and growling, that did not end the fight; as soon as the other chap got off him, he would struggle up and begin again; he would not give in. The other puppies seemed to think that once you were tumbled over, you ought to give up the bone.



The odd puppy apparently did not care about rules; as far as I could see, he had just one rule: "Stick to it," so it was not very long before even the two big fellows gave up interfering with him. The bites from his little white teeth — sharp as needles — which punctured noses and feet and tore ears, were most unpleasant. But apart from that, they found there was nothing to be gained by fighting him: they might roll him over time after time, but he came back again and worried them so persistently that it was quite impossible to enjoy the bone — they had to keep on fighting for it.

IV. THE PICK OF THE PUPPIES

Then there came a day when something happened which might easily have turned out very differently, and there would have been no Jock and no stories to tell about him; and the best dog in the world would not have been my friend and companion.

In the afternoon Ted came up to where we were all lying in the shade and startled us with the announcement: —

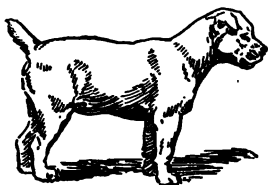
“Billy Griffiths can’t take his pup!”

Every man of us sat up. Billy’s pup was the first pick, the champion of the litter, the biggest and strongest of the lot. Several of the others said at once that they would exchange theirs for this one; but Ted smiled and shook his head.

“No,” he said, “you had a good pick in the beginning.” Then he turned to me, and added, “You’ve only had leavings.” Some one said “The Rat,” and there was a shout of laughter, but Ted went on, “You can have Billy’s pup.”

It seemed too good to be true; not even in my wildest imaginings had I fancied myself getting the pick of the lot. I hardly waited to thank Ted before going off to look at my champion. I had seen and admired him times out of number, but it seemed as if he must look different now that he belonged to me. He was a fine big fellow, well built and strong, and looked as if he could beat all

the rest put together. His legs were straight ; his neck sturdy ; his muzzle dark and shapely ; his ears equal and well carried ; and in the sunlight this yellow coat looked quite bright, with occasional glints of gold in it. He was indeed a handsome fellow.



As I put him back again with the others, the odd puppy, who had stood up and sniffed at me when I came, licked my hand and twiddled his tail with the friendliest and most independent air, as if he knew me quite well and was glad to see me, and I patted the poor little chap as he waddled up. I had forgotten him in the excitement of getting Billy's pup ; but the sight of him made me think of his funny ways, his pluck and independence, and how he had not a friend in the world except Jess and me ; and I felt downright sorry for him.

I picked him up and talked to him ; and when his wizened little face was close to mine, he opened his mouth as if laughing, and shooting out his red tongue dabbed me right on the tip of my nose in pure friendliness. The poor little fellow looked more ludicrous than ever ; he had been feeding again and was as tight as a drum ; his skin was

so tight one could not help thinking that if he walked over a thorn bush and got a scratch on the "tummy," he would burst like a toy balloon.

I put him back with the other puppies and returned to the tree where Ted and the rest were sitting. As I came up there was a loud shout of laughter, and — turning round to see what had provoked it — I found "The Rat" at my heels. He had followed me and was trotting and stumbling along, tripping every yard or so, but getting up again with head erect, ears cocked, and his stumpy tail twiddling away just as pleased and proud as if he thought he had really started in life and was doing what only a "really and truly" grown-up dog is supposed to do — that is, follow his master wherever he goes.

All the old chaff and jokes were fired off at me again, and I had no peace for quite a time. They all had something to say: "He won't swap you off!" "I'll back 'The Rat'!" "He is going to take care of you!" "He is afraid you'll get lost!" and so on; and they were still chaffing about it when I grabbed "The Rat" and took him back again.

Billy's failure to take his puppy was so entirely unexpected and so important that the subject kept cropping up all the evening.

The poor little friendless Rat! it was unfortunate, but the truth is that he was uglier than before; and yet I could not help liking him. I fell asleep that night think-

ing of the two puppies—the best and the worst of the litter. No sooner had I gone over all the splendid points in Billy's pup and made up my mind that he was certainly the finest I had ever seen, than the friendly wizened little face, the half-cocked ears and head on one side, the cocky little stump of a tail, and the comical, dignified, plucky look of the odd puppy would all come back to me. The thought of how he licked my hand and twiddled his tail at me, and how he dabbed me on the nose, and then the manly way in which he had struggled after me through the grass, all made my heart go soft towards him, and I fell asleep not knowing what to do.

When I woke up in the morning, my first thought was of the odd puppy—how he looked to me as his only friend, and what he would feel like if, after looking on me as really belonging to him and as the one person that he was going to take care of all his life, he knew he was to be left behind or given away to any one who would take him. It would never have entered his head that he required some one to look after him; from the way he had followed me the night before, it was clear that he was looking after me; and the other fellows thought the same thing. His whole manner had plainly said: "Never mind, old man! Don't worry: I am here."

We used to make our first trek° at about three o'clock in the morning, so as to be outspanned by sunrise; and walking along during that morning trek, I recalled all the

stories that the others had told of miserable puppies having grown into wonderful dogs, and of great men who had been very ordinary children; and at breakfast I took the plunge.

"Ted," I said, bracing myself for the laughter, "if you don't mind, I'll stick to 'The Rat.'"

If I had fired a gun under their noses, they would have been much less startled. Robbie made a grab for his plate as it slipped from his knees.

"*Don't* do that sort of thing!" he protested indignantly. "My nerves won't stand it."

V. WHAT JOCK LEARNED FROM HIS MASTER

Dogs are like people: what they learn when they are young, whether of good or of evil, is not readily forgotten. I began early with Jock, and tried to help him. It is of little use to punish a dog for stealing if you take no trouble about feeding him. That is very rough on the dog; he has to find out slowly and by himself what he may take, and what he may not. Sometimes he leaves what he was meant to take, and goes hungry; and sometimes takes what was not intended for him, and gets a thrashing. That is not fair. You cannot expect to have a good dog and one that will understand you, if you treat him in that way.

Some men teach their dogs not to take food from any

one but themselves. One day when we were talking about training dogs, Ted told one of the others to open Jess's mouth and put a piece of meat in it, he undertaking not to say a word and not even to look at her. The meat was put in her mouth and her jaws were shut tight on it; but the instant she was free she dropped it, walked round to the other side of Ted and sat close up to him. He waited for a minute or so and, without so much as a glance at her, said quietly, "All right." She was back again in a second and with one hungry bite bolted the lump of meat.

I taught Jock not to touch food in camp until he was told to "take it." The lesson began when he got his saucer of porridge in the morning; and he must have thought it cruel to have that put in front of him, and then to be held back or tapped with a finger on the nose each time he tried to dive into it. At first he struggled and fought to get at it; then he tried to back away and dodge round to the other side; then he became dazed,^o and, thinking it was not for him at all, wanted to walk off and have nothing more to do with it.

In a few days, however, I got him to lie still and take it only when I patted him and pushed him towards it; and



in a very little time he got on so well that I could put his food down without saying anything and let him wait for permission. He would lie down with his head on his paws and his nose right up against the saucer, so as to lose no time when the order came; but he would not touch it until he heard "take it." He never moved his head, but his little browny dark eyes, full of childlike eagerness, used to be turned sideways and fixed on mine. I believe he watched my lips, he was so quick to obey the order when it came.

When he grew up and had learned his lessons, there was no need for these exercises. He got to understand me so well that if I nodded or moved my hand in a way that meant "all right" he would go ahead: by that time, too, he was dignified and patient; and it was only in his puppyhood that he used to crouch up close to his food and tremble with impatience and excitement.

There was one lesson that he hated most of all. I used to balance a piece of meat on his nose and make him keep it there until the word to take it came. Time after time he would close his eyes as if the sight of the meat was more than he could bear, and his mouth would water so from the savory^o smell that long streams of dribble would hang down on either side. It seems unnecessary and even cruel to tantalize a dog in that way; but it was not: it was education; and it was true kindness. It taught him to understand his master, and to be obedient, patient,

and observant;° it taught him not to steal; it saved him from much sickness, and perhaps death, by teaching him manners, and made it possible for him to live with his master and be treated like a friend.

Good feeding, good care, and plenty of exercise soon began to make a great change in Jock. He ceased to look like a beetle — grew bigger everywhere, not only in one part as he had done at first; his neck grew thick and strong, and his legs straightened up and filled out with muscle. The others, seeing him every day, were slow to notice these changes, but my sand had been changed into gold long ago, and they always said I could never see anything wrong in Jock.

There was one other change which came more slowly and seemed to me much more wonderful. After his morning feed, if there was nothing to do, he used to go to sleep in some shady place, and I remember well one day watching him as he lay. His bit of shade had moved away and left him in the bright sunshine; and as he breathed and his ribs rose and fell, the tips of the hairs on his side and back caught the sunlight and shone like polished gold, and the wavy dark lines seemed more distinct and darker, but still very soft. In fact, I was astonished to see that in a certain light Jock looked quite handsome.

That was the first time I noticed the change in color, and it made me remember two things. The first was what the fellows had said the day Billy gave up his pup, “ You

can't tell how a puppy will turn out: even his color changes"; and the second was a remark made by an old hunter who had offered to buy Jock—the real meaning of which I did not understand at the time.

"The best dog I ever owned was a golden brindle," said the old man, thoughtfully, after I had laughed at the idea of selling my dog. I had got so used to thinking that he was only a faded, wishy-washy edition of Jess that the idea of his color changing did not occur to me then, and I never suspected that the old man could see how he would turn out; but the touch of sunlight opened my eyes that day, and after that whenever I looked at Jock the words "golden brindle" came back to my mind, and I pictured him as he was going to be,—and as he really did grow up,—having a coat like burnished gold with soft, dark, wavy brindles in it and that snow-white V on his breast.

VI. WHAT JOCK LEARNED BY EXPERIENCE

Jock had many things to learn besides the lessons he got from me—the lessons of experience which nobody could teach him. When he was six months old—just old enough, if he had lived in a town, to chase a cat and make a noise—he knew many things that respectable puppies of twice his age who stay at home never get a chance of learning.

On trek there were always new places to see, new roads



JOCK

to travel, and new things to examine, tackle, or avoid. He learned something fresh almost every day: he learned, for instance, that, although it was shady and cool under the wagons, it was not good to lie in the wheel track, not even for the pleasure of feeling the cool iron tire against your back or head as you slept; and he knew that, because one day he had done it and the wheel had gone over his foot; and it might just as easily have been his back or head. Fortunately the sand was soft and his foot was not crushed; but he was very lame for some days, and had to travel on the wagon.

He learned a good deal from Jess; among other things, that it was not necessary to poke his nose up against a snake in order to find out what it was. He knew that Jess would fight anything; and when one day he saw her back hair go up and watched her sheer off the footpath wide into the grass, he did the same; and when we had shot the snake, both he and Jess came up very cautiously and sniffed at it, with every hair on their bodies standing up.

He found out for himself that it was not a good idea to turn a scorpion over with his paw. The vicious little tail with a thorn in it whipped over the scorpion's back, and Jock had such a foot that he must have thought a scorpion worse than two wagons. He was a very sick dog for some days; but after that, whenever he saw a thing that he did not understand, he would watch it very carefully

from a little way off and notice what it did and what it looked like, before trying experiments.

Jock was not a quarrelsome dog; but he was beginning to fancy that he knew a good deal, and like most young dogs was very inquisitive and wanted to know everything at once; and he was still much inclined to poke his nose in or rush on to things instead of sniffing about first.

However, he learned to be careful, and an old hen helped to teach him. The hens usually laid their eggs in the coop because it was their home, but sometimes they would make nests in the bush at the outspan places. One of the hens had done this, and the bush she had chosen was very low and dense. No one saw the hen make the nest and no one saw her sitting on it, for the sunshine was so bright everywhere else, and the shade in the bush was so dark that it was impossible to see anything there; but while we were at breakfast Jock, who was bustling about everywhere as a puppy will, must have scented the hen or have seen this brown thing in the dark, shady hole.

The hen was sitting with her head sunk right down into her chest, so that he could not see any head, eyes, or beak — just a sort of brown lump. Suddenly we saw Jock stand stock-still, cock up one ear, put his head down and his nose out, hump up his shoulders a bit, and begin to walk very slowly forward in a crouching attitude. He lifted his feet so slowly and so softly that you could count five between each step. We were all greatly amused and

thought he was pointing a mouse or a locust, and we watched him.

He crept up like a boy "showing off" until he was only six inches from the object, giving occasional cautious glances back at us to attract attention. Just as he got to the hole the hen let out a vicious° peck on the top of his nose and at the same time flapped over his head, screaming and cackling for dear life. It was all so sudden and so surprising that she was gone before he could think of making a grab at her; and when he heard our shouts of laughter he looked as foolish as if he understood all about it.

VII. HOW JOCK LEARNED TO HUNT

So, little by little, Jock got to understand plenty of things that no town dog would ever know, and he got to know — just as some people do — by what we call instinct,° whether a thing was dangerous or safe, even though he had never seen anything like it before. That is how he knew that wolves or lions were about — and that they were dangerous — when he heard or scented them; although he had never seen, scented, or heard one before to know what sort of animal it might be.

You may wonder how he could tell whether the scent or the cry belonged to a wolf which he must avoid, or to a buck which he might hunt, when he had never seen either a wolf or a buck at the time; but he did know; and he

also knew that no dog could safely go outside the ring of the camp fires when wolf or lion was about. I have known many town-bred dogs that could scent them just as well as Jess or Jock could, but having no instinct of danger, they went out to see what it was, and of course they never came back.

I used to take Jock with me everywhere, so that he could learn everything that a hunting dog ought to know, and above all things to learn that he was my dog, and to understand all that I wanted to tell him. So while he was still a puppy, whenever he stopped to sniff at something new or to look at something strange, I would show him what it was, but if he stayed behind to explore while I moved on, or if he fell asleep and did not hear me get up from where I sat down to rest, or went off the track on his own account, I used to hide away from him on top of a rock or up some tree and let him hunt about until he found me.

At first he used to be quite excited when he missed me, but after a little time he got to know what to do and would sniff along the ground and canter away after me — always finding me quite easily. Even if I climbed a tree to hide from him, he would follow my track to the foot of the tree, sniff up the trunk as far as he could reach, standing up against it, and then peer up into the branches. If he could not see me from one place, he would try another — always with his head tilted to one side. He never

barked at these times ; but as soon as he saw me, his ears would drop, his mouth open wide with the red tongue lolling out, and the stump of a tail would "twiggle" away to show how pleased he was. Sometimes he gave a few whimpering grunts ; he hardly ever barked ; when he did, I knew there was something worth looking at.

VIII. JOCK AND THE WILD DOGS

I was sitting on a small stool before the camp fire one evening, and Jock was lying in front of me, carefully licking a sore spot on one fore paw, when I saw his head switch up suddenly and his whole body set hard in a study of intense listening. Then he got up and trotted briskly off some ten or fifteen yards, and stood—a bright spot picked out of the glare of the camp fire—with his back towards me and his uneven ears topping him off.

I walked out to him, and silence fell on the camp ; all watched and listened. At first we heard nothing, but soon the call of a wild dog explained Jock's movements ; the sound, however, did not come from the direction in which he was looking, but a good deal to the right ; and as he instantly looked to this new quarter I concluded that this was not the dog he had previously heard, or else it must have moved rapidly. There was another wait, and then there followed calls from other quarters.

The black boys said the wild dogs were hunting some-

thing and calling to each other to indicate the direction of the hunt. This is the system of the wild pack. When they cannot find easy prey in the young, weak, or wounded, and are forced by hunger to hunt hard, they first scatter widely over the chosen area where game is located, and when one animal is chosen, — the easiest victim, a doe° for choice, — they cut it out from the herd, and follow that one and that alone with remorseless perseverance.

They begin the hunt knowing that it will last for hours — knowing, too, that in speed they have no chance against their prey. When the intended victim is out of the herd, one or two of the dogs take up the chase and with long, easy gallop, keep it going, giving no moment's rest for breath. From time to time they give their weird,° peculiar call, and others of the pack — posted afar — head the creature off to run it back again. The fresh ones then take up the chase, and the first pair drop out to rest and wait, or follow slowly until their chance and turn come round again. There is something so hateful in the pitiless method that one feels it is a duty to kill the cruel brutes whenever a chance occurs.

The hunt went on round us; sometimes near enough to hear the dogs' eager cries quite clearly; sometimes so far away that for a while nothing could be heard; and Jock moved from point to point in the outermost circle of the camp fire's light nearest to the chase.

When at last hunters and hunted completed their wide

circuit round the camp, and passed again the point where we had first heard them, the end seemed near; for there were no longer single calls widely separated, but the voices of the pack in hot, close chase. They seemed to be passing half a mile from us; but in the stillness of the night sound travels far, and one can only guess. Again a little while, and the sounds sounded nearer and as if coming from one quarter — not moving round us as before; and a few minutes more, and it was certain they were still nearer and coming straight towards us. We took our guns then, and I called Jock back to where we stood under the tree with our backs to the fire.

The growing sounds came on out of the night, where all was hidden, with the weird effect of a coming flood; we could pick them out then — the louder, harsher cries; the crashing through bush; and the hungry panting after. The hunt came at us like a cyclone out of the stillness; and in the forefront of it there burst into the circle of light a little impalla^o doe with open mouth, hunted, despairing eyes, and widespread ears; and the last staggering strides brought her in among us, tumbling at our feet.

A Kaffir jumped out with spear aloft; but Ted, with the spring of a tiger and a yell of rage, swung his rifle round and down on spear arm and head, and dropped the boy in his tracks.

“Cr-r-i-miny! What are you up to?” and the fiery, soft-hearted old boy was down on his knees in a second, pant-

ing with anger and excitement, and threw his arms about the impalla's neck.

The foremost of the pack followed hot foot close behind the impalla, — heedless of fire and men, seeing nothing but their prey, — and at a distance of five yards a mixed volley of bullets and spears tumbled it over. Another followed, and again another: both fell where they had stopped, a dozen yards away, puzzled by the fire and the shooting; and still more and more came on, but, warned by the unexpected check in front, they stopped at the edge of the clearing, until twenty pairs of eyes shone out at us in a rough semicircle. The shotguns came in better then; and more than half the pack went under that night before the others cleared off. Perhaps they did not realize that the shots and flashes were not part of the camp fire from which they seemed to come; perhaps their system of never quitting a chase had never been tried against white man before.

One of the wild dogs, wounded by a shot, seemed to go mad with agony and raced straight into the clearing towards the fire, uttering the strangest, maniac-like yaps. Jock had all along been straining to go for them from where I had jammed him between my feet as I sat and fired, and the charge of this dog was more than he could bear; he shot out like a rocket, and the collision sent the two flying apart; but he was upon the wild dog again and had it by the throat before it could recover.

Instantly the row of lights went out, as if switched off — they were no longer looking at us ; there was a rustle and a sound of padded feet, and dim, gray-looking forms gathered at the edge of the clearing nearest where Jock and the wounded dog fought. I shouted to Jock to come back, and several of us ran out to help, just as another of the pack made a dash in.

It seemed certain that Jock, gripping and worrying his enemy's throat, had neither time nor thought for anything else ; yet, as the fresh dog came at him, he let go his grip of the other, and jumped to meet the newcomer ; and mid-spring Jock caught the other by the ear, and the two spun round — their positions being completely reversed ; then, with another wrench as he landed, he flung the attacker behind him and jumped back at the wounded one, which had already turned to go.

It looked like the clean and easy movement of a finished gymnast.^o It was an affair of but a few seconds only, for of course the instant we got a chance at the dogs, without the risk to Jock, both were shot ; and he, struggling to get at the others, was dragged back to the tree.

IX. JOCK AND THE IMPALLA

While this was going on, the impalla stood with wide-spread legs, dazed and helpless, between Ted's feet, just as he had placed it. Its breath came in broken, choking sobs ;

the look of terror and despair had not yet faded from the staring eyes; the head swayed from side to side; all told beyond the power of words the tale of desperate struggle and exhaustion. It drank greedily from the dish that Ted held for it—emptied it, and five minutes later drank it empty again, and then lay down.

For half an hour it lay there, slowly recovering; sometimes for spells of a few minutes it appeared to breathe naturally once more; then the heavy, open-mouthed panting would return again; and all the time Ted kept on stroking or patting it gently and talking to it as if he were comforting a child, and every now and then bursting out with sudden gusty curses, in his own particular style, of wild dogs and Kaffirs. At last it rose briskly, and standing behind his knees looked out, taking no notice of Ted's hands laid on either side and gently patting it.

No one moved or spoke. Jock, at my feet, appeared most interested of all, but I am afraid his views differed considerably from ours on that occasion, and he must have been greatly puzzled; he remained watching intently with his head laid on his paws, his ears cocked, and his brown eyes fixed unblinkingly; and at each movement of the impalla something stirred in him, drawing every muscle tense and ready for the spring—but each time as I laid a hand on him, he slackened out again and became quiet.

We sat like statues as the impalla walked out from its stall between Ted's knees, and stood looking about wonder-



GOOD-BY, AND — THANK YOU.

ingly at the faces white and black, at the strange figures, and at the fire. It stepped out quite quietly, much as it might have moved about here and there any peaceful morning in its usual haunts ; the head swung about briskly, but unalarmed ; and ears and eyes were turned this way and that in easy confidence and mild curiosity.

With a few more steps it threaded its way close to one sitting figure and round a bucket ; and stepped daintily over Ted's rifle.

It seemed to us — even to us, and at the moment — like a scene in fairyland in which some spell held us while the beautiful wild thing strolled about unafraid.

A few yards away it stopped for perhaps a couple of minutes ; its back was towards us and the fire ; and it stood thus with eyes and ears for the bush alone. There was a warning whisk of the white tail, and it started off again — this time at a brisk trot — and we thought it had gone ; but at the edge of the clearing it stopped and listened. Now and again the ears flickered and the head turned slightly one way or another, but no sound came from the bush ; the out-thrust nose was raised with gentle tosses, but no taint reached it on the gentle breeze. All was well !

The beautiful creature looked slowly round, giving one long, full gaze back at us which seemed to say " Good-by, and — thank you ! " and cantered out into the dark.

— From *Jock of the Bushveld*, by SIR PERCY FITZPATRICK (*Adapted*).

JIM'S CROCODILE

Many things are hunted in the South African Bushveld ; but only the crocodile is hated. There is always the feeling of horror when you think that this hideous, cowardly, cruel thing, — the enemy of man and beast alike, — with its look of a cunning smile in the green, glassy eyes and great wide mouth, will mercilessly drag you down — down — down to the bottom of some deep, still pool, and hold you there till you drown. Utterly helpless yourself to escape or fight, you cannot even call, and if you should, no one could help you there. It is all done in silence : a few bubbles come up where the man went down ; and that is the end of it.

We all knew about the crocodiles, and were prepared for them ; but the sport was good, and when you are fresh at the game and get interested in a hunt, it is not very easy to remember all the things you have been warned about and the precautions you were told to take.

It was on the first day at the river that one of our party, who was not a very old hand at hunting, came in wet and muddy and told us how a crocodile had scared the wits out of him. He had gone out after guinea fowl, he said, but as he had no dog to send in and flush^o them, the birds simply played with him : they would not rise, but kept running in the reeds a little way in front of him, just out of sight. He could hear them quite distinctly,



JIM'S CROCODILE

and, thinking to steal a march on them, took off his boots and got on to the rocks. Stepping barefooted from rock to rock where the reeds were thin, he made no noise at all and got so close up that he could hear the little whispered *chink-chink-chink* that they give when near danger.

The only chance of getting a shot at them was to mount one of the big rocks from which he could see down into the reeds; and he worked his way along a mud bank towards one. A few more steps from the mud bank on to a low black rock would take him to the big one. Without taking his eyes off the reeds where the guinea fowl were, he stepped cautiously on to the low black rock, and in an instant was swept off his feet, tossed and tumbled over and over, into the mud and the reeds, and there was a noise of furious rushing and crashing as if a troop of elephants were stampeding through the reeds. He had stepped on the back of a sleeping crocodile; no doubt it was every bit as frightened as he was.

There was much laughter over this story and the breathless earnestness with which he told it; but there was also a good deal of chaff, for it seems generally accepted that you are not bound to believe all hunting stories; and Jim and his crocodile became the joke of the camp.

— From *Jock of the Bushveld*, by SIR PERCY FITZPATRICK (*Adapted*).

THE JUMPING BEANS

In the South African Bushveld there are certain hours of the day when it is more pleasant and profitable to lie in the shade and rest. It is the time of rest for the Bush — that spell about middle-day; and yet if one remains quiet, there is generally something to see and something worth watching. There were the insects on the ground about one which would not otherwise be seen at all; there were caterpillars clad in spiky armor made of tiny fragments of grass — fair defense, no doubt, against some enemies and a most marvelous disguise; other caterpillars clad in dark, impossible to detect until they moved; there were grasshoppers like leaves, and irregularly shaped stick insects, with legs as bulky as the body, and all jointed by knots like irregular twigs — wonderful imitative creatures.

Jock often found these things for me. Something would move and interest him; and when I saw him stand up and examine a thing at his feet, turning it over with his nose or giving it a scrape with his paw, it was usually worth joining in the inspection. The Hottentot-gods always attracted him as they reared up and “prayed” before him; quaint things, with tiny heads and thin necks and enormous eyes, that sat up with fore legs raised to pray, as a pet dog sits up and begs.

One day I was watching the ants as they traveled along

their route, — sometimes stopping to hobnob with those they met, sometimes hurrying past, and sometimes turning as though sent back on a message or reminded of something forgotten, — when a little dry brown bean lying in a spot of sunlight gave a jump of an inch or two. At first it seemed that I must have unknowingly moved some twig or grass stem that flicked it ; but as I watched it there was another vigorous jump.



I took it up and examined it, but there was nothing unusual about it, it was just a common light brown bean with no peculiarities or marks ; it was a real puzzle, a most surprising and ridiculous one. I found half a dozen more in the same place ; but it was some days before we discovered the secret. Concealed in each of them was a very small but very energetic worm, with a trapdoor or stopper on his one end, so artfully contrived that it was almost impossible with the naked eye to locate the spot where the hole was. The worm objected to too much heat, and if the beans were placed in the sun or near the fire, the weird, astonishing jumping would commence.

The beans were good for jumping for several months, and once in Delagoa, one of our party put some on a plate in the sun beside a fellow who had been idle and dissipated for some time previously: he had become a perfect nuisance to us, and we could not get rid of him. He had a mouth full of bread, and a mug of coffee on the way to help it down, when the first bean jumped. He gave a sort of start, blinked several times to clear his eyes, and then with his left hand pulled slightly at his collar, as though to ease it. Then came another leap,—his mouth opened slowly and his eyes got big. The plate, being hollow and glazed, was not a fair field for the jumpers—they could not escape; and in about half a minute eight or ten beans were having a rough and tumble.

With a white, scared face our guest slowly lowered his mug, screened his eyes with the other hand, and after fighting down the mouthful of bread, got up and walked off without a word.

We tried to smother our laughter, but some one's choking made him look back, and he saw the whole lot of us in various stages of convulsions. He made one rude remark, and went on; but every one he met that day made some remark about beans, and he took the Durban steamer next morning.

— From *Jock of the Bushveld*, by SIR PERCY FITZPATRICK (*Adapted*).

THE TOAD AND THE SPIDER

Once upon a time there was a very cunning spider — a very cunning spider indeed. The old toad by the rhubarb thought there had not been such a cunning spider for many summers. He knew almost as much about flies as the old toad did, and caught such a great number that the toad began to think there would be none left for him. Now the toad was extremely fond of flies, and he watched the spider with envy, and grew more angry about it every day.

As he sat blinking and winking in his house by the rhubarb all day long, the toad never left off thinking, thinking, thinking about the spider. And as he kept thinking, thinking, thinking, he recollected that he knew a great deal about a good many other things besides flies.

So one day, after several weeks of thinking, he crawled out of his house into the sunshine (though he did not like sunshine at all), and went across the grass to the iron railings where the spider had his web.

The spider saw him coming, and, being very proud of his cleverness, began to taunt and tease him. "Your back is all over warts, and you are an old toad," he said. "You are so old that I heard the swallows saying their great-great-great-grandmothers, when they built in the chimney, did not know when you were born.

"And you have got foolish, and past doing anything, and

so stupid that you hardly know when it is going to rain. Why, the sun is shining bright, you stupid old toad, and there isn't a chance of a single drop falling.

"You look very ugly down there in the grass. Now, don't you wish that you were I and could catch more flies than you could eat? Why, I can catch wasps and bees, and tie them up so tight with my threads that they cannot sting nor even move their wings, nor so much as wriggle their bodies. I am the very cleverest and most cunning spider that ever lived."

"Indeed, you are," replied the toad. "I have been thinking so all the summer; and so much do I admire you that I have come all this way, across in the hot sun, to tell you something."

"Tell *me* something!" said the spider, much offended; "*I* know everything."

"Oh, yes, honored sir," said the toad; "you have such wonderful eyes, and such a sharp mind, it is true that you know everything about the sun, and the moon, and the earth, and flies. But, as you have studied all these great and important things, you could hardly see all the very little trifles like a poor old toad."

"Oh, yes, I can. I know everything — everything!"

"But, sir," went on the toad so humbly, "this is such a little — such a very little — thing, and a spider like you, in such a high position of life, could not mind my telling you such a mere nothing."

“Well, I don’t mind,” said the spider; “you may go on, and tell me, if you like.”

“The fact is,” said the toad, “while I have been sitting in my hole, I have noticed that a great many of the flies that come into this garden presently go into the summerhouse there. And when they are in the summerhouse, they always go to that little round window, which is sometimes quite black with them; for it is the nature of flies to buzz over glass.”

“I do not know so much about that,” said the spider; “for I have never lived in houses, being an independent insect; but it is possible you may be right. At any rate, it is not of much consequence.° *You* had better go up into the window, old toad.” Now this was a sneer on the part of the spider.

“But I can’t climb up into the window,” said the toad; “all I can do is to crawl about the ground, but you can run up a wall quickly. How I wish I were a spider, like you. Oh, dear!” And then the toad turned round, after bowing to the clever spider, and went back to his hole.

Now the spider was secretly very much mortified° and angry with himself, because he had not noticed this about the flies going to the window in the summerhouse. At first he said to himself that it was not true. But he could not help looking that way now and then, and every time he looked, there was the window crowded with flies.

For a long time, the spider was too proud to go there;

but one day such a splendid bluebottle fly got into the window and made such a tremendous buzzing that he could not resist it any more.

So he left his web by the railings, and climbed up the blue-painted wall, and spun such a web in the window as had never before been seen. It was the largest and the finest, and the most beautifully arranged web that had ever been made, and it caught such a number of flies that the spider grew fatter every day.

In a week's time he was so big that he could no longer hide in the crack he had chosen; he was quite a giant. And the toad came across the grass one night and looked at him, but the spider was now so bloated he would not recognize the toad.

But one morning a robin came to the iron railings, and perched on the top, and put his head a little on one side, to show his black eye the better. Then he flew inside the summerhouse, alighted in the window, and gobbled up the spider in an instant.

The old toad shut his eye and opened it again, and went on thinking, for that was just what he knew would happen. Ever so many times in his very long life he had seen spiders go up there, but no sooner had they got fat than a robin or a wren came in and ate them.

— RICHARD JEFFERIES.

THE NIX'S FIDDLE BOW

I. FRITZ AND THE BARBER

There was once a boy named Fritz, who had neither father nor mother. He was a very pretty child, and when he was playing in the streets with the other children, the people would stop and say, "Whose child is that?" Then some one would answer, "He is an orphan."

Fritz was quite happy, however, for he had a kind foster^o mother. Besides, he had a wonderful gift: he was a born musician. When he whistled, people thought a bird was singing, and whenever he heard beautiful music, he forgot where he was and what he was doing.

When the other boys were sailing little boats in the brook and playing ball in the field, Fritz would go alone to the woods and imitate the songs of the birds so that they would all fly to him.

One day when he was calling the birds, old Klaus, a birdcatcher, met him. He took a fancy to Fritz, and, from that time on, the two were often together. Klaus could tell wonderful stories of the woods and the wild animals in them, and he could also play the fiddle.

He gave Fritz an old mended fiddle as a birthday present, and taught him to play on it. The pupil did his teacher much credit, for before a month had passed, Fritz could play three tunes almost as well as Klaus himself. The old birdcatcher was much pleased, and said, "Believe

me, Fritz, if you live, you will become some day a famous fiddler."

When Fritz was fifteen years old, the neighbors came together and held a council over him. They said it was time for him to learn something useful, to help him on in the world. When they asked what he wished to be, he answered, "A musician." The people were surprised and shocked. "That is a useless occupation," they said; "you can never earn your living by it."

A stout, red-faced man now came forward, took Fritz by the hand, and said, "Give me the boy; I will try to make him learn a useful trade." All who stood around told Fritz he was very lucky to find such a master, for he was no common person. He was a barber, but he also pulled out bad teeth for the peasants (and sometimes he pulled out sound ones).

Fritz went to the house of his new master and began to work that very evening. After a little while he learned to lather and to hone the razors. The master was pleased with Fritz, but he did not like his fiddle playing. He thought it was an unprofitable art.

Two years passed, and the time came when Fritz must prove that he had learned his trade. To prove his skill, he must shave his master, and that was not easy. If he could do this so as to please his master, he might go out into the world to seek his fortune.

The barber sat down in the chair with the white towel

around his neck, and leaned his head back. Fritz lathered his double chin, drew the razor over the leather strap, and began.

Just then he heard the sound of music before the house. Some one was playing a fiddle. The youth's hand shook so when he heard the music that he made a long cut from ear to mouth upon the face of his master. Poor Fritz! The chair in which the barber sat fell backward upon the floor. The bleeding man sprang angrily up and gave the youth a sound box on the ear. Then he opened the door and said: "Away with you. Go to the cuckoo, and never return."

Fritz took his fiddle under his arm and set out to seek his fortune. When he came to the wood, he saw a cuckoo sitting on an oak tree, and he said: "Mr. Cuckoo, can you not help me? I have no money, and I do not know where to go."

The Cuckoo answered: "The times are hard, and I must provide for my own children. I have to work from morning till night. For two weeks I have eaten nothing but caterpillars, and they are not good for the digestion. No; I am sorry, but I cannot help you."

Fritz hung his head sadly and went away, but he had not gone far when the Cuckoo called after him: "Stop, Fritz; perhaps the Nix can help you. Come with me." When he had said this, he flew down from the tree and went on before Fritz to show him the way. It was hard to follow

the Cuckoo, for the bushes were very thick and there was no path, but at last they came to a little pond.

"Here we are," said the Cuckoo. Before them lay the pond, with tall grasses and reeds upon the shores, and with pond lilies floating upon its surface. "Now pay attention," said the wise bird. "When the sun is going down, the Nix comes out of the pond and sits on the bank. Do not be afraid, but speak to him. The rest will come of itself." Fritz thanked the Cuckoo, who flew swiftly away towards the woods.

II. FRITZ AND THE NIX

When the sun was setting, sure enough, there was the Nix coming out of the pond. His hair was green and hung down in a tangled mane over his shoulders. He sat down upon a stone which rose out of the pond, let his feet hang down into the water, and began to comb his hair with his fingers. It was hard work, for there were shells and seaweed in his hair, and the Nix made a terrible face as he tried to smooth out the tangles.

"Now is the time to speak to him," thought Fritz. So he stepped out of the bushes, took off his hat, and said politely, "Good evening, Mr. Nix." At the sound of his voice, the Nix jumped suddenly into the water, like a frightened frog, and dived under. Soon he put up his head again, and said harshly, "What do you want?"

"If you please, Mr Nix," said Fritz, "I am a barber,

and it would be a great honor if I might comb out your hair for you." "What!" cried the Nix, much pleased and then he came up from the water. "You are a barber? that is good. I have had so much trouble with my hair since my aunt, the Lorelei, stole my comb. One morning she went away with my golden comb, and now she sits upon a cliff by the Rhine, I am told, and charms the fishermen, as they pass in their little boats, so that they look at her instead of the rocks, and are drowned."

Then the Nix seated himself upon a stone. Fritz drew out his barber's bag, tied a white towel around the Nix's neck, and combed and oiled his hair until it was as soft as silk. Next he drew a straight parting from the forehead to the neck, took off the towel, and made a deep bow, as he had been taught by his master.

The Nix stood up, looked at himself in the watery mirror, and said, "What shall I give you?" Fritz had almost answered with the usual, "What you please," but then he thought he would make use of his opportunity, so he told the Nix the story of his life.

"And you really wish to be a musician," said the Nix, when Fritz had finished. "Just take your fiddle and let me hear what you can do." The youth took his fiddle and played his best piece, ended with a flourish, and looked at the Nix.

The latter said, "Now listen to me."

He drew out a fiddle and bow from the reeds, and be-

gan to play. Poor Fritz had never heard such wonderful music. It sounded, now like the evening wind in the reeds, now like the roaring of a waterfall, and at last like a smoothly flowing stream. The birds were silent, the bees



ceased humming, and the fish lifted their heads from the pond to listen to the sweet tones, while Fritz stood silent with tears in his eyes. "Oh," said he with uplifted hands, when the Nix let fall his bow, "Oh, Mr. Nix, take me under your teaching."

"That I cannot do," answered the Nix, "but it is not

necessary. If you will leave me your comb, you shall be the best fiddler in the world."

"Take my whole barber's bag, if you wish it," cried Fritz, and reached toward the water man, who took it quickly, and vanished under the water. "Stop, stop," called Fritz, but in vain. He waited an hour, he waited two hours, but he neither saw nor heard the Nix.

Fritz sighed deeply, for he was sure the Nix had deceived him, and with a heavy heart he turned to go, whither he knew not. As he turned, he saw lying at his feet the Nix's fiddle bow. He bent down to pick it up, and when he held it in his hand he felt a shock which went from his finger tips to his shoulder blades. He thought he would try the bow, and he began to play. It was as if some invisible power guided his hand. The strings gave such sweet and silvery clear tones—Fritz had never heard anything like them in his life, except when the Nix himself had played.

The birds came down to hear him, the fish put their heads out of the water again, and the deer came out of the woods and looked at him. The youth did not know how it was, but whatever stirred his heart found its way to his hand, and from his hand to his fiddlestrings. Up from the water came the Nix's head. He nodded pleasantly to Fritz, then vanished. Fritz never saw him again.

The young fiddler went out of the wood and traveled through all the kingdoms of the earth and played before

kings and queens. The yellow gold rained upon him, and he would have become a very rich man if he had not been a real musician — they never become rich.

He had given away his barber's bag, so he had to let his hair grow, and other musicians followed his example. And you may have noticed that to this very day all musicians have long, tangled hair.

— *From the German.*

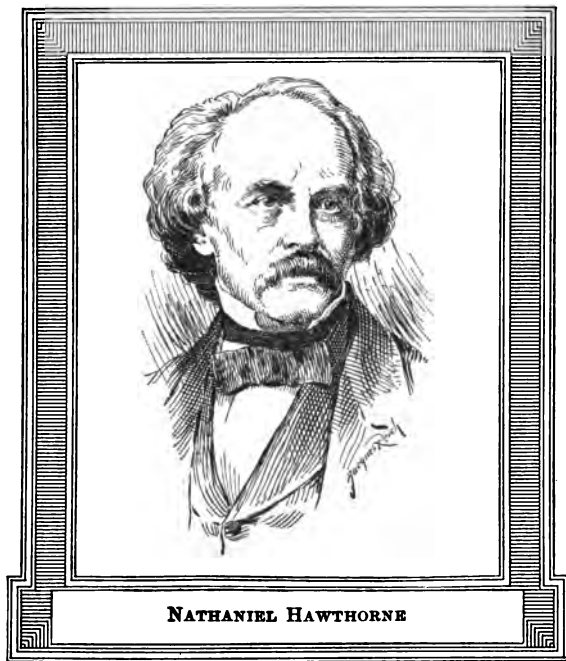
THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



THE SNOW-IMAGE

I. MAKING THE SNOW-IMAGE

One afternoon of a cold winter's day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness, after a long storm, two children asked leave of their mother to run out and play in the new-fallen snow.

The elder child, because she was good and kind and

modest, and was thought very beautiful, was called Violet by her parents and friends.

But her brother, on account of his red cheeks and round little phiz, which made everybody think of sunshine and great scarlet flowers, was called Peony. The father of these two children was a certain Mr. Lindsey.

Violet and Peony, as I began with saying, begged their mother to let them run out and play in the new snow ; for, though it had looked so dreary and dismal, drifting downward out of the gray sky, it had a very cheerful aspect, now that the sun was shining on it.

The children dwelt in the city, and had no wider play place than a little garden before the house, divided by a white fence from the street, and with a pear tree and two or three plum trees overshadowing it, and some rosebushes just in front of the parlor windows.

The trees and shrubs, however, were now leafless, and their twigs were covered by the light snow, which thus made a kind of wintry foliage,^o with here and there an icicle for the fruit.

"Yes, Violet, — yes, my little Peony," said their kind mother ; "you may go out and play in the new snow."

So, the good lady bundled up her darlings in woolen jackets and wadded sacks, and put comforters around their necks, and a pair of striped gaiters on each little pair of legs, and woolen mittens on their hands, and gave them a kiss apiece, by way of a spell to keep away Jack Frost.

Out ran the two children, with a hop-skip-and-jump, that carried them at once in the very heart of a huge snow-drift, whence Violet emerged like a snow bunting, while little Peony floundered out with his round face in full bloom.

Then what a merry time they had! To look at them, frolicking in the wintry garden, you would have thought that the dark and pitiless storm had been sent for no other purpose than to provide a new plaything for Violet and Peony.

At last, when they had frosted one another all over with handfuls of snow, Violet, after laughing heartily at little Peony's figure, was struck with a new idea.

"You look exactly like a snow-image, Peony," said she, "if your cheeks were not so red. And that puts me in mind! Let us make an image out of snow, — an image of a little girl, — and it shall be our sister, and shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won't it be nice?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but a little boy. "That will be nice! And mama shall see it!"

"Yes," answered Violet; "mama shall see the new little girl. But she must not make her come into the warm parlor; for, you know, our little snow-sister will not love the warmth."

And forthwith the children began this great business of making a snow-image that should run about. They really seemed to imagine that there would be no difficulty what-

ever in creating a live girl out of snow ; while their mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the earnestness with which they set about it.

Moreover, it was really wonderful to observe how knowingly and skillfully they managed the matter. Violet assumed the chief direction, and told Peony what to do, while, with her own delicate fingers, she shaped out all the nicer parts of the snow-figure. It seemed, in fact, not so much to be made by the children, as to grow up under their hands, while they were playing and prattling about it. Their mother, who, from time to time, looked out of the window to see how the children got on with their snow-image, was quite surprised at this ; and the longer she looked, the more and more surprised she grew.

“What remarkable children mine are!” thought she, smiling with a mother’s pride ; and smiling at herself, too, for being so proud of them. “What other children would have made anything so like a little girl’s figure out of snow, at the first trial?”

Violet and Peony kept talking to one another all the time, their tongues being quite as active as their hands and feet. Except at intervals,^o the mother could not distinctly hear what was said, but had merely a sweet impression that they were in a most loving mood, and were enjoying themselves highly, and that the business of making the snow-image went prosperously on.

Now and then, however, when Violet and Peony happened to raise their voices, their words were as audible as if they had been spoken in the very parlor, where the mother sat. O how delightfully those words echoed in her heart, even though they meant nothing so very wise or wonderful, after all!

But you must know a mother listens with her heart, much more than with her ears; and that she is often delighted with trills of celestial music, when other people can hear nothing of the kind.

"Peony, Peony!" cried Violet to her brother, who had gone to another part of the garden, "bring me some of that fresh snow, Peony, from the very farthest corner, where we have not been trampling. I want it to shape our little snow-sister's bosom with. You know that part must be quite pure, just as it came out of the sky!"

"Here it is, Violet!" answered Peony, in his bluff tone, — but a very sweet tone, too, — as he came floundering through the half-trodden drifts. "Here is the snow for her little bosom. O Violet, how beautiful she begins to look!"

"Yes," said Violet, thoughtfully and quietly; "our snow-sister does look very lovely. I did not quite know, Peony, that we could make such a sweet little girl as this."

The mother, as she listened, thought how fit and delightful an incident it would be, if fairies, or, still better, if angel-children were to come from paradise,^o and play

invisibly with her own darlings, and help them to make their snow-image, giving it the features of an angel-child! Violet and Peony would not be aware of their immortal^o playmates, — only they would see that the image grew very beautiful while they worked at it, and would think that they themselves had done it all.

“My little girl and boy deserve such playmates, if mortal children ever did!” said the mother to herself; and then she smiled again at her own motherly pride.

And ever and anon, she took a glimpse out of the window, half dreaming that she might see the golden-haired children of paradise, sporting with her own golden-haired Violet and bright-cheeked Peony.

Violet still seemed to be the guiding spirit, while Peony acted rather as a laborer, and brought her the snow from far and near. And yet the little urchin evidently had a proper understanding of the matter, too!

“Peony, Peony!” cried Violet; for her brother was again at the other side of the garden. “Bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of that pear tree. You can clamber on the snow-drift, Peony, and reach them easily. I must have them to make some ringlets for our snow-sister’s head!”

“Here they are, Violet!” answered the little boy. “Take care you do not break them. Well done! Well done! How pretty!”

“Does she not look sweet?” said Violet, with a very

satisfied tone; "and now we must have some little shining bits of ice to make the brightness of her eyes. She is not finished yet. Mama will see how very beautiful she is; but papa will say, 'Tush! nonsense! — come in out of the cold!'"

"Let us call mama to look out," said Peony; and then he shouted lustily, "Mama! mama!! mama!!! Look out and see what a nice 'ittle girl we are making!"

The mother put down her work for an instant, and looked out of the window. But it so happened that the sun — for this was one of the shortest days of the whole year — had sunken so nearly to the edge of the world, that his setting shine came obliquely° into the lady's eyes.

So she was dazzled, you must understand, and could not very distinctly observe what was in the garden. Still, however, through all that bright, blinding dazzle of the sun and the new snow, she beheld a small white figure in the garden, that seemed to have a wonderful deal of human likeness about it.

And she saw Violet and Peony, — indeed, she looked more at them than at the image, — she saw the two children still at work; Peony bringing fresh snow, and Violet applying it to the figure as skillfully as a sculptor° adds clay to his model. Dimly as she saw the snow-child, the mother thought to herself that never before was there a snow-figure so cunningly made, nor ever such a dear little girl and boy to make it.

"They do everything better than other children," said she. "No wonder they make better snow-images!"

The children kept busily at work in the garden, and still the mother listened, whenever she could catch a word. She was amused to observe how their little imaginations had got mixed up with what they were doing, and were carried away by it. They seemed positively to think that the snow-child would run about and play with them.

"What a nice playmate she will be for us, all winter long!" said Violet. "I hope papa will not be afraid of her giving us a cold! Shan't you love her dearly, Peony?"

"Oh, yes," cried Peony. "And I will hug her, and she shall sit down close by me, and drink some of my warm milk!"

"Oh, no, Peony!" answered Violet, with grave wisdom. "That will not do at all. Warm milk will not be wholesome for our little snow-sister. Little snow-people like her eat nothing but icicles. No, no, Peony; we must not give her anything warm to drink!"

There was a minute or two of silence; for Peony, whose short legs were very weary, had gone on a pilgrimage again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden, Violet cried out, loudly and joyfully:—

"Look here, Peony! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheeks out of that rose-colored cloud, and the color does not go away! Is not that beautiful?"

“Yes; it is beau-ti-ful,” answered Peony, pronouncing the three syllables with deliberate accuracy. “O Violet, only look at her hair! It is all like gold!”



“Oh, certainly,” said Violet, quietly, as if it were very much a matter of course. “That color, you know, comes from the golden clouds that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now. But her lips must be made very red, — redder than her cheeks. Perhaps, Peony, it will make them red, if we both kiss them!”

Accordingly the mother heard two smart little smacks,

as if both her children were kissing the snow-image on its frozen mouth. But, as this did not seem to make the lips red enough, Violet next proposed that the snow-child should be invited to kiss Peony's scarlet cheek.

"Come, 'tittle snow-sister, kiss me!" cried Peony.

"There, she has kissed you!" added Violet, "and now her lips are very red. And she blushed a little too!"

"Oh, what a cold kiss!" cried Peony.

II. THE STRANGE PLAYMATE

Just then, there came a breeze of the pure west wind, sweeping through the garden and rattling the parlor windows. It sounded so wintry cold, that the mother was about to tap on the window pane with her thimble finger, to summon the two children in, when they both cried out to her in one voice. The tone was not a tone of surprise, although they were evidently a good deal excited; it appeared rather as if they were very much rejoiced at some event that had now happened, but which they had been looking for, and had reckoned upon all along.

"Mama! mama! We have finished our little snow-sister, and she is running about the garden with us!"

"What fanciful little beings my children are!" thought the mother, putting the last few stitches into Peony's frock. "And it is strange, too, that they make me almost as much a child as they themselves are! I can hardly help believing, now, that the snow-image has really come to life!"

"Dear mama!" cried Violet, "pray look out, and see what a sweet playmate we have!"

The mother, being thus entreated, could no longer delay to look forth from the window. The sun was now gone out of the sky, leaving, however, a rich brightness among those purple and golden clouds which make the sunset of winter so grandly beautiful. But there was not the slightest gleam or dazzle, either on the window or on the snow; so that the good lady could look all over the garden and see everything and everybody in it.

And what do you think she saw there! Violet and Peony, of course, her own two darling children. Ah, but whom and what did she see besides? Why, if you will believe me, there was a small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinged cheeks, and ringlets of golden hue, playing about the garden with the two children! A stranger though she was, the child seemed to be on as familiar terms with Violet and Peony, and they with her, as if all the three had been playmates during the whole of their little lives.

The mother thought to herself that it must certainly be the daughter of one of the neighbors, and that, seeing Violet and Peony in the garden, the child had run across the street to play with them. So this kind lady went to the door, intending to invite the little runaway into her comfortable parlor; for, now that the sun had set, the air out of doors was already growing very cold.

But, after opening the house-door, she stood an instant on the threshold, hesitating whether she ought to ask the child to come in, or whether she should even speak to her. Indeed, she almost doubted whether it were a real child, after all, or only a light wreath of the new-fallen snow, blown hither and thither about the garden by the intensely cold west wind.

There was certainly something very strange in the looks of the little stranger. Among all the children of the neighborhood, the lady could remember no such face, with its pure-white and delicate rose-color, and the golden ringlets tossing about the forehead and cheeks.

And as for her dress, which was entirely of white, and fluttering in the breeze, it was such as no reasonable woman would put upon a little girl when sending her out to play, in the depth of winter. It made this kind and careful mother shiver only to look at those small feet, with nothing in the world on them, except a very thin pair of white slippers.

Nevertheless, airily as she was clad, the child seemed to feel not the slightest discomfort from the cold, but danced so lightly that the tips of her toes left hardly a print in its surface; while Violet could but just keep pace with her, and Peony's short legs compelled him to lag behind.

Once, in the course of their play, the strange child placed herself between Violet and Peony, and, taking a hand in each, skipped merrily forward, and they along

with her. Almost immediately, however, Peony pulled away his little fist, and began to rub it as if the fingers were tingling with cold ; while Violet also released herself, though with less abruptness, saying quietly that it was better not to take hold of hands.

The white-robed damsel said not a word, but danced about, just as merrily as before. If Violet and Peony did not choose to play with her, she could make just as good a playmate of the brisk and cold west wind, which kept blowing her all about the garden and took such liberties with her, that they seemed to have been friends for a long time.

All this while, the mother stood on the threshold, wondering how a little girl could look so very much like a flitting snowdrift, or how a snowdrift could look so much like a little girl.

She called Violet and whispered to her : —

“Violet, my darling, what is this child’s name?” asked she. “Does she live near us?”

“Why, dearest mama,” answered Violet, laughing to think that her mother did not comprehend so plain an affair, “this is our little snow-sister, whom we have just been making!”

“Yes, dear mama,” cried Peony, running to his mother, and looking up simply into her face. “This is our snow-image! Is it not a nice ’ittle child?”

At this instant a flock of snowbirds came flitting

through the air. As was very natural, they avoided Violet and Peony. But—and this looked strange—they flew at once to the white-robed child, fluttered eagerly about her head, alighted on her shoulders, and seemed to claim her as an old acquaintance.



She, on her part, was evidently as glad to see these little birds, old Winter's grandchildren, as they were to see her, and welcomed them by holding out both her hands. Hereupon, they each and all tried to alight on her two palms and ten small fingers and thumbs, crowding one another off, with an immense fluttering of their tiny wings. One dear little bird nestled tenderly in her bosom ; another

put his bill to her lips. They were as joyous, all the while, and seemed as much in their element, as you may have seen them when sporting with a snowstorm.

Violet and Peony stood laughing at this pretty sight; for they enjoyed the merry time which their new play-mate was having with these small-winged visitors, almost as much as if they themselves took part in it.

"Violet," said her mother, greatly perplexed, "tell me the truth, without any jest. Who is this little girl?"

"My darling mama," answered Violet, looking seriously into her mother's face, and apparently surprised that she should need any further explanation, "I have told you truly who she is. It is our little snow-image, which Peony and I have been making. Peony will tell you so, as well as I."

"Yes, mama," said Peony, with much gravity in his crimson little phiz; "this is 'ittle snow-child. Is not she a nice one? But mama, her hand is, oh, so very cold!"

III. MR. LINDSEY'S MISTAKE

While the mother still hesitated what to think and what to do, the street-gate was thrown open, and the father of Violet and Peony appeared, wrapped in a pilot-cloth sack, with a fur cap drawn over his ears, and the thickest of gloves upon his hands.

His eyes brightened at the sight of his wife and children, although he could not help uttering a word or two of

surprise at finding the whole family in the open air, on so bleak a day, and after sunset, too. He soon saw the little white stranger, sporting too and fro in the garden, like a dancing snow-wreath, and the flock of snowbirds fluttering about her head.

"Pray, what little girl may that be?" he inquired. "Surely her mother must be crazy, to let her go out in such bitter weather as it has been to-day, with only that flimsy white gown, and those thin slippers!"

"My dear husband," said the wife, "I know no more about the little thing than you do. Some neighbor's child, I suppose. Our Violet and Peony," she added, laughing at herself for repeating so absurd a story, "insist that she is nothing but a snow-image, which they have been busy about in the garden, almost all the afternoon."

As she said this, the mother glanced her eyes towards the spot where the children's snow-image had been made. What was her surprise on perceiving that there was not the slightest trace of so much labor!—no image at all!—no piled-up heap of snow!—nothing whatever, save the prints of the little footsteps around the vacant space!

"This is strange!" said she.

"What is strange, dear mother?" said Violet. "Dear father, do you not see how it is? This is our snow-image which Peony and I have made, because we wanted another playmate. Did not we, Peony?"

"Yes, papa," said crimson Peony. "This be our 'ittle

snow-sister. Is she not beau-ti-ful? But she gave me such a cold kiss!"

"Poh, nonsense, children!" cried their good honest father, who had a very common-sensible way of looking at matters. "Do not tell me of making live figures out of snow. Come, wife; this little stranger must not stay out in the bleak air a moment longer. We will bring her into the parlor; and you shall give her a supper of warm bread and milk, and make her as comfortable as you can. Meanwhile, I will inquire among the neighbors; or, if necessary, send the city-crier about the streets, to give notice of a lost child."

So saying, this honest and kind-hearted man was going toward the little damsel, with the best intentions in the world. But Violet and Peony, each seizing their father by the hand, earnestly begged him not to make her come in.

"Dear father," cried Violet, putting herself before him, "it is true what I have been telling you! This is our little snow-girl, and she cannot live any longer than while she breathes the cold west wind. Do not make her come into the hot room!"

"Yes, father," shouted Peony, stamping his little foot, so mightily was he in earnest, "this be nothing but our little snow-child! She will not love the hot fire!"

"Nonsense, children, nonsense, nonsense!" cried the father, half vexed, half laughing at what he considered their foolish obstinacy. "Run into the house this moment.

It is too late to play any longer now. I must take care of this little girl immediately, or she will catch her death-a-cold."

"Husband! dear husband!" said the wife in a low voice, — for she had been looking narrowly at the snow-child, and was more perplexed than ever, — "there is something very strange in all this. You will think me foolish, — but — but — may it not be that some invisible angel has been attracted by the simplicity and good faith with which our children set about their undertaking? May he not have spent an hour of his immortality in playing with those dear little souls? and so the result is what we call a miracle. No, no! Do not laugh at me; I see what a foolish thought it is!"

"My dear wife," replied the husband, laughing heartily, "you are as much a child as Violet and Peony."

And in one sense, so she was, for all through life she had kept her heart full of childlike simplicity and faith, which was as pure and clear as crystal.

But now the father had entered the garden, breaking away from his two children, who still sent their shrill voices after him, beseeching him to let the snow-child stay and enjoy herself in the cold west wind.

As he approached, the snowbirds took to flight. The little damsel, also, fled backward, shaking her head, as if to say, "Pray do not touch me!" and, roguishly as it appeared, leading him through the deepest of the snow.

Once, the good man stumbled, and floundered down upon his face, so that, gathering himself up again, with the snow sticking to his rough pilot-cloth sack, he looked as white and wintry as a snow-image of the largest size.

Some of the neighbors, meanwhile, seeing him from the windows, wondered what could possess poor Mr. Lindsey to be running about his garden, in pursuit of a snowdrift, which the west wind was driving hither and thither!

At length, after a vast deal of trouble, he chased the little stranger into a corner, where she could not possibly escape him. His wife had been looking on, and, it being nearly twilight, was wonderstruck to observe how the snow-child gleamed and sparkled, and how she seemed to shed a glow all around about her; and when driven into a corner, she positively glistened like a star! It was a frosty kind of brightness, too, like that of an icicle in the moonlight. The wife thought it strange that her good husband should see nothing remarkable in the snow-child's appearance.

"Come, you odd little thing!" cried the honest man, seizing her by the hand, "I have caught you at last, and will make you comfortable in spite of yourself. We will put a nice warm pair of woolen stockings on your frozen little feet, and you shall have a good thick shawl to wrap yourself in. Your poor white nose, I am afraid, is actually frost-bitten. But we'll soon make it all right. Come along in."

And so, this very well-meaning gentleman took the snow-child by the hand and led her towards the house.

She followed him, droopingly and reluctant°; for all the glow and sparkle was gone out of her figure; and whereas, just before she had resembled a bright, frosty, star-gemmed evening, with a crimson gleam on the cold horizon, she now looked as dull and languid° as a thaw. He kindly led her up the steps of the door. Violet and Peony looked into his face, — their eyes full of tears, which froze before they could run down their cheeks, — and again entreated him not to bring their snow-image into the house.

“Not bring her in!” exclaimed the kind-hearted man. “Why, you are crazy, my little Violet! — quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold, already, that her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her freeze to death?”

His wife, as he came up the steps, had been taking another long, earnest, almost awe-stricken gaze at the little stranger. She hardly knew whether it was a dream or no; but she could not help fancying that she saw the delicate print of Violet’s fingers on the child’s neck. It looked just as if, while Violet was shaping out the image, she had given it a gentle pat with her hand, and had neglected to smooth the impression quite away.

“After all, husband,” said the mother, recurring to the idea that the angels would be as much delighted to play with Violet and Peony as she herself was, “after all, she

does look strangely like a snow-image! I do believe she is made of snow!"

A puff of the west wind blew against the snow-child, and she again sparkled like a star.

"Snow!" repeated good Mr. Lindsey, drawing the reluctant guest over his hospitable threshold. "No wonder she looks like snow. She is half-frozen, poor thing! But a good fire will put everything to rights."

Without further talk, this kind-hearted man led the little white damsel — drooping, drooping, drooping, more and more — out of the frosty air, and into his comfortable parlor.

A huge stove, filled to the brim with burning coal, was sending a bright gleam through the isinglass of its iron door, and causing the vase of water on its top to fume and bubble with excitement. A warm, sultry smell was diffused throughout the room. A thermometer on the wall farthest from the stove stood at eighty degrees. The parlor was hung with red curtains, and covered with a red carpet, and looked just as warm as it felt. The difference between the atmosphere here, and the cold, wintry twilight out of doors, was like stepping at once from the north pole into an oven. Oh, this was a fine place for the little white stranger!

The kind-hearted man placed the snow-child on the hearth rug with the hot blast of the stove striking through her like a pestilence.° Once, she threw a glance wistfully° toward the window and caught a glimpse, through its

red curtains, of the snow-covered roofs, and the stars glimmering frostily, and all the delicious intensity° of the whole night. The bleak wind rattled the windowpanes, as if it were summoning her to come forth. But there stood the snow-child, drooping before the hot stove!

But the good man saw nothing amiss.

"Come, wife," said he, "let her have a pair of thick stockings and a woolen shawl or blanket, directly; and tell Dora to give her some warm supper as soon as the milk boils. You, Violet and Peony, amuse your little friend. She is out of spirits, you see, at finding herself in a strange place. For my part, I will go around among the neighbors, and find out where she belongs."

The mother, meanwhile, had gone in search of the shawl and stockings; for her own view of the matter, however keen and delicate, had given way, as it always did, to the common sense of her husband.

Without heeding the remonstrances° of his two children, who still kept murmuring that their little snow-sister did not love the warmth, the good man took his departure, shutting the parlor door carefully behind him. Turning up the collar of his sack over his ears, he emerged from the house, and had barely reached the street-gate, when he was recalled by the screams of Violet and Peony, and the rapping of a thimble finger against the parlor window.

"Husband! husband!" cried his wife, showing her

horror-stricken face through the windowpanes. "There is no need of going for the child's parents!"

"We told you so, father!" screamed Violet and Peony as he reëntered the parlor. "You would bring her in; and now our poor, dear, beau-ti-ful little snow-sister is thawed!"

And their own sweet little faces were already dissolved in tears; so that their father, seeing what strange things occasionally happen in this everyday world, felt not a little anxious lest his children might be thawing, too.

In the utmost perplexity, he demanded an explanation of his wife. She could only reply, that, being summoned to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of the little white maiden, unless it were the remains of a heap of snow, which, while she was gazing at it, melted quite away upon the hearth rug.

"And there you see all that is left of it!" added she, pointing to a pool of water in front of the stove.

"Yes, father," said Violet, looking reproachfully at him through her tears, "there is all that is left of our dear little snow-sister!"

"Naughty father!" cried Peony, stamping his foot, and,—I shudder to say,—shaking his little fist at the common-sensible man. "We told you how it would be. What for did you bring her in?"

And the huge stove, through the isinglass of its doors, seemed to glare at the good man, like a red-eyed demon, triumphing in the mischief which it had done!

"Wife," said he, after a fit of silence, "see what a quantity of snow the children have brought in on their feet! It has made quite a puddle here before the stove. Pray tell Dora to bring some towels and sop it up!"

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (*Adapted*).

THE THREE KINGDOMS

One day, Frederick William, king of Prussia, stopped at a pretty little village where he was to remain for a short time.

The people of the village, having been informed beforehand of his intention, had made preparations to give their king a suitable welcome.

The school children were lined up on each side of the street. As the king passed by, they strewed flowers before him. When he came to the inn where he was to be entertained, one little girl recited some verses expressing their delight at his visit.

The king listened attentively and praised the little girl for the manner in which she had recited her lines, and then proceeded to ask the children a few questions to test their knowledge.

Seeing some oranges upon a table beside him, the king took one up and asked, "Can any one tell me to which kingdom this belongs?"

"To the vegetable kingdom," replied one little girl.

Then taking a gold coin from his pocket, he asked, "To which kingdom does this belong?"

"To the mineral kingdom," she readily replied.

"And to which kingdom, then, do I belong, my child?" inquired the king, expecting, of course, that she would answer, "To the animal kingdom."

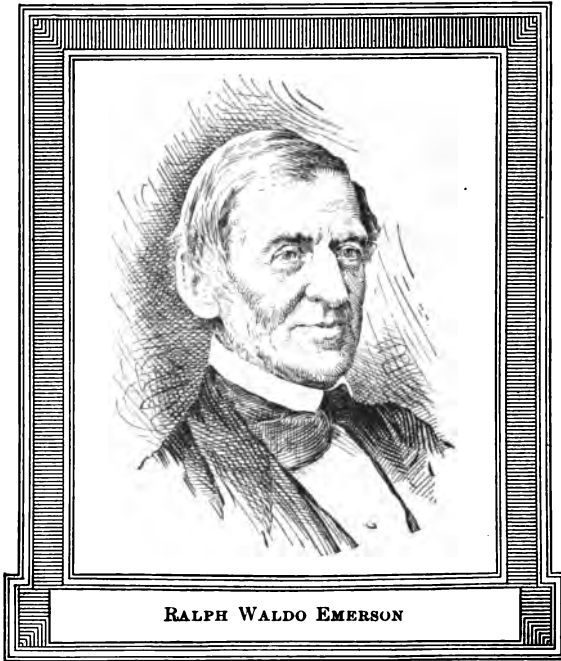
The child blushed and hesitated. She thought it would not be respectful to tell a king that he belonged to the animal kingdom. So she puzzled her little brain for a suitable answer.

At last, remembering the verse in the Bible which tells us that "God created man in his own image," she looked up into the king's face and said, "To the kingdom of God, Sire."

The king was deeply affected by the beauty and simplicity of her words, and, laying his hand gently on the child's head, said in a low and solemn voice, "God grant that I may be worthy of that kingdom."

No man is born into this world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig°";
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big ;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together

To make up a year
And a sphere,
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents^o differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE HUMBLE-BEE

Burly, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
* * * * *
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep,
Woe and want thou canst outsleep.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THREE-OLD-CAT

In the days of our grandfathers the larger boys in the village school played a game that was known as three-old-cat.

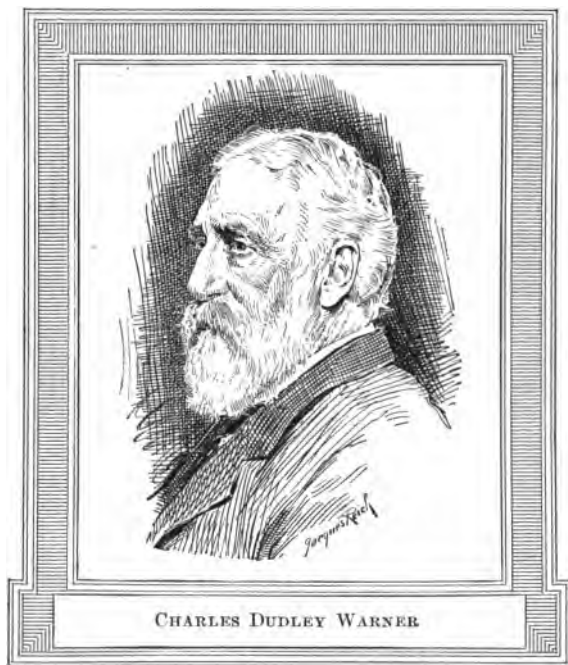
Three boys who had the "paddles" stood on three bases, while three others stood each behind a base and tossed the ball around the triangle from one hole or base to another. If one with a paddle, or bat, struck at the ball and missed it, and the ball was caught directly, or "at the first bounce," he gave up his bat to the one who had "caught him out."

When the ball was struck, it was called a "tick": all the batters were obliged to run one base to the left; and then the ball thrown between a batter and the base to which he was running "crossed him out," and obliged him to give up his paddle to the one who threw the ball.

Four-old-cat, two-old-cat, and five-old-cat are, as everybody knows, played in the same way, the number of bases or holes increasing with the addition of each pair of players.

It is probable that the game was once, some hundreds of years ago, maybe, called "three-hole-catch," and that the name was gradually changed into "three-hole-cat," as it is still called in the interior^o states, and then became changed by mistake to "three-old-cat." It is, no doubt, an early form of our present game of baseball.

— EDWARD EGGLESTON.



MAKING MAPLE SUGAR

I. TAPPING THE TREES

I think there is no part of farming which the boy enjoys more than making maple sugar. It is better than blackberrying, and nearly as good as fishing; and one reason why he likes this work is, that somebody else does most of it. It is a sort of work in which he can appear to be very active, and yet not do much.

In my day making maple sugar used to be something between picnicking and being shipwrecked on a fertile° island, where one should save from the wreck tubs, and augers,° and great kettles, and hens' eggs, and rye-and-Indian bread, and begin at once to lead the sweetest life in the world.

I am told that nowadays there is more desire to save the sap, and make good, pure sugar, and sell it for a large price, than there used to be; and that the old fun and poetry of the business are pretty much gone.

As I remember the New England boy (and I am very intimate° with one), he used to be on the watch in the spring for the sap to begin running. I think he discovered it as soon as anybody. Perhaps he knew it by a feeling of something starting in his own veins,—a sort of a spring stir in his legs and arms, which tempted him to stand on his head, or throw a handspring, if he could find a spot of ground from which the snow had melted.

Perhaps the boy has been digging into the maple trees with his jackknife; at any rate, he comes into the house in a great state of excitement — as if he had heard a hen cackle in the barn — with, "Sap's runnin'!"

Then indeed the stir and excitement begin. The sap buckets, which have been stored in the garret over the woodhouse, are brought down and set out on the south side of the house and scalded. The boy is everywhere present, superintending everything, asking questions, and filled with a desire to help on the excitement.

It is a great day when the sled is loaded with the buckets, and the procession starts for the woods. The sun shines almost unobstructedly into the forest, for there are only naked branches to bar it; the snow is beginning to sink down, leaving the young bushes spindling° up everywhere; the snowbirds are twittering about, and the noise of shouting, and the blows of the ax, echo far and wide.

In the first place the men go about and tap the trees, drive in the spouts, and put the buckets under. The boy watches all these operations with the greatest interest.

He wishes that, sometimes, when a hole is bored in a tree, the sap would spout out in a stream, as it does when a cider barrel is tapped, but it never does: it only drops, — sometimes almost in a stream, but, on the whole, slowly, — and the boy learns that the sweet things of the world do not come otherwise than drop by drop.

Then the camp is to be cleared of snow. The shanty is re-covered with boughs. In front of it two enormous logs are rolled nearly together, and a fire is built between them. Upright posts with crotchets at the top are set, one at each end, and a long pole is laid on them; and on this are hung the great caldron kettles.

The huge hogsheads are turned right side up and cleaned out, to receive the sap that is gathered. And now, if there is a good "sap run," the establishment is under full headway.

The great fire that is kindled in the sugar camp is not

allowed to go out, night or day, so long as the sugar season lasts. Somebody is always cutting wood to feed it; somebody is busy most of the time gathering in the sap; somebody is required to fill the kettles and see that the sap does not boil over.

II. SUGARING OFF

It is not the boy, however; he is too busy with things in general to be of any use in details. He has his own little sap yoke and small pails, with which he gathers the sweet liquid. He has a little boiling place of his own, with small logs and a tiny kettle.

In the great kettles the boiling goes on slowly, and the liquid, as it thickens, is dipped from one to the other, until in the end kettle it is reduced to sirup, and is taken out to cool and settle, until enough is made to "sugar-off." To "sugar-off" is to boil the sirup till it is thick enough to crystallize into sugar. This is the grand event, and is only done once in two or three days.

But the boy's desire is to "sugar-off" perpetually. He boils his sirup down as rapidly as possible; he is not particular about chips, scum, or ashes; he is apt to burn his sugar; but if he can get enough to make a little wax on the snow, or to scrape from the bottom of the kettle, with his wooden paddle, he is happy. A great deal is wasted on his hands and the outside of his face and on his clothes, but he does not care — he is not stingy.

To watch the operations of the big fire gives him constant pleasure. Sometimes he is left to watch the boiling kettles. He has a piece of pork tied on the end of a stick, which he dips into the boiling mass, when it threatens to boil over.

He is constantly tasting the sap to see if it is not almost sirup. He has a long, round stick, whittled smooth at one end, which he uses for this purpose, at the constant risk of burning his tongue.

The smoke blows in his face; he is grimy with ashes; he is altogether such a mass of dirt, stickiness, and sweetness, that his own mother wouldn't know him. He likes, with the hired man, to boil eggs in the hot sap; he likes to roast potatoes in the ashes; and he would live in the camp day and night if he were permitted.

Some of the hired men sleep in the shanty and keep the fire blazing all night. To sleep there with them, and awake in the night and hear the wind in the trees, and see the sparks fly up to the sky, is a perfect realization of all the adventures he has ever read. He tells the other boy, afterwards, that he heard something in the night that sounded very much like a bear. The hired man says that he was very much scared by the hooting of an owl.

The great occasions for the boy, though, are the times of the "sugaring-off." Sometimes this used to be done in the evening, and it was made the excuse for a frolic in

the camp. The neighbors were invited, and sometimes even the pretty girls from the village, who filled all the woods with their sweet voices and merry laughter, and little affectations° of fright.

At these sugar parties, every one was expected to eat as much sugar as possible ; and those who are practiced in it can eat a great deal. It is a peculiarity about eating warm maple sugar, that, though you may eat so much of it one day as to be sick and loathe the thought of it, you will want it the next day more than ever.

At the “sugaring-off” they used to pour the hot sugar upon the snow, where it congealed° into a sort of wax, without crystallizing ; which, I do suppose, is the most delicate substance that was ever invented ; but it takes a great while to eat it. If one should close his teeth firmly on a ball of it, he would be unable to open his mouth until it was dissolved. The sensation,° while it is melting, is very pleasant, but one cannot talk.

The boy used to make a big lump of this sugar wax and give it to the dog, who seized it with great avidity° and closed his jaws on it, as dogs will do on anything. It was funny, the next moment, to see the expression of perfect surprise on the dog’s face, when he found he could not open his jaws.

He shook his head ; — he sat down in despair ; — he ran round in a circle ; — he dashed into the woods and back again. He did everything except climb a tree and howl.

It would have been such a relief to him if he could have howled, but that was the one thing he could not do.

— CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

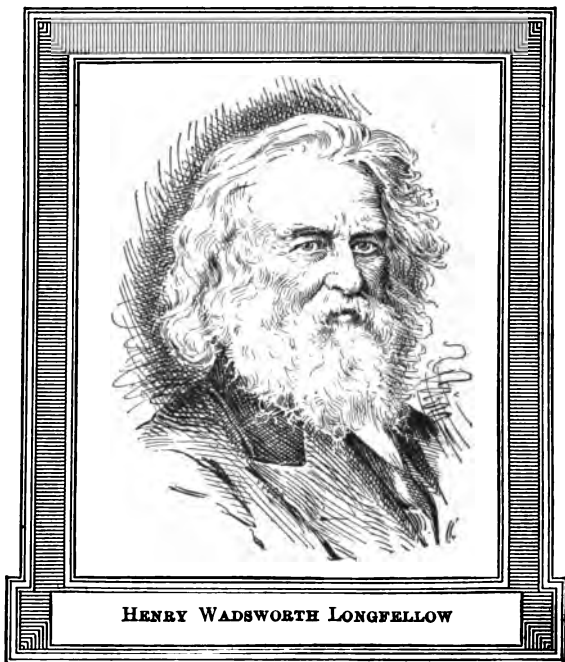
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat ;
He earns whate'er he can,
And he looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;



They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

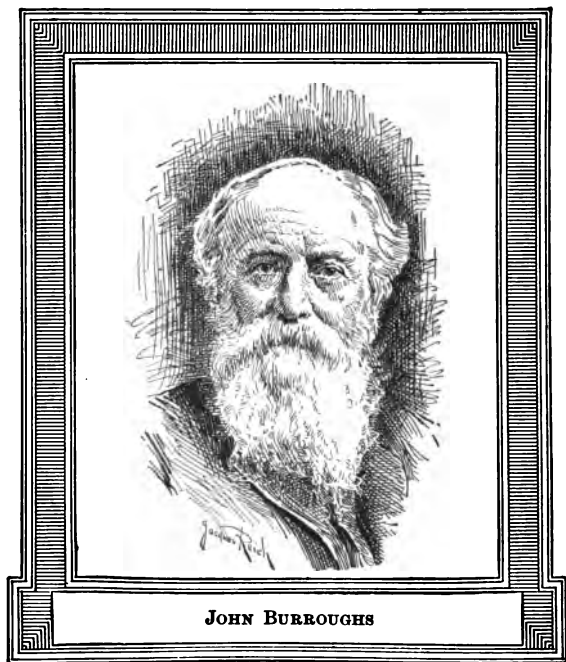
Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing, —
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



CUFF AND THE WOODCHUCK

I knew a farmer in New York who had a very large bobtailed churn dog by the name of Cuff. The farmer kept a large dairy and made a great deal of butter, and it was the business of Cuff to spend nearly half of each summer day treading the endless round of the churning machine. During the remainder of the day he had plenty

of time to sleep and rest, and sit on his hips and survey the landscape.

One day, sitting thus, he discovered a woodchuck about forty rods from the house, on a steep hillside, feeding about near his hole, which was beneath a large rock. The old dog, forgetting his stiffness, and remembering the fun he had had with woodchucks in his earlier days, started off at his highest speed, vainly hoping to catch this one before he could get to his hole. But the woodchuck, seeing the dog come laboring up the hill, sprang to the mouth of his den, and, when his pursuer was only a few rods off, whistled tauntingly and went in. This occurred several times, the old dog marching up the hill, and then marching down again, having had his labor for his pains.

I suspect that he revolved the subject in his mind while revolving the great wheel of the churning machine, and that some turn or other brought him a happy thought, for next time he showed himself a strategist.^o Instead of giving chase to the woodchuck, when first discovered, he crouched down to the ground, and, resting his head on his paws, watched him. The woodchuck kept working away from his hole, lured^o by the tender clover, but, not unmindful of his safety, lifted himself up on his haunches every few moments and surveyed the approaches.

Presently, after the woodchuck had let himself down from one of these attitudes of observation and resumed his

feeding, Cuff started swiftly but stealthily up the hill, precisely in the attitude of a cat when she is stalking a bird. When the woodchuck rose up again, Cuff was perfectly motionless and half hid by the grass. When he again resumed his clover, Cuff sped up the hill as before, this time crossing a fence, but in a low place, and so nimbly that he was not discovered. Again the woodchuck was on the lookout, again Cuff was motionless and hugging the ground.

As the dog neared his victim, he was partially hidden by a swell in the earth, but still the woodchuck from his lookout reported "All right," when Cuff, having not twice as far to run as the chuck, threw all stealthiness aside and rushed directly for the hole. At that moment the woodchuck discovered his danger and, seeing that it was a race for life, leaped as I never saw marmot leap before. But he was two seconds too late, his retreat was cut off, and the powerful jaws of the old dog closed upon him.

The next season Cuff tried the same tactics° again with like success, but when the third woodchuck had taken up his abode at the fatal hole, the old churner's wits and strength had begun to fail him, and he was baffled° in each attempt to capture the animal.

— JOHN BURROUGHS.

Let us have faith the right makes might, and in that faith, let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

— LINCOLN.

THE SPRING BIRDS

We never know the precise time the birds leave us in the fall; they do not go suddenly; they keep going and going, and we hardly know when the last straggler is gone. Not so their return in the spring; then it is like an army of invasion,^o and we know the very day when the first scouts appear.

When March arrives, we do not know what a day may bring forth. A few days ago, winter had not relaxed his hold; then suddenly he began to soften a little, and a warm haze to creep up from the south, but not a solitary bird, save the winter residents, was to be seen or heard. Next day the sun seemed to have drawn immensely nearer; his beams were full of power; and we said: "Behold the first spring morning! And, as if to make the prophecy complete; there is the note of a bluebird, and it is not yet nine o'clock." Then others, and still others were heard.

How did they know it was going to be a suitable day for them to put in an appearance? It seemed as if they must have been waiting somewhere close by for the first warm day, like actors behind the scenes, — the moment the curtain was lifted, they were ready and rushed upon the stage.

The third warm day, and behold, all the principal performers come rushing in. Song sparrows, cow blackbirds, grackles, the meadow lark, cedar birds, the phoebe bird, and

lark ! what bird laughter was that ? the robins, hurrah ! the robins ! Not two or three, but a score or two of them ; they are following the river valley north, and they stop in the trees from time to time, and give vent to their gladness. It is like a summer picnic of school children suddenly let loose in a wood ; they sing, shout, whistle, squeal, and call in the most blithesome strains.

— JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE BROOK SONG

Little brook ! Little brook !

You have such a happy look —

Such a very merry manner, as you swerve° and curve and crook —

And your ripples, one and one,

Reach each other's hands and run

Like laughing little children in the sun !

Little brook, sing to me ;

Sing about a bumblebee

That tumbled from a lily-bell and grumbled mumblingly

Because he wet the film

Of his wings, and had to swim,

While the water-bugs raced round and laughed at him !

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Little brook — sing a song,
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden-braided center of your current swift and
strong,

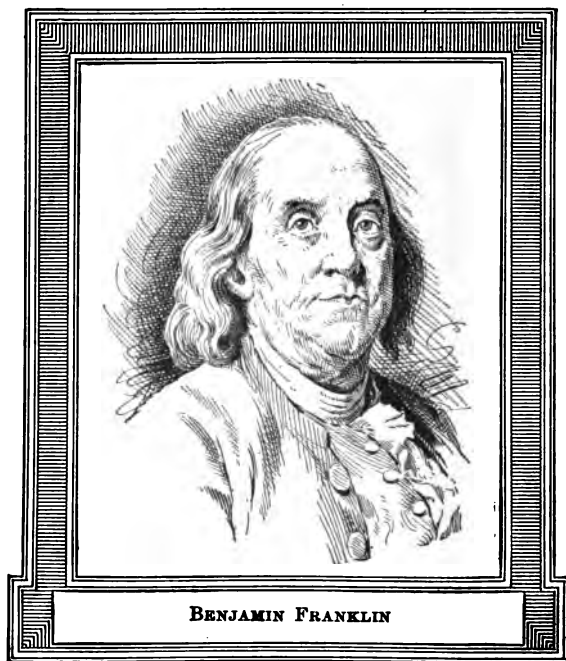
And a dragon fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

And sing — how oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain
Of your music in his brain
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

Little brook — laugh and leap!
Do not let the dreamer weep:
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sinks in softest
sleep;

And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago —
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!

—From *Rhymes of Childhood*, by JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



SOME OF POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS

He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

Quarrels never could last long,
If on one side only lay the wrong.

For age and want save while you may ;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.

Plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

Speak little, do much.

Well done is better than well said.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Make haste slowly ; haste makes waste.

• Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.

When you're good to others, you're best to yourself.

If you would have your business done, go ; if not, send.

Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you would like, serve yourself.

They that will not be counseled cannot be helped ; if you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.

— BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

FOUR THINGS

Four things a man must learn to do,

If he would make his record true :

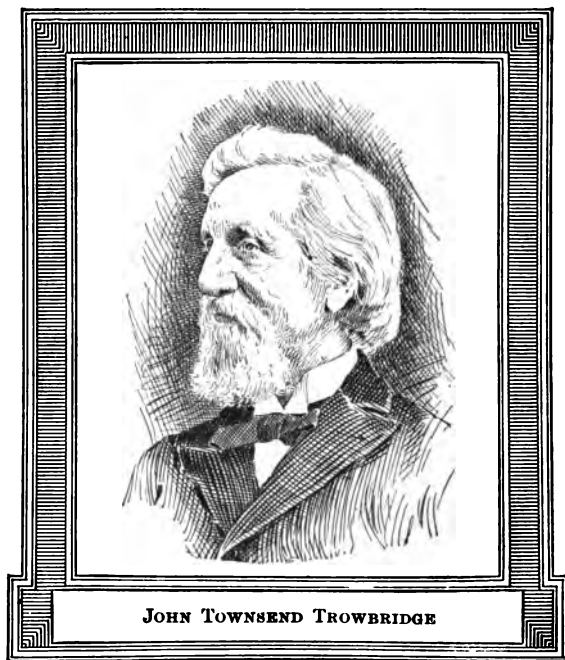
To think without confusion clearly ;

To love his fellow-men sincerely ;

To act from honest motives purely ;

To trust in God and Heaven securely.

— HENRY VAN DYKE.



FARMER JOHN

Home from his journey, Farmer John
Arrived this morning safe and sound ;
His black coat off, his old clothes on,
“Now I’m myself,” said Farmer John;
And he thinks, “I’ll look around.”
Up leaps the dog, “Get down, you pup !
Are you so glad you would eat me up ?”

The old cow lows at the gate to greet him ;
The horses prick up their ears to meet him.

“ Well, well, old Bay !

Ha, ha, Old Gray !

Do you get good feed while I'm away ? ”

“ You haven't a rib,” says Farmer John ;

“ The cattle are looking round and sleek ;
The colt is going to be a roan,

And a beauty, too ; how he has grown !

We'll wean the calf in a week.”

Says Farmer John, “ When I've been off,
To call you again about the trough,
And water you and pet you while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think ! ”

And he pats old Bay,

And he slaps old Gray,

“ Ah ! this is the comfort of going away.”

“ For, after all,” says Farmer John,

“ The best of a journey is getting home :
I've seen great sights, but I would not give

This spot, and the peaceful live I live,

For all their Paris and Rome ;

These hills for the city's stifled° air,

And big hotels and bustle and glare ;

Land all houses and roads all stones,

That deafen your ears and batter your bones !

Would you, old Bay ?
Would you, old Gray ?
That's what one gets by going away."

"There Money is king," says Farmer John,
"And Fashion is queen ; and it's mighty queer
To see how sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
The wife spends, every year,
Enough, you would think, for a score of wives,
To keep them in luxury all their lives !
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.
"You see, old Bay.
You see, old Gray,
I'm wiser than when I went away."

"I've found out this," says Farmer John,
"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry,
And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks, and ten per cent,
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some lands to till, and a few good friends,

Like you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray, —
That's what I've found by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John, —
Oh, a rich and happy man is he!
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
And fruit on vine and tree;
The large kind oxen look their thanks
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks;
The doves light round him, and strut and coo,
Says Farmer John, "I'll take you too, —
And you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray,
Next time I travel so far away."

— J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

A LOGICAL ANSWER

A Turkish general, having captured a Greek prince in a battle, asked him what treatment he expected.

"If you make war like a king," answered the prince, "send me back again; if you wage it like a merchant, sell me; if like a butcher, slaughter me."

The Turk was so impressed by the answer of his royal captive that he let him depart without a ransom.°

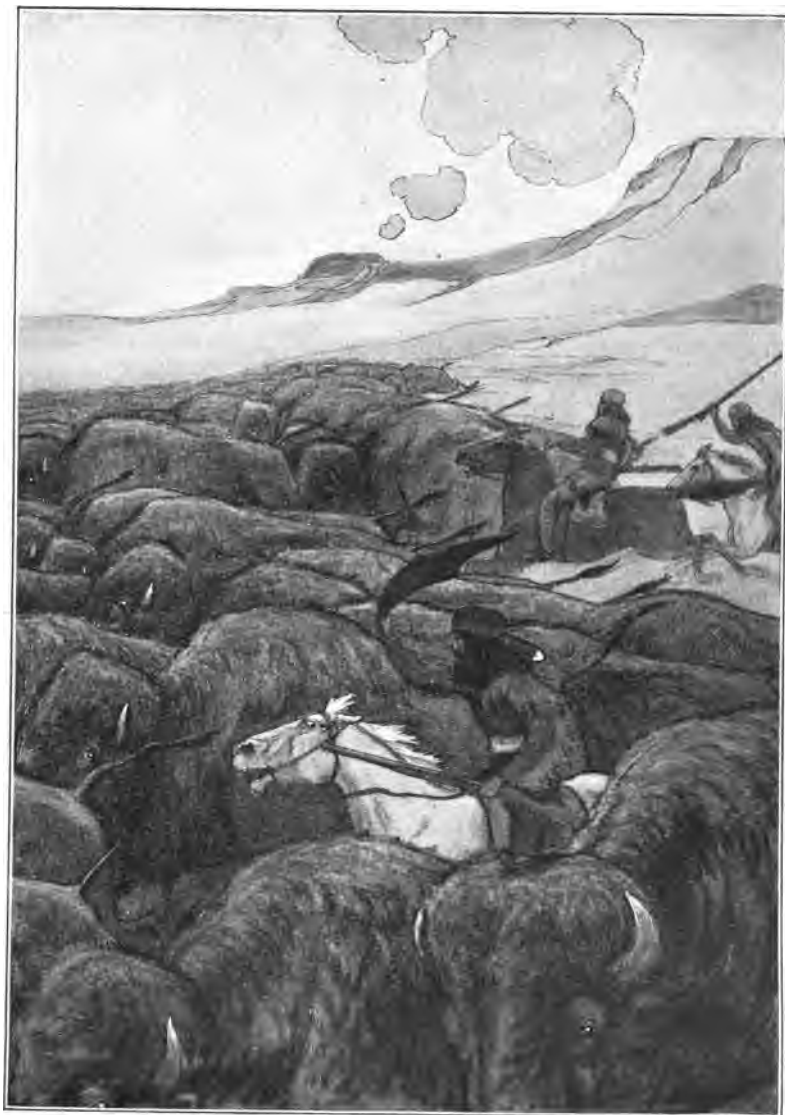
A STRANGE ADVENTURE

I. THE HUNTER AND THE BUFFALO HERD

It was long ago, upon the rolling prairie of North Dakota, that a motley° body of hunters gathered near a mighty herd of bison, in the Moon of Falling Leaves. They were a band of Canadian mixed-bloods, part French and part Indian. These half-wild Americans were the greatest hunters of the bison, and made more use of this wonderful animal than even their savage ancestors.

A curious race of people this, in their make-up and their customs! Their shaggy black hair was allowed to grow long, reaching to their broad shoulders, then cut off abruptly, making their heads look like thatched houses. Their dark faces were in most cases well covered with hair, their teeth large and white, and their eyes usually liquid black, although occasionally one had a tiger-brown or cold gray eye. Their costume was a buckskin shirt with abundance of fringes, buckskin pantaloons with short leggins, a gay sash, and a cap of fox fur. Their arms consisted of flintlock guns, hatchets, and knives. Their ponies were small, but as hardy as themselves.

As these men gathered in the neighborhood of an immense herd of buffaloes, they busied themselves in adjusting the girths of their beautifully beaded pillowlike saddles. Many of them were expert riders and hunters; but few could equal Antoine in feats of riding into and through



THE BUFFALO HUNT

the herd. There he stood, all alone, the observed of many others. It was his habit to give several Indian yells when the onset began, so as to insure a successful hunt.

In this instance, Antoine gave his usual whoops, and, when they had almost reached the herd, he lifted his flintlock over his head and plunged into the black, moving mass. With a sound like the distant rumbling of thunder, those tens of thousands of buffalo hoofs were pounding the earth in retreat. Then Antoine disappeared!

His wild steed dashed into the midst of the vast herd. Fortunately for him, the animals kept clear of him; but alas! the gap through which he had entered instantly closed behind him.

He yelled frantically to secure an outlet, but without effect. He had tied a red handkerchief around his head to keep the hair off his face, and he now took this off and swung it crazily about him to scatter the buffalo, but it availed him nothing.

With such a mighty herd in flight, the speed could not be great; therefore the half-breed settled himself to the situation, allowing his pony to canter along slowly to save his strength. It required much skill and presence of mind to keep an open space, for the few paces of obstruction behind had gradually grown into a mile.

The mighty host moved continually southward, walking and running by turns. As the sun neared the western

horizon,° it fired the sky above them, and all the distant hills and prairies were in the glow of it, but immediately about them was a thick cloud of dust, and the ground appeared like a fire-swept plain.

Suddenly Antoine was aware of a tremendous push from behind. The animals smelled the cool water of a spring which formed a large bog in the midst of the plain. This solitary pond or marsh was a watering place for the wild animals. All pushed and edged toward it; it was impossible for any one to withstand the combined strength of so many.

Antoine and his steed were in great danger of being pushed into the mire and trampled upon, but a mere chance brought them upon solid ground. As they were crowded across the marsh, his pony drank heartily, and he, for the first time, let go his bridle, put his two palms together for a dipper, and drank greedily of the bitter water. He had not eaten since early morning, so he now pulled up some bulrushes and ate of the tender bulbs, while the pony grazed as best he could on the tops of the tall grass.

It was now dark. The night was well-nigh unendurable for Antoine. The buffalo were about him in countless numbers, regarding him with vicious glances. It was only by reason of the natural offensiveness of man that they gave him any space. The bellowing of the bulls became general, and there was a marked uneasiness on

the part of the herd. This was a sign of an approaching storm, therefore the unfortunate hunter had this additional cause for anxiety. Upon the western horizon were seen some flashes of lightning.

The cloud which had been a mere speck upon the horizon had now increased greatly in size. Suddenly the wind came, and lightning flashes became more frequent, showing the ungainly forms of the animals like strange monsters in the white light. The huge herd was again in violent motion. It was a blind rush for shelter, and no heed was paid to buffalo wallows or even deep gulches. All was in the deepest of darkness. There seemed to be a groaning in heaven and earth — millions of hoofs and throats uniting in one tremendous roar!

As a shipwrecked man clings to a mere fragment of wood, so Antoine, although almost exhausted with fatigue, still stuck to the back of his equally plucky pony. Death threatened them both alike, for, as the mad rush continued, every flash displayed heaps of bison in the death struggle under the hoofs of their companions.

From time to time Antoine crossed himself and whispered a prayer to the Virgin; and again he spoke to his horse after the fashion of an Indian: "Be brave, be strong, my horse! If we survive° this trial, you shall have great honor!"

The stampede° continued until they reached the bottom lands, when, like a rushing stream, their course was turned

aside by the steep bank of a creek or small river. Then they moved more slowly in wide sweeps or circles, until the storm ceased, and the exhausted hunter, still in his saddle, took some snatches of sleep.

II. THE HUNTER AND THE GRIZZLY BEAR

When he awoke and looked about him again, it was morning. The herd had entered the strip of timber which lay on both sides of the river, and it was here that the first hope of saving himself came to Antoine.

"Waw, waw, waw!" was the hoarse cry that came to his ears, apparently from a human being in distress. Antoine strained his eyes and craned his neck to see who it could be. Through an opening in the branches ahead he saw a large grizzly bear, lying along a slanting tree and hugging it desperately to keep his position. The herd had now spread throughout the timber, and the bear was likewise hemmed in. He had taken to his unaccustomed refuge after making a brave stand against several bulls, one of which lay dead near by, while he himself was bleeding from many wounds.

Antoine had been continually looking for a friendly tree, by means of which he hoped to effect his escape from captivity by the army of bison. His horse, by chance, made his way directly under the very box elder that was sustaining the bear, and there was a convenient branch just within reach. The half-breed was not then in a

fighting mood, and he saw at a glance that the bear would not interfere with him ; they were, in fact, companions in distress. Antoine tried to give a war whoop as he sprang desperately from the pony's back and seized the cross limb with both his hands.

The hunter dangled in the air for a minute that to him seemed a year. Then he gathered up all the strength that was in him, and with one grand effort he pulled himself up on the limb.

If he had failed in this, he would have fallen to the ground under the hoofs of the buffaloes, and at their mercy.

After he had adjusted his seat as comfortably as he could, Antoine surveyed the situation. He had at least escaped from certain and sudden death. It grieved him that he had been forced to abandon his horse, and he had no idea how far he had come nor had he any means of returning to his friends, who had, no doubt, given him up for lost. His immediate needs were rest and food.

Accordingly, he selected a fat cow and emptied into her sides one barrel of his gun, which had been slung across his chest. He went on shooting until he had killed many fat cows, greatly to the annoyance of his neighbor, the bear, while the bison vainly struggled among themselves to keep clear of the fatal spot.

By the middle of the afternoon the main body of the herd had passed, and Antoine was sure that the captivity

had at last come to an end. Then he swung himself from his limb to the ground, and walked stiffly to the carcass of the nearest cow, which he dressed, and prepared himself a meal. But first he stuck a piece of liver on a pole and gave it to the bear!

As he was on foot and alone, and not able to travel any great distance, Antoine finally decided to settle in the recesses of the heavy timber for the winter. He dried the meat of all the animals he had killed, and prepared their skins for bedding and clothing. The half-breed and Ami, as he called the bear, soon became necessary to one another.

The former considered the bear very good company, and the latter had learned that man's business, after all, is not to kill every animal he meets. He had been fed and kindly treated, when helpless from his wounds, and this he could not forget.

Antoine was soon busy erecting a small hut, while the other partner kept sharp lookout, and, after his hurts were healed, often brought in some small game. The two had a perfect understanding without many words; at least, the speech was all upon one side!

In his leisure moments Antoine had occupied himself with whittling out a rude fiddle of cedar wood, strung with the intestines of a wild-cat that he had killed. Every evening that winter he would sit down after supper and play all the old familiar pieces, with variations of his own.

At first, the music and the constant pounding time with his feet annoyed the bear. At times, too, the Canadian would call out the figures for the dance. All this Ami be-



came used to in time, and even showed no small interest in the buzzing of the little cedar box. Not infrequently he was out in the evening, and the human partner was left alone.

So it chanced that Ami was absent on a certain night when the red folk rudely invaded the lonely hut. They were

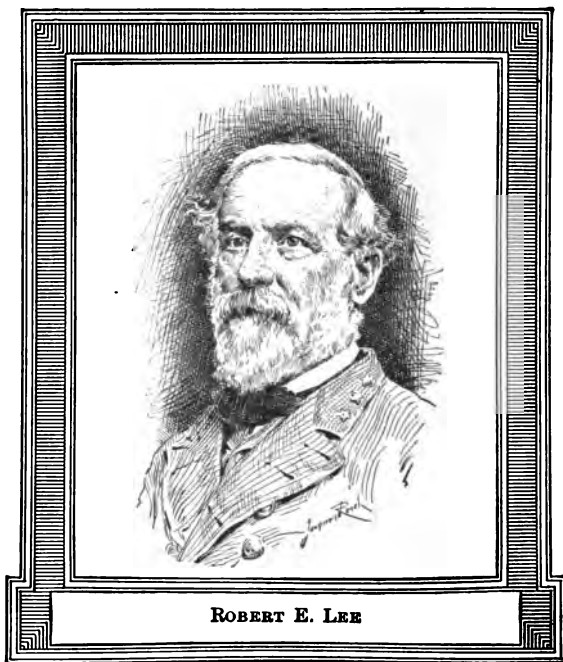
a haggard and hungry-looking set. Antoine fed the starving hunters and then told them of a buffalo herd a little way to the north. Immediately a hunter was dispatched to their village with the good news, and in two days the entire tribe was encamped near Antoine's hut. The half-breed was treated with kindness and honor by the tribe, and after a time he married an Indian wife. He was then adopted into the tribe, and soon becoming one of their chief warriors, he remained with them till he died at a good old age.

As for Ami, he was never seen after the first night: he could not brook the invasion of their hermit life.

— CHARLES A. EASTMAN (*Adapted*).

FORGET-ME-NOT

When to the flowers — so beautiful —
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came)
And standing at the Father's feet,
And gazing in his face —
It said in low and trembling tones,
With sweet and gentle grace,
“Dear God, the name thou gavest me
Alas! I have forgot.”
Then kindly looked the Father down,
And said, “Forget-me-not.”



A LETTER

You must study to be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do, on every occasion, and take it for granted that you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you would wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation^o of any kind.

Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one;

the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not.

If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only for the best as a matter of principle, but it is the path of peace and honor.

In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, — still known as “the dark day,” — a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse.

The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day — the day of judgment — had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment.

Then there arose an old Puritan legislator,^o Davenport, of Stamford, and said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty.

There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more; you should never wish to do less. Never let your mother or me wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.

— ROBERT E. LEE.

(From a letter to his son, G. W. Custis Lee.)

LIFE IN THE GREENWOOD

I. UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see—
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither :

Here shall he see

No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

II. ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN

Lend° a courteous° ear, all ye that be of gentle° birth, while I tell you of a bold outlaw° whose name was Robin Hood. The best archer was he that ever drew a bow in Merry England. In the famous town of Locksley hard by the great forest of Sherwood, he was born and nurtured,° and there he dwelt till he had seen some fourteen summers. Of noble birth he was and should have been an earl ; for his father was a Norman knight, Robert, Earl of Huntington, his mother a noble Saxon lady.

But in the wars between King Henry and his sons, Earl Robert took arms against the king ; and it was so that when the king won the victory in the year of grace 1174, Earl Robert was taken captive and soon after beheaded as a traitor to his lord the king. Moreover the king proclaimed Robert, the Earl's only son "a wolf's head"; that is, an outlaw whom any man might slay without fear of the law, and gave his inheritance° to his uncle, the proud bishop of St. Mary's and his cousin, the high sheriff of Nottingham, for they had taken the king's side against his sons.

So young Robin, as men called him, with Simon Gamwell, his mother's brother, and certain others fled to the great forest of Sherwood and hid themselves.



There in the depths of the greenwood they lived a merry life. Food they lacked not; for they set naught by the king's law, but slew his deer and robbed his friends; and what venison they had over and above their need, they were wont to barter^o for other victual and wine, and whatever else they had need of.

Few were they at first. There were Robin and Simon,

his unclè, and Much the Miller's son and Reynold Greenleaf and Gilbert of the Strong Hand and certain others, all lusty° men and true, and well skilled in the bow.

But as the tale went abroad of their merry life and of the rich toll they levied from greedy abbot and robber knight, many came to them craving fellowship; and such of these as were of great strength and approved prowess with bow or quarterstaff, were admitted; and swelled their band until it grew right numerous and strong, well furnished with arms and goodly raiment.

Now whenever many men dwell together in fellowship, one must be leader and all others must yield him obedience or all things go awry.° So it came in mind one day to the merry outlaws of Sherwood to choose a captain, and when it came to the choosing no man was spoken of but Robin Hood, and when he had been chosen, they all swore a great oath that they would be his men and obey him in all things.

These, then, were the commandments which Robin laid down for their observance:—

“Look,” quoth he, “all of ye, that ye do no hurt to any husbandman that tilleth with his plow, nor to any yeoman that walketh in the greenwood, nor to any squire or knight that is a true man and good to the poor; and I straitly charge you to lay no hand on any woman, be she maid or wife, but to aid every woman, gentle or simple, all that lieth in your power for Our dear Lady's sake. All knights and nobles who are greedy and oppress the poor

may ye bind and rob, and all others of high or low degree, who cheat and rob the poor commons; and in particular I commend to your attention the bishop of St. Mary's and the proud high sheriff of Nottingham.

All the merry outlaws agreed to these ordinances.° And so Robin lived and ruled his merry men; and no king that ever reigned in England received fuller and gladder obedience than Robin, or was of greater worship° in Sherwood and all the country round about. For as the old ballads say:—

Bold Robin Hood so gentle was,
And bore so brave a mind,
If any in distress did pass,
To them he was so kind,
That he would give and lend to them,
To help them in their need;
This made all poor men pray for him,
And wish he well might speed.°

The widow and the fatherless
He would send means unto;
And those whom famine did oppress
Found him a friendly foe.

Nor would he do a woman wrong,
But see her safe conveyed:
He would protect with power strong
All those who craved his aid.

III. ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

It was a bright summer morning. The merry outlaws of Sherwood lounged idly beneath the widespreading boughs of the Trysting° Oak. Bold Robin with Will Scarlet and Much, the Miller's son, were leaning lazily against the bole° of the mighty tree.

"Heigh ho," quoth Robin, "'tis fourteen long days since we had any sport. A dull life is this, and I am aweary of it. So for a change I'll e'en walk down to the Watling Street. Perchance I shall meet there with some adventure. Do ye stay here, my merry men all. But if ye hear my bugle sound, come quickly, for then shall ye know that I have need of you." So taking his bow in his hand, bold Robin walked forth through the merry greenwood.

For hours he walked and no adventure befell him. But late in the afternoon as he strolled beside a brook on the border of the forest, he spied upon the other bank a huge fellow with a mighty quarterstaff° upon his shoulder.

"By Our Lady," thought Robin to himself, "yonder stranger is a noble-looking fellow. If he hath mettle° to match his size, I would that he were one of my merry men. I'll e'en make trial of him, and if he be the bold fellow he seemeth, he shall be one of us, if I can compass° it."

Just then the two of them came to a narrow footbridge which spanned the stream. Robin stepped first upon the bridge; but the big fellow came on heeding naught.

"Back, fellow," cried Robin, "what mean ye by stepping upon the bridge? Saw ye not that I was about to cross. 'Tis impossible for two to pass. Give way, man."

"And why should I give way to you?" quoth the stranger. "I have never yet given way to any man, and I see no reason to begin this day."

"Do ye bandy words with me, fellow?" replied Robin. "Avoid the bridge or I'll show you some right Nottingham play." And with that he drew an arrow from his quiver.

"Touch not the string," quoth the big fellow, "or I will crack thy skull with this staff of mine."

"Ho, ho," laughed Robin, "now you talk like a simpleton; I could send this gray goose shaft clean through thy heart before thou couldst strike a blow."

"A simpleton I may be," quoth the stranger, "but 'tis certain thou art a coward to threaten me with an arrow when I have naught but a staff."

"The name of coward," quoth Robin, "I scorn. Give me thy word, fellow, that thou wilt not run away while I go to yon thicket and cut me a cudgel and I'll try thy mettle staff for staff."

"Cut thy staff quickly, sir archer," replied the stranger; "thou'lt find me here if so be thou dost not run away thyself."

So Robin laid aside his bow and cut him a stout oaken staff from the thicket.

"Now look to thyself," quoth he, as he faced the stranger. "He who first knocks the other into the water shall be the winner."

"Agreed," cried the stranger, and at it they went.

Rap, slap, slam, whack, bang, went the cudgels; it sounded like the flails of the threshers. But so well did each know the quarterstaff play that for a while each parried° the other's blows. Soon Robin made a feint,° and skillfully changing his aim, struck the stranger such a rap on the ribs that the dust flew from his jacket. The big fellow grunted beneath the blow, but gave back not an inch.

"Well struck, sir archer," quoth he, "and here's to pay for it"; and he aimed at Robin a blow that would have felled an ox. But Robin parried it nimbly with his own staff and got home with a blow which dusted the stranger's jacket again.

Now was the tall stranger in a fine rage. He heaved up his huge staff and aimed a tremendous blow straight at Robin's head. Robin caught it upon his own staff. But he might as well have tried to stop a thunderbolt. Down crashed the blow. It broke Robin's staff and fell upon his crown with such force that it sent him flying into the water.

"I prithee, sir archer," quoth the stranger, "tell me where art thou now?"

"In good faith," quoth Robin, "I'm in the cold stream

and floating along with the tide. Thou art surely a brave fellow, and fairly hast thou won the bout."



So saying, Robin waded ashore, and as soon as he was upon the bank he set his horn to his mouth and blew the notes which formed his own bugle call.

Almost before the echoes had died away in the green-wood, a company of green-clad bowmen came leaping through the bushes. The first to reach Robin's side was Will Stutely. "Why, master," quoth Will, "you are wet to

the skin! Pray, what is the matter? Have you been in the brook?"

"Aye, that I have," replied Robin, "and there stands the lad that tumbled me in," and he pointed to the tall stranger.

"Then in he goes, too," shouted Will.

"Aye, aye," shouted all the others, "let's duck him. In with him, lads," and they rushed at the stranger.

"Hold, lads, hold," cried Robin, "touch him not; he hath done no wrong. 'Twas a fair fight, and he won. Have no fear, friend," he continued; "none shall harm thee. These are my followers; wilt thou not join my band and dwell with us in the merry greenwood? I'll give thee a suit of Lincoln green and teach thee to use the bow."

"By St. Dunstan," replied the giant, "before I say yea or nay to that, I must know who ye are. I have sworn to serve one man only and have come thither in search of him."

"The question is soon answered," quoth Robin; "I am Robin Hood."

"Robin Hood," cried the tall fellow, "then are we well met this day. Thou art he whom I seek. Right fain am I to be one of thy merry men."

"Right welcome art thou," quoth Robin; "and I pray thee tell us thy name."

“Oh, here is my hand,” the stranger replied,
“I’ll serve you with all my whole heart,
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle;
Ne’er doubt me, for I’ll play my part.”

When Will Stutely heard the stranger’s name, he straightway began to laugh, and all the others joined in right heartily.

“John Little,” cried Will; “why, lad, thou art nigh seven feet tall. By St. Nicholas thy name shall be changed. As thou art a new member of our band, we will christen thee anew; and I will be thy godfather.”

“And what wilt thou call him?” asked Much, the Miller’s son.

“This infant was called John Little,” quoth he,
“Which name shall be changèd anon°;
The words we’ll transpose so wherever he goes,
His name shall be called Little John!”

“Aye, aye, Little John, Little John,” shouted all the others.

“Now ho, for the christening feast,” cried Will, as he led the way into the forest.

Soon they reached the spot where they dwelt in the depths of the greenwood. There they had built bowers of bark and branches of trees before a great cave and made beds of sweet rushes covered with skins of fallow deer. Here, too, stood the great Trysting Oak beneath whose

mighty boughs was a seat of green moss on which Robin Hood was wont to sit and watch his merry men at feast and sport.

Here they found the rest of the band, some of whom had brought in a brace° of fat does. Then they built great fires and roasted their venison, which they washed down with drafts of nut-brown ale.

And when the feast was over they sang and danced on the green turf to the music of the harp. And thus it was that Little John became a member of Robin Hood's band of merry outlaws.

IV. ROBIN HOOD AND THE THREE SQUIRES

“There are twelve months in all the year,
As I have heard many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.”

So sang bold Robin one beautiful morning in May. Seven days had Robin been absent, and now in half an hour he would be standing among his merry men beneath the great Trysting Oak ; so his heart and his lips sang for joy. But suddenly his song ceased as he saw some one coming along the woodland path toward him.

Robin stepped into the bushes beside the path and waited for the figure to draw near. Soon he perceived that the stranger was an old woman evidently in great

distress, for she was wringing her hands and weeping most pitifully.

"Alack and alas! woe is me that I should have lived to see this day," sobbed the old woman, as she drew near to Robin's hiding place.

"Good morrow, dame," quoth Robin, as he leaped into the path before her, "what aileth thee, pray tell me?"

"O Robin, my sons, my sons," sobbed the old woman, "save them, save them."

"Thy sons?" quoth Robin; "who art thou?"

"O Robin, Robin, knowest thou not me?" And she drew back the hood which covered her face.

"Yea, now I know thee well;" cried Robin, "but thy sons, what of them?"

"O Robin, Robin," sobbed the dame, "the high sheriff of Nottingham hath caught them, and to-morrow they must die upon the gallows tree."

"What?" cried Robin, "Dick and Ned and Hall? What have they done? Have they burnt churches or slain ministers or have they robbed or ill-treated maid, wife, or widow?"

"Nay, nay," replied the dame, "none of these things have they done. It is for the slaying of the king's deer that the cruel sheriff will have them hanged."

"By St. Dunstan!" quoth Robin, "thou hast met me in good season. Take heart, good wife, thy sons shall not die if I can help it. Well I mind me of the time thou



ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR

didst hide me at thy peril from the sheriff and his men. Get thee home to thy cottage, and thy sons shall come to thee betimes."

"God be with thee," quoth the dame; "thou hast put some heart into my poor body. I will e'en get me home and put my trust in God and in thee."

"Thy trust shall not fail for aught that I can do," responded Robin, as he began to run with speed toward the Trysting Tree. In a short hour Robin was on his way to Nottingham.

When he was nigh to the town, he espied a ragged old beggar creeping slowly along the highway.

"Comest thou from Nottingham?" asked Robin.

"Yea, truly," replied the beggar, "from Nottingham I came this morning."

"What news in the town?" asked Robin.

"No news," responded the beggar, "save that the sheriff hath three young men in jail who are condemned to be hanged this day."

"Sayest thou so?" said Robin; "well, I have a bargain to make with thee: I will change my clothes for thine and give thee boot."

"Play no jest upon me," said the beggar, "it ill becomes a sturdy young fellow like thee to mock and scorn a poor old man such as I am."

"Nay, truly, it is no jest. I will give thee my clothes for thine and these twenty pieces of gold to boot."

So there by the wayside the two changed garments.

Robin put on the old man's hat, which stood full high on the crown, and the old man's torn breeches and hose full of holes, and his shoes which barely hung together; and he put on the old man's tattered cloak patched with scraps of every color — black, green, blue, red, and yellow; and then he hung about his neck the beggar's bags which were half filled with broken crusts and bones with little meat upon them.

"By my faith," thought Robin, as he looked at himself, "it is truly the habit^o that maketh the man. Now am I as fine a beggar as ever walked the streets of Nottingham."

"Farewell, good beggar," quoth he, "go thy way; make merry with thy gold. Perchance we may meet again and then will I tell thee as fine a tale as ever thou hast heard;" and so Robin set forth to Nottingham.

Now when Robin was got within the town, he strolled about the streets begging of every one he met, bending his back and speaking in a feigned voice. At last he met the sheriff, who seemed much vexed about something.

"I pray thee, good sheriff," whined Robin, "for the sake of sweet charity give something to a poor beggar man."

"Nay, nay," quoth the sheriff, "I have no time for such as thou. I have much to do this day, so get thee out of my way," and he tried to pass the beggar.

"Whither so fast, good sir?" quoth Robin, as he

stepped craftily into the sheriff's path ; "surely thou hast something for a poor old man.

Put thy hand in thy purse ;
Thou'lt never be worse,
And give a poor beggar a penny."

The sheriff looked thoughtfully at him for a moment, and then said : —

"Naught will I give thee ; but mayhap I can put thee in the way of earning somewhat."

"Pray, good sir," quoth Robin, "do tell me quickly what thou wouldst have me do."

"Well," replied the sheriff, "I have in prison three young knaves who must be hanged this day. Wilt thou serve as hangman ?"

"Yea, truly," quoth the beggar, "anything to earn a few pence."

"Thirteen pence will I give thee," replied the sheriff ; "and three good suits of clothes from the bodies of the prisoners. In faith, good beggar, thou needest clothes badly, methinks. Get thee to the gallows tree just outside the town gate. The knaves shall be there anon." And so the bargain was struck.

In half an hour, the sheriff with his men came marching out of the gate bringing the three lads with them.

"Now, fellow," said the sheriff, as he saw Robin awaiting them, "do thy duty."

"That will I do right quickly," responded the beggar, as he put his hand into his bag and drew out his horn.

"Ha, fellow!" quoth the sheriff, "what now? What wilt thou do with that horn?"

"Oh," responded the beggar, "I will but blow upon it a little. These poor lads that are to die for killing the king's deer, — 'twould do their hearts good to hear again the sound of the hunter's horn." And with that he put the horn to his mouth and blew a loud blast that echoed through the country far and wide.

Instantly a great shout arose; and from a thicket near at hand there came running a crowd of men armed with bows and clothed in Lincoln green.

"Ha!" cried the sheriff, "who are those fellows in green yonder?"

"Sir Sheriff," replied Robin, "they are my men, — Robin Hood's men, who are coming to pay thee a visit."

"Treason, treason," cried the sheriff, "it is Robin Hood himself; seize him, slay him."

But the sheriff's men had no will to do battle with the merry archers of Sherwood; already they were fleeing through the gate into the town. Seeing this, the high sheriff took to his heels also.

"Stay, Sir Sheriff, stay!" cried Will Scarlet, laughing as he came up; "stay and we will deck thee in a hemp necklace and raise thee in the world." But the sheriff was already through the town gate, which the gatekeeper quickly closed and bolted behind him.

Soon the three lads were released from their bonds, and then they set out joyfully with Robin and his merry men for their mother's cottage. And when they arrived there, who was so glad as the little old woman! She hugged



and kissed Dick, and she kissed and hugged Ned and Hall, and, last of all, she hugged and kissed Robin himself, while the tears streamed from her eyes, and there was such a big lump in her throat that she couldn't say a word of thanks.

That night there was a great feast under the Trysting

Oak, and the little old woman was queen of the revels, and the next day Robin took her to a safe place far away on the other side of the forest where the sheriff would never trouble her again.

As for Dick and Ned and Hall, they joined Robin's band of merry outlaws and lived in the forest with him until he went to London to serve the king.

THE SACRIFICE OF MARCUS CURTIUS

In the three hundred and ninety-third year after the building of Rome there was seen suddenly to open in the market place a great gulf of a deepness that no man could measure. And this gulf could not be filled up, though all the people brought earth and stones and the like to cast into it.

But at last there was sent a message from the gods that the Romans must inquire what was that by which more than all other things the state was made strong. "For," said the soothsayer, "this thing must be dedicated° to the gods in this place, if the commonwealth of Rome is to stand fast forever." And while they doubted, one Marcus Curtius, a youth who had won great renown in war, rebuked them, saying, —

"Can ye doubt that Rome hath nothing better than arms and valor?"

Then all the people stood silent; and Curtius, first be-

holding the temples of the immortal° gods that hung over the market place and the Capitol, and afterward stretching forth his hands both to heaven above and to this gulf that



opened its mouth as if to devour the city, devoted himself for his country ; and so — being clothed in armor and with his arms in his hand, and having his horse arrayed° as sumptuously° as might be — he leaped into the gulf ; and the multitude, both of men and women, threw in gifts and offerings of the fruits of the earth, and afterward the earth closed together.

— ALFRED J. CHURCH (*Adapted*).

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who ;
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel° the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,°
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who ;
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

— EMERSON.

Be not simply good, be good for something.

— THOREAU.

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR

I. HOW ARTHUR BECAME KING

It befell in the days of the noble Uther Pendragon, when he was king of Britain, that there was born to him a son, and the king rejoiced greatly thereat; for until that time he had had no son to sit upon his throne after him.

Now when the child was two days old, Merlin, the great magician, came to King Uther and said, "Sir, you must hide this child; for if you do not, then he shall never reign over your kingdom."

"How know you that?" asked the king.

"Sir," replied Mage Merlin, "by my magic art, it hath been revealed to me that within two years you shall fall sick and die. And after that the realm shall fall into confusion and civil war. And then if this child be known as your son, he shall be slain by a wicked and unfaithful knight who shall seek to reign in his stead."

Then King Uther, knowing Mage Merlin's great wisdom, said, "Do you then tell me what I shall do."

"Well," said Merlin, "I know a lord of yours that is a passing true man, and a faithful; and his name is Sir Ector. Now let him be sent for, and do you make him take an oath to nourish the child which I shall bring to him as his own son. And do you bid him christen the child and name him Arthur; and if you do this, he shall

come to rule over the land, and do great deeds, and be the mightiest prince in all the world.

Then King Uther said, "As you have said, so shall it be done."

So the child was delivered unto Merlin, and he bare it to Sir Ector. And Sir Ector caused a holy man to christen him and named him Arthur. Thereafter Sir Ector nourished Arthur as his own son, and no man knew he was son to King Uther save only Mage Merlin and Sir Ulfius, who was the best of King Uther's knights.

And when Arthur was two years old, his father, King Uther, fell sick and died. And after that the whole realm fell into confusion and civil war; for every lord that was mighty of men made himself strong and sought to seize the kingship for himself. And while these unfaithful knights wasted their strength in fruitless quarrels, the heathen host° came swarming over seas and harried° all the land.

And so there grew great tracts of wilderness wherein no man did dwell but only ravening° beasts; and the wild boar came by night and day, and rooted in the garden of the king; and wolves and bears plundered the sheepfolds, and at whiles carried off children even from the borders of the towns.

And when these evil times had lasted fifteen years, it came to pass by Merlin's counsel that all the lords and knights of Britain came together in the greatest church of

London on Christmas eve, to see if God would not show by some miracle who should be king.

And when the first mass was done, there was seen in the churchyard a great marble stone, four-square, and in the midst thereof was an anvil of steel a foot in height, and therein stuck a fair sword naked by the point; and



letters of gold were written about the sword that said thus: —

“Whoso pulleth this sword out of this stone and this anvil, is rightwise king of Britain.”

And so when all the masses were done, the lords and knights went to see the stone and the sword. And when they saw the writing, such of them as sought the kingship strove to pull out the sword. But none of them were in the least able to move it. But last of all came Arthur, and he laid hand to the hilt of the sword and lightly he pulled it out of the stone.

And when they saw that, many of the great lords were wroth, and said: "It were a great shame unto us and unto all the realm to be governed by a stripling^o who cometh not of royal blood."

And when they heard that, Mage Merlin and Sir Ulfius arose and bore witness that Arthur was the son of King Uther and rightwise heir to the throne of Britain; and Sir Ector also testified that Arthur was the very child who had been delivered to him by Merlin. But many of the lords and knights would not hearken unto them, but cried out, "We will not have this boy to rule over us."

Now when the common people heard this, they all cried out with one accord: "We will have Arthur for our king. We will have no more delay; for we all see that it is God's will that he shall rule Britain; and whosoever holdeth out longer against God and King Arthur we will slay."

Then, as they looked there stood beside Arthur three women, beautiful and stately, with crowns upon their heads and clothed in fine raiment, white and glistening

like the snow upon high mountains; and all the people deemed it a great marvel.

Then Arthur took the sword and laid it upon the altar before the archbishop and knelt down before him, and the archbishop made Arthur a knight and afterward crowned him king before all the people. And King Arthur swore to the lords and the commons to be a true king and to do justice throughout the realm of Britain from thenceforth all the days of his life. And when the commons heard this, they all cried out with one voice, "God save King Arthur"; but many of the great lords were yet wroth in heart and held their peace.

And soon many complaints were made to Arthur the King of great wrongs which had been done since the death of King Uther by many knights and ladies that had been driven from their lands.

And King Arthur righted all their wrongs and made the lands to be given back to those that were rightfully lords thereof.

And then King Arthur gathered his knights and in twelve great battles overcame the heathen hosts and drove them over seas, and slew the wild beasts and robbers that vexed the peoples and made the highways safe throughout all his kingdom.

II. HOW ARTHUR GOT HIS FAMOUS SWORD EXCALIBUR

Now it chanced not long after he was crowned king that King Arthur, as he rode one day alone with Merlin, came to a fountain and a rich pavilion° by it. Then King Arthur looked and saw a knight all armed sitting in a chair beneath the pavilion.

“Sir Knight,” said King Arthur, “for what cause abidest thou here?”

“Sir Stranger,” quoth the knight, “I sit here that no knight may ride this road unless he will joust° with me.”

“That were an evil custom,” replied the king, “for the king’s highway is free to all true men. I advise thee leave it.”

“That custom,” said the knight, “have I long used and will still use; let him that will say nay.”

“And I will amend it,” said Arthur.

“And I will defend it,” quoth the knight.

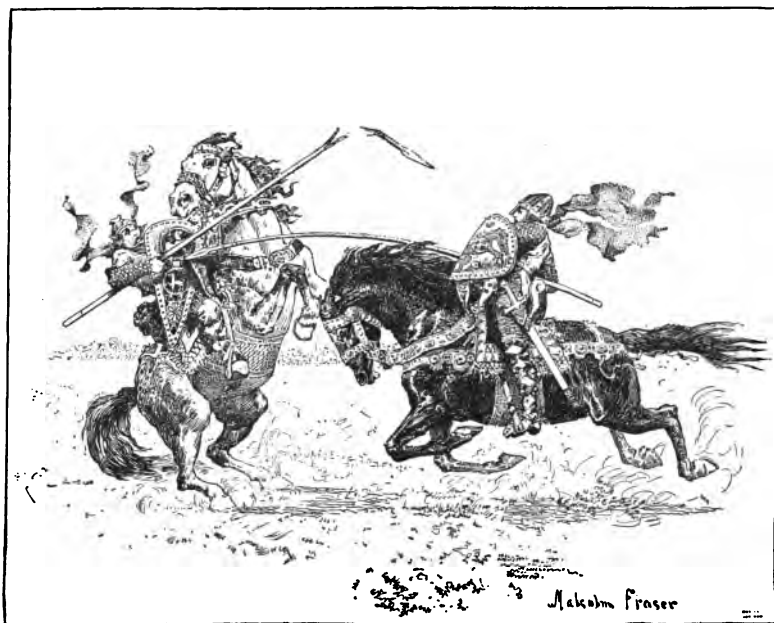
Anon he took his horse, and dressed his shield, and took his spear, and they met so hard, either on other’s shield, that they shivered both their spears. Therewith King Arthur drew his sword.

“Nay, not so,” said the knight. “It is fairer that we twain make one more trial with spears.”

“That would I like well,” quoth King Arthur, “had I another spear.”

“I have spears enough,” said the knight.

So there came a squire and brought two good spears and the knight bade King Arthur choose one, and he himself took the other.



Then they spurred their horses, and came together with all their might, so that King Arthur's spear broke again in his hand. But the other knight hit him so hard in the midst of his shield that horse and man fell to the ground. But King Arthur sprang lightly up and drew his sword.

And when the knight saw that, he got him down from his horse and drew his sword. And then began a strong

battle with many strokes ; and they so hewed with swords that the pieces flew into the fields ; and so much blood they bled that all the ground was red.

And thus they fought long, and rested them, and then they went to battle again. But at last their swords smote together with so great a stroke that King Arthur's sword was smitten into two pieces.

Then said the knight, "Thou art in my power to slay or to save ; but yield thou as overcome and recreant° and thou shalt not die."

"As for death," replied King Arthur, "welcome be it when it cometh ; but to yield me to thee as recreant, I had far rather die than to be so shamed."

And therewithal, the king leaped upon the knight and seized him by the middle and threw him down, and took off his helmet.

When the knight felt that, he was adread,° and anon he brought King Arthur under him, for he was a passing big man and strong, and he took off the knight's helmet, and would have smitten off his head.

But therewith Merlin cast a spell upon him, so that he fell down as one dead.

Then Merlin raised up King Arthur and helped him upon his horse, and Merlin gat upon his own horse, and so they rode away.

"Alas," said King Arthur, "what hast thou done, Merlin ? Hast thou slain this brave knight by thy craft ?

A stronger knight have I never seen ; and I would well that he were alive and one of my following."

"Care ye not for him," said Merlin; "he is hurt much less than you are. He is only asleep and will wake within three hours. You were ill-advised to meddle with him; for he is a good knight and a strong; and you are but young and not come to your full strength."

And so Merlin led the king to a hermit that was a good man and a great leech.^o And the hermit searched all his wounds and gave him salves; and he abode there three days; and then his wounds were so well amended that he might ride and go.

So Merlin and the king departed, and as they rode, Arthur said, "I have no sword."

"No matter," said Merlin, "hereby is a sword that shall be yours if I may."

So they rode till they came to a lake, which was a fair water and a broad, and in the midst of the lake King Arthur saw an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in the hand.

"Behold," said Merlin, "yonder is that sword that I spake of"; and with that they saw a damsel going upon the lake.

"What damsel is that?" asked King Arthur.

"That is the Lady of the Lake," replied Merlin; "and she will come to you anon, and then speak ye fair to her that she may give to you that sword."

And anon came the damsel unto Arthur and saluted him, and he her again.

"Damsel," said Arthur, "what sword is that, that yonder arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword."

"Sir King," said the damsel, "that sword is mine, and if you will give me a gift when I ask it of you, you shall have the sword."

"By my faith," said Arthur, "I will give ye what gift ye will ask."

"Well," said the damsel, "go ye into yonder barge and row yourself to the sword and take it and the scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time."

So King Arthur and Merlin alighted and tied their horses to two trees, and they went into the barge, and when they came to the sword that the hand held, King Arthur took it up by the handle. Then the arm and the hand went under the water; and so they came unto the land and rode forth.

And then King Arthur drew the mighty sword from its scabbard and greatly he marveled at its beauty; for the hilt was thickly set with priceless gems, — diamonds and topaz, ruby and emerald, and many others whose name no man knoweth. And as he looked upon the blade, he was aware of mystic writing on one side and on the other, and showing them to Merlin, he bade him interpret them.

"Sire," said Merlin, "on one side is written 'Keep me,' and on the other, 'Cast me away.'"

"Then," said the king, "which doth it behoove me to do?"

"Keep it," replied Merlin; "the time to cast it away is not yet come. It is the good brand, Excalibur or Cut Steel, and well shall it serve you. But what think ye of the scabbard?"

"Unto me," replied King Arthur, "the sword seemeth the better."

"Ye are unwise," said Merlin, "for the scabbard is worth ten of the sword; for while ye have the scabbard upon you, ye shall lose no blood, be ye ever so sorely wounded. Therefore keep well the scabbard always with you." And when he heard that, the king marveled the more.

So they went on their way and rode unto Caerleon, where King Arthur's court was at that time, without more adventures.

III. THE ADVENTURES OF SIR PEREDUR

In the days of King Arthur there lived, in the north of Britain, a great earl named Edwin. A stout knight he was, and few were the tournaments^o at which he was not found in company with six of his sons; the seventh only, who was too young to bear arms, remaining at home with his mother. But at the last, after he had won the prize at many a tourney, Earl Edwin was slain, and his six sons

with him; and then the Countess fled with Peredur, her youngest, to a lonely spot in the midst of the forest, far from the dwellings of men; for she was minded to bring him up where he might never hear of jousts and feats of arms, that so at least one son might be left to her.

So Peredur was reared amongst women and decrepit^o old men, and even these were strictly commanded never to tell the boy aught of the great world beyond the forest, or what men did therein. None the less, he grew up active and fearless, as nimble and sure-footed as the goats, and patient of much toil.

Then, one day, when Peredur was grown a tall, strong youth, there chanced what had chanced but once before; for there came riding through the forest, hard by where Peredur dwelt with his mother, a knight in full armor, none other, indeed, than the good knight Sir Gawain himself. And seeing him, Peredur cried out, "Mother, what is that yonder?"

"An angel, my son," said his mother.

"Then I will go and become an angel with him," said Peredur; and before any one could stay him, he was gone.

When Sir Gawain saw him coming, he reined in his horse, and, after courteous salutation, said, "I pray thee, fair youth, tell me, hast thou seen a knight pass this way?"

"I know not what a knight may be," answered Peredur.

"Why, even such a one as I," answered Sir Gawain.

"If ye will tell me what I ask you, I will tell you what ye ask me," said Peredur; and when Gawain, laughing, consented, Peredur touched the saddle, demanding, "What is this?"

"Surely a saddle," replied Sir Gawain; and, in like manner, Peredur asked him of all the parts of his armor, and Gawain answered him patiently and courteously. Then when he had ended his questions, Peredur said, "Ride forward; for yesterday I saw from a distance such a one as ye are, ride through the forest."

Sir Peredur returned to his mother and exclaimed: "Mother, that was no angel, but a noble knight"; and hearing his words, his mother fell into a swoon.^o But Peredur hastened to the spot where were tethered^o the horses that brought them firewood and food from afar, and from them he chose a bony piebald,^o which seemed the strongest and in the best condition. Then he found a pack and fastened it on the horse's back, in some way to resemble a saddle, and strove with twigs to imitate the trappings he had seen upon Sir Gawain's horse. When his preparations were complete, he returned to the Countess, who, by then, was recovered from her swoon; and she saw that all her trouble had been in vain, and that the time was come when she must part with her son.

"Thou wilt ride forth, my son?" she asked.

"Yea, with thy leave," he answered.

"Hear, then, my counsel," she said; "go thy way to

Arthur's court, for there are the noblest and truest knights. And wheresoever thou seest a church, fail not to say thy prayers, and whatsoever woman demands thy aid, refuse her not."

So, bidding his mother farewell, Peredur mounted his horse, and took in his hand a long, sharp-pointed stake. He journeyed many days till, at last, he came to Caerleon, where Arthur held his court, and, dismounting at the door, he entered the hall. Even as he did so, a stranger knight who had passed in before him seized a goblet, and, dashing the wine in the face of Queen Guenevere, held the goblet aloft and cried, "If any dare dispute this goblet with me or venture to avenge the insult done to Arthur's Queen, let him follow me to the meadow without, where I will await him."

And for sheer amazement at this insolence, none moved save Peredur, who cried aloud, "I will seek out this man and do vengeance upon him."

Then a voice exclaimed, "Welcome, goodly Peredur, thou flower of knighthood"; and all turned to look upon a little misshapen dwarf, who, a year before, had craved and obtained shelter in Arthur's court and since then had spoken no word.

But Sir Kay, the steward, in anger that a mere boy, and one so strangely equipped as Peredur, should have taken up the queen's quarrel when proven knights had remained mute, struck the dwarf, crying, "Thou art ill-bred to

remain so long mute in Arthur's court, and then to break silence in praise of such a fellow."

Then Peredur, who saw the blow, cried, as he left the hall, "Sir Knight, hereafter ye shall answer to me for that blow." Therewith he mounted his piebald and rode in haste to the meadow.

And when the knight espied him, he cried, "Tell me, youth, saw'st thou any coming after me from the court?"

"I am come myself," said Peredur.

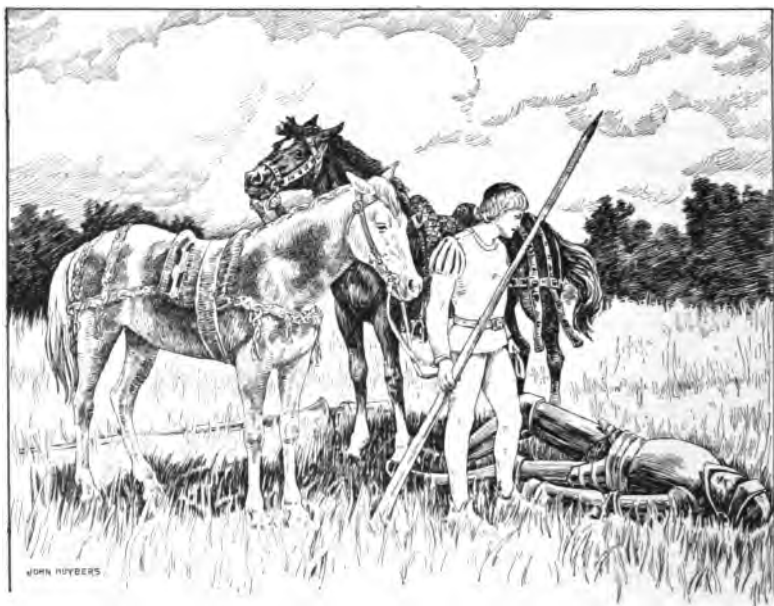
"Hold thy peace," answered the knight, angrily; "and go back to the court and say that, unless one comes in haste, I will not tarry, but will ride away holding them all shamed."

"By my faith," said Peredur, "willingly or unwillingly, thou shalt answer to me for thy insolence; and I will have the goblet of thee; aye, and thy horse and armor to boot." With that, in a rage, the knight struck Peredur a violent blow between the neck and the shoulder with the butt end of his lance.

"So!" cried Peredur, "not thus did my mother's servants play with me, and thus will I play with thee," and drove at him with his pointed stake so that it entered the eye of the knight, who forthwith fell dead from his horse.

Then Peredur dismounted and began wrenching at the dead man's armor, for he saw in the adventure the means of equipping himself as a knight should ride; but not knowing the trick of the fastenings, his efforts were in vain.

While he yet struggled, there rode up Sir Gawain, who had followed in hot haste from the court; and when he saw the fallen knight, he was amazed that a mere lad, un-



armed and unskilled in knightly exercises, should thus have prevailed.

“Fair youth,” said he, “what would ye?”

“I would have this knight’s iron coat, but I cannot stir it for all my efforts.”

“Nay, young sir,” said Sir Gawain, “leave the dead his arms and take mine and my horse, which I give you right gladly; and come with me to the king to receive the order

of knighthood. By my faith, ye have shown yourself worthy of it!"

"I will not go with you now. Rather will I seek other adventures and prove me further first; nor will I seek the king's presence until I have encountered with the tall knight that so misused the dwarf, and have called him to account. Only, I pray you, take this goblet to Queen Guenevere, and say to my lord, King Arthur, that, in all places and at all times, I am his true vassal,^o and will render him such service as I may."

Then, with Sir Gawain's help, Peredur put on the armor, and, mounting the horse, after due salutation, went his way.

So, for many days, Peredur followed his adventures, and many a knight he met and overthrew. To all he yielded grace, requiring only that they should ride to Caerleon, there to give themselves up to the king's pleasure and say that Peredur sent them.

At last he came to a fair castle that rose from the shores of a lake, and there he was welcomed by a venerable^o old man who pressed him to make some stay. So, as they sat at supper, the old man asked Peredur many questions of himself and his adventure, gazing earnestly on him, the while; and at last he said:—

"I know thee who thou art. Thou art my sister's son. Stay now with me, and I will teach thee the arts and courtesy and noble bearing of a gentle knight."

Thereto Peredur assented gladly, and remained with his uncle until he had come to a perfect knowledge of chivalry°: after that, he received the order of knighthood at the old man's hands, and rode forth again to seek adventures.

Many days he journeyed, and at length one morn, dismounting by a little woodland stream, he stood lost in thought, heedless of his surroundings. Now it chanced that Arthur and a company of his knights were encamped hard by; for, returning from an expedition, the king had been told of Peredur and how he had taken upon him the queen's quarrel, and forthwith had ridden out in search of him. When the king espied Peredur, standing near the brook, he said to the knights about him, "Know ye yonder knight?"

"I know him not," said Sir Kay, "but I will soon learn his name." So he rode up to Sir Peredur demanding his name. When Peredur answered not, though questioned more than once, Sir Kay, in anger, struck him with the butt end of his spear. On the instant, Sir Peredur caught him with his lance under the jaw, and, though himself dismounted, hurled Sir Kay from his saddle.

When Sir Kay returned not, Sir Gawain mounted his horse and rode forth to learn what had happened, and by the brook he found Sir Kay sore hurt, and Peredur ready mounted to encounter any who sought a quarrel. But at once Sir Gawain recognized Sir Peredur and rejoiced to

see him and urged him to ride back with him to Arthur's camp. And Sir Peredur went with Sir Gawain.

So they returned to Caerleon, and soon, through the city, were noised the noble deeds of Sir Peredur, each newcomer bringing some fresh story of his prowess. Long and happily he lived, famed through all Britain as one of the most valiant and faithful knights of The Round Table.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against the stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed ;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles° moored° their bark
On the wild New England shore.
Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ; —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free !

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary^o hair
Amidst that pilgrim band ; —
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod :
They have left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God !

— FELICIA D. HEMANS.

VOCABULARY

KEY TO MARKS OF PRONUNCIATION

The marks used in this vocabulary are those used in Webster's New International Dictionary.

ā as in <i>āle</i> .	ī as in <i>īce</i> .	p as in <i>pen</i> .
â " " <i>sen'âte</i> .	ï " " <i>ill</i> .	r " " <i>rap</i> .
â " " <i>câre</i> .	j " " <i>joke</i> .	s " " <i>so</i> .
ă " " <i>ăm</i> .	k " " <i>keep</i> .	sh " " <i>she</i> .
ǎ " " <i>fi'nǎl</i> .	ks for x as in <i>vex</i> .	t " " <i>time</i> .
ǣ " " <i>ǣrm</i> .	kw " qu " " <i>queen</i> .	th " " <i>thin</i> .
à " " <i>ask</i> .	l as in <i>late, holly</i> .	th " " <i>then</i> .
á " " <i>so'fá</i> .	m " " <i>man</i> .	tù " " <i>na'tùre</i> .
b " " <i>be</i> .	n " " <i>no</i> .	û " " <i>ûse</i> .
ch " " <i>chair</i> .	ŋ (like ng) for n as in <i>bank</i> .	û " " <i>û-nite'</i> .
d " " <i>day</i> .	ng as in <i>long</i> .	û " " <i>ûrn</i> .
dû " " <i>ver'dûre</i> .	ō " " <i>old</i> .	ÿ " " <i>ÿp</i> .
ē " " <i>ēve</i> .	ô " " <i>ô-bey'</i> .	ÿ " " <i>cir'cûs</i> .
è " " <i>è-vent'</i> .	ô " " <i>ôr'der</i> .	v " " <i>van</i> .
ě " " <i>ěnd</i> .	ö " " <i>ödd</i> .	w " " <i>want</i> .
ē " " <i>re'cěnt</i> .	ő " " <i>côn-nect'</i> .	y " " <i>yard</i> .
ẽ " " <i>ev'ěr</i> .	õ " " <i>sõft</i> .	z " " <i>haze</i> .
f " " <i>fill</i> .	oi " " <i>oil</i> .	zh for z as in <i>azure</i> .
g " " <i>go</i> .	oo " " <i>mōon</i> .	' indicates the elision of a
gz for x as in <i>ex-ist'</i> .	oo " " <i>foot</i> .	vowel, or its reduction to
h as in <i>hat</i> .	ou " " <i>out</i> .	a mere vocal murmur, as
hw for wh as in <i>what</i> .		in <i>pardon</i> (par'd'n).

- abrupt'** (ăb-rŭpt'), quick; sudden; sharp; steep.
- accurate** (ak'ŭ-răt), exact; correct; true.
- ad'a mant** (ăd'ă-mant), a very hard kind of rock or stone.
- a dread'** (ă-drĕd'), in dread; afraid.
- ad venture** (ăd-vĕn'tŭr), a bold or dangerous undertaking; a daring deed.
- af'fec ta'tion** (ăf'ĕk-tă'shŭn), a false pretense; an artificial appearance; a showing off.
- af'ter math** (ăft'ĕr măth), a second crop of grass; rowen.
- a gil'i ty** (ă-jĭl'ĭ-tĭ), quickness; nimbleness; activity.
- am bi'tion** (am-bĭsh'ŭn), an eagerness for honor, power, or wealth; a desire for excellence.
- an'ces tor** (ăn'sĕs-tĕr), a forefather.
- a non'** (ă-nŏn'), quickly; at once; immediately. *Ever and anon*, now and then; frequently.
- a poth'e ca ry** (ă-pŏth'ĕ-kă-rĭ), a druggist; a chemist.
- apt** (ăpt), quick; ready; fit; suitable.
- ar'dent** (ăr'dĕnt), burning; eager; keen.
- ar rayed'** (ă-răd'), dressed; habited; clothed.
- as sas'sin** (ă-săs'ĭn), a murderer; one who kills by secret attack.
- au'ger** (ô'gĕr), a large tool for boring.
- a vid'i ty** (ă-vĭd'ĭ-tĭ), eagerness; keen desire.
- awe** (ô), profound fear with admiration or respect.
- a wry'** (ă-rĭ'), turned or twisted to one side.
- ba'fle** (băf'fĭ), to hinder and disappoint.
- ban'dy** (băn'dĭ), crooked; bent;—to answer saucily or impertinently.
- bar'ter** (băr'tĕr), to exchange one kind of goods for another.
- be lat'ed** (bĕ-lăt'ĕd), late, tardy, behind time.
- berth** (bŭrth), a bunk or bed;—an office or position. *To give a wide berth*, to keep far away from.
- bin** (bĭn), an old form of be or been;—a box to hold grain or other goods.
- blare** (blâr), the harsh sound of a trumpet.
- bole** (bŏl), the trunk of a tree.
- brace** (brăs), a pair; a couple.
- Bush'veld** (bŏosh'veĭlt), a plain covered with bushes. (*A South African word.*)
- ca'ñon** (kăn'yŭn), a deep gorge, gulch, or ravine with steep banks.

ce les'tial (sê-lês'chäl), heavenly.
chal'ice (chäl'is), a bowl or cup.
chiv'al ry (shiv'äl-rī), the customs and usages of knighthood.
clev'er (klêv'ër), skillful; shrewd; dexterous.
col'umn (köl'üm), a body of troops drawn up in files or lines; — a large post or pillar.
com'pass (küm'päs), to bring about; to bring to pass; — a boundary; a circumference; an instrument showing direction.
con clude' (kôn-klōd'), to determine; to decide; — to end.
con clu'sion (kôn-klō'zhŭn), a decision; a determination; a judgment; — an end.
con geal' (kôn-jël'), to harden from cold; to freeze.
con'science (kôn'shěns), the sense of right and wrong.
con'se quence (kôn'sê-kwěns), a result or effect; importance.
con'ster na'tion (kôn'stēr-nā'shŭn), terror; great and sudden fear.
copse (kōps), a thicket; a clump of bushes; a coppice.
cor'dial (kôr'jäl, kōrd'yäl), hearty; friendly; affectionate.
cor'o net (kôr'ô-nět), a little crown.
cour'te ous (kûr'tê-ús), polite; of elegant manners.
cour'te sy (kûr'tê-sŷ), elegance of manners; politeness.

craft (kráft), skill; cunning; trickery; — a boat or ship.
crev'ice (krêv'is), a crack, seam, or fissure.
cu'ri ous (kû'rī-ŭs), queer; strange; peculiar; inquisitive; prying.
daze (dāz), to dazzle; to bewilder.
de crep'it (dê-krep'it), weak or worn out by age; feeble.
ded'i ca ted (dêd'ī-kât-êd), set apart; given; devoted.
de fi'ance (dê-fi'āns), a challenge; a provocation; a summons to a combat.
de fy' (dê-fī'), to dare; to challenge; to brave; to be beyond.
de lib'er ate (dê-lib'ër-ât), careful; — to think over carefully; to consider; to ponder; to weigh in the mind.
de lib'er ate ly, slowly and calmly.
de lu'sive (dê-lū'siv), deceitful; deceptive.
de serts' (dê-zûrts'), that which is deserved.
des'per ate (dês'pēr-ât), careless of danger; reckless from loss of hope.
des'tined (dês'tīnd), doomed; ordained by fate; designed or appointed for a particular purpose.
de ter'mine (dê-tûr'mīn), to make up the mind; to decide; to resolve.

- de void'** (dê-void'), void; empty; destitute.
- dis cov'er** (dis-kûv'ēr), to find out; to tell; to make known.
- dis mem'ber** (dis-mēm'bēr), to separate one part from another; to tear limb from limb.
- dis rep'u ta ble** (dis-rēp'ū-tā-b'l), disgraceful; shameful.
- dis tin'guish** (dis-tīn'gwīsh), to see clearly; — to note a difference.
- di vert'** (dī-vûrt'), to turn aside or away from; — to amuse.
- doe** (dō), a female deer or antelope.
- drift** (drift), a place where driftwood has lodged; — to float.
- drill** (drīl), a cheap coarse cotton or linen cloth; — to practice; to train; to make a hole through; to perforate.
- duc'at** (dūk'ăt), a gold or silver coin issued by a duke.
- em'i grant** (ēm'ī-grănt), one who quits one country to settle in another.
- en'sign** (ēn'sīn), a flag; a banner; a standard.
- en tice'** (ēn-tīs'), to coax; to persuade; to lure.
- e quiv'o ca'tion** (ē-kwīv'ō-kā'shūn), the act of using words with a double meaning with intent to deceive.
- ex cess'** (ēk-sēs'), intemperance; immoderation; an amount beyond the ordinary limits.
- ex haust'** (ēg-zōst'), to wear out; to tire; to weary.
- ex'ile** (ēk'sīl), one driven or banished from his country.
- ex ter'nal** (ēks-tūr'nāl), outside; outward; exterior.
- fare** (fâr), to go; to travel.
- fa tigue'** (fa-tēg'), weariness; deadly exhaustion.
- fa'vor** (fā'vēr), a gift; a present; — a token.
- feign** (fân), to make believe; to pretend.
- feint** (fânt), a pretense; a stratagem; a feigned attack.
- fer'tile** (fūr'tīl), fruitful; rich; productive.
- fī'ber** (fī'bēr), a fine slender thread; a rootlet of a plant.
- fī'brous** (fī'brūs), containing or consisting of fine slender threads or fibers.
- fis'sure** (fīsh'ūr), a crack, cleft or crevice.
- flush** (flūsh), to cause to start up and fly.
- fo'li age** (fō'lī-āj), leaves.
- fos'ter** (fōs'tēr), to take care for; to cherish. *Foster-mother*, a woman who takes the place of a real mother.

- fu'ture** (fū'tūr), time to come; after-life.
- gen'tle** (jĕn't'l), well-born; of good family; — mild.
- 'gins** ('gīnz), begins.
- gir'dle** (gūr'd'l), a belt; a band; — to cut through the bark all round a tree.
- gourd** (gōrd), a fleshy fruit having a hard outer rind; a cup made of the rind of a gourd.
- grave** (grāv), quiet; dignified; reserved; — an excavation in the earth as a place of burial.
- guile** (gīl), craft; deceit; strata-gem.
- gym'nast** (jīm'nāst), an athlete; one skilled in athletic or gymnastic exercises.
- hab'it** (hăb'īt), a dress; a garment; a costume; — a custom.
- har'py** (hăr'pī), a fabulous bird, half-human, ravenous and filthy; — a greedy, cheating merchant or dealer.
- har'ry** (hăr'ī), to pillage; to plunder, destroy and burn.
- hart** (hărt), a stag; a male deer or antelope.
- hav'oc** (hăv'ōk), useless destruction; ruin.
- hea'then** (hĕ'th'n), an idolater; a pagan.
- her'ald** (hĕr'ăld), a forerunner; a messenger.
- Her cu'le an** (Hĕr-kū'lĕ-ăn), very great; mighty; difficult; extraordinary.
- Her'cu les** (Hĕr'kū-lĕz), the most famous of the ancient Greek heroes, supposed to be the strongest man who ever lived.
- hes'i tate** (hĕz'ī-tăt), to be in doubt; to be slow in deciding; to deliberate.
- Hin'du** (Hīn'dōō), a native of Hindustan.
- hoar'y** (hōr'ī), gray with age.
- hor i'zon** (hōr-ī'zŭn), the line where the earth or sea seems to meet the sky.
- host** (hōst), an army; a multitude; one who entertains another.
- im mor'tal** (ī-môr'tăl), ever-living; deathless; eternal.
- im pal'la** (īm-păl'ă), a South African antelope.
- in'cli na'tion** (īn'klī-nă'shŭn), desire; liking.
- in clined'** (īn-klīnd'), disposed; desirous of.
- in'con sid'er ate** (īn'kŏn-sīd'ĕr-ăt), heedless of the rights of others; thoughtless; hasty.
- in flex'i ble** (īn-flĕk'sī-b'l), unbending; stiff; rigid; stubborn.

- in fu'ri ate** (In-fū'rī-āt), to make furious; to enrage; to mad-den.
- in'ge nu'ity** (In-'jē-nū'ī-tī), skill in forming and executing plans; dexterity.
- in her'it** (In-hēr'it), to receive property from forefathers or ancestors.
- in her'i tance** (In-hēr'i-tāns), property inherited from an ancestor.
- in span'** (In-spān'), to yoke oxen to a cart or wagon. (*A South African word.*)
- in'stinct** (In'stīŋkt), what is known by nature without learning or teaching; unlearned knowledge or skill.
- in teg'ri ty** (In-tēg'rī-tī), honesty; uprightness; virtue.
- in'tel lec'tu al** (In'tē-lēk'tū-āl), belonging to the mind; mental.
- in tense'ly** (In-tēns'ly), keenly; earnestly.
- in ten'si ty** (In-tēn'sī-tī), sharpness; keenness; eagerness.
- in ter cept'** (In-tēr-sēpt'), to stop on its passage; to cut off.
- in'ter course** (In'tēr-kōrs), dealings with others; conversation.
- in te'ri or** (In-tē'rī-ēr), the inside; the inland part of a country.
- in'ter val** (In'tēr-vāl), space between objects; time between events.
- in'ti mate** (In'tī-māt), well acquainted with; familiar.
- in trude'** (In-trōd'), to enter unwelcome or uninvited; to thrust in.
- in va'sion** (In-vā'zhūn), the act of entering with hostile intentions; attack.
- in volve'** (In-vōlv'), to contain; to include; to roll up.
- jour'nal** (jūr'nāl), a written account of events day by day; a diary.
- joust** (jüst), a mock fight between two mounted knights; a tilting match.
- Kaf'ir** (Kāf'ēr), one of a native South African tribe of negroes.
- keel** (kēl), to cool;— to turn bottom side up;— a long beam in the middle of a ship's bottom.
- lan'guid** (lān'gwīd), weak; weary; feeble.
- lay** (lā), a song.
- leech** (lēch), a doctor; a physician.
- lees** (lēz), dregs; sediment.
- leg'is la'tor** (lēj'is-lā'tēr), a law-maker.
- lei'sure** (lē-zhūr), spare; unemployed; free from regular duty.
- lend an ear**, listen.

- loom** (lōom), to appear dimly through fog or smoke; to appear dimly from a distance.
- loy'al ty** (loi'āl-tī), faithfulness.
- lure** (lūr), to entice; to decoy; to attract.
- lus'cious** (lūsh'ūs), rich; sweet and delicious.
- lust'y** (lūs'tī), strong; vigorous.
- mas'sive** (mās'iv), big and heavy; weighty.
- me men'to** (mē-mēn'tō), souvenir; reminder.
- mem'o ra ble** (mēm'ō-rā-b'l), worthy to be remembered; famous.
- me'te or** (mē'tē-ōr), a comet; a shooting star.
- met'tle** (mēt'tl), spirit; courage; quality.
- min'i a ture** (mīn'ī-ā-tūr), very small; a small copy or model.
- mol'ten** (mōl't'n), melted.
- moor** (mōōr), to anchor; — a large piece of waste, marshy land.
- mor'tal** (mōr'tāl), subject to death; deadly; fatal; human.
- mor'ti fy** (mōr'tī-fī), to humiliate; to humble; to put to shame.
- mot'ley** (mōt'lī), mixed or varied in color; spotted; piebald.
- nec'tar** (nēk'tār), the fabled drink of the gods; a delicious beverage.
- nur'tured** (nūr'tūrd), brought up; educated; reared.
- ob lique'** (ōb-lēk'), slanting; indirect.
- ob serv'ant** (ōb-zūr'vānt), watchful; attentive.
- ob'sta cle** (ōb'stā-k'l), anything in the way; a hindrance; a difficulty.
- ob'sti na cy** (ōb'stī-nā-sī), stubbornness; unreasonable determination.
- o'di ous** (ō'dī-ūs), hateful; disagreeable; offensive.
- orb** (ōrb), a ball; a globe; a sphere.
- or'di nance** (ōr'dī-nāns), an order; a rule; a law.
- out'law** (out'lō), one excluded from the protection of the law; a criminal.
- out span'** (out spān'), to unyoke, as oxen, from a cart or wagon. (*A South African word.*)
- pale** (pāl), a pointed stake for fencing; a fence.
- Par'a dise** (Pār'ā-dīs), the Garden of Eden; a place of happiness; heaven.
- par'a lyze** (pār'ā-līz), to render unable to move; to deprive of the power to act.
- par'ry** (pār'ī), to ward off.
- pas'sion** (pāsh'ūn), a strong feeling or emotion; suffering.

- pa vil'ion** (pá-víl'yŭn), a tent, especially one raised on posts.
- pe cul'iar** (pě-kŭl'yár), queer; odd; strange.
- pen'sion** (pěn'shŭn), a periodical allowance, as to a disabled soldier or sailor, on account of past services.
- per plex'i ty** (pěr-plěk'si-tŭ), doubt; bewilderment; confusion.
- pes'ti lence** (pěs'ti-lěns), a plague; a contagious disease.
- Phœ'bus** (fě'bŭs), Apollo, the Greek sun god.
- pie'bald** (pī'bôld), of many colors; motley; party-colored.
- plan ta'tion** (plăn-tă'shŭn), a large farm.
- pli'ant** (pli'ánt), easily bent; limber; supple.
- plot** (plôt), to make a map of; to lay off into lots, plots, or sections.
- prig** (prĭg), a pert, saucy fellow.
- pri me'val** (prĭ-mě'văl), belonging to the first ages; old; ancient.
- pro and con** (prô and kôn), for and against.
- pro'test** (prô'těst), an objection; a complaint; a remonstrance.
- quar'ter-staff** (kwôr'těr-stáf), a stout stick used as a weapon.
- quoth** (kwôth), said.
- raid** (răd), to invade suddenly; — a hostile incursion.
- ran'som** (răn'sŭm), to release from captivity; — a price paid for the redemption of a prisoner.
- rav'en ing** (răv'n-ing), raging for prey or plunder.
- ra vine'** (ră-vĕn'), a deep gorge; a gulch; a cañon.
- rec're ant** (rĕk'rĕ-ănt), cowardly; craven; false; unfaithful.
- rec're a'tion** (rĕk'rĕ-ă'shŭn), amusement; sport; refreshment.
- re luc'tant** (rĕ-lŭk'tănt), backward; unwilling; averse; loath.
- re mon'strance** (rĕ-môn'străns), a complaint; an objection; a reproof.
- re morse'less** (rĕ-môrs'lĕs), pitiless; cruel; savage.
- re nounce'** (rĕ-nouns'), to give up; to abandon; to forswear.
- re nowned'** (rĕ-nound'), well-known; famous.
- re served'** (rĕ-zŭrvd'), shy; not talkative.
- res'i dence** (rĕz'ĭ-dĕns), a home; a dwelling; a place where one lives.
- re sour'ces** (rĕ-sôr'sĕz), powers; abilities.
- ri'val** (rĭ'văl), to equal; to compete; to strive against another for a prize; — a competitor.

roe (rō), the female of the deer or antelope.

ruffle (rūf'ŭl), a low, vibrating beat of a drum, not so loud as a roll.

sa'mite (sā'mit), a kind of heavy silk stuff generally adorned with gold.

sa'vor (sā'vēr), taste; flavor; smell; odor.

sa'vor y (sā'vēr-y), pleasant to the taste or smell.

saw (sō), a wise saying; a proverb; a maxim.

scep'ter (sēp'tēr), a king's rod or staff; a sign or symbol of royal power.

sculp'tor (skūlp'tēr), one who carves images or figures.

sen sa'tion (sēn-sā'shŭn), a feeling aroused through the senses.

se'ri ous (sē'rī-ŭs), dangerous; important; grave.

se'ri ous ly (sē'rī-ŭs-lī), earnestly.

shrine (shrīn), an altar; a sacred place.

siege (sēj), a sitting down, or encamping, about an enemy to force a surrender.

sin'ew y (sīn'ū-y), strong; muscular.

smote (smōt), struck.

sol'i ta ry (sōl'ī-tā-rī), alone; lonely.

som'ber (sōm'bēr), dark; dusky; gloomy; grave.

sor'cer y (sôr'sēr-y), magic; witchcraft.

speed (spēd), to prosper; to succeed; — to move swiftly.

sphere (sfēr), a ball; a globe; an orb.

spin'dle (spīn'd'l), to rise up tall and slender.

stam pede' (stām-pēd'), a sudden flight caused by fright.

stanch (stānch), strong and tight; steady; firm.

sti'fled (stī'f'ld), choked; smothered.

stock ade' (stōk-ād'), a fort made of posts set upright in the ground.

strat'a gem (strāt'-ā-jēm), a plan for deceiving an enemy; a crafty plan.

strat'e gist (strāt'-ē-jīst), one skilled in stratagems.

strip'ling (strīp'līng), a youth.

sug ges'tion (sŭg-jēs'chŭn), a hint; an intimation.

sump'tu ous (sŭmp'tŭ-ŭs), rich; costly; splendid; magnificent; luxurious.

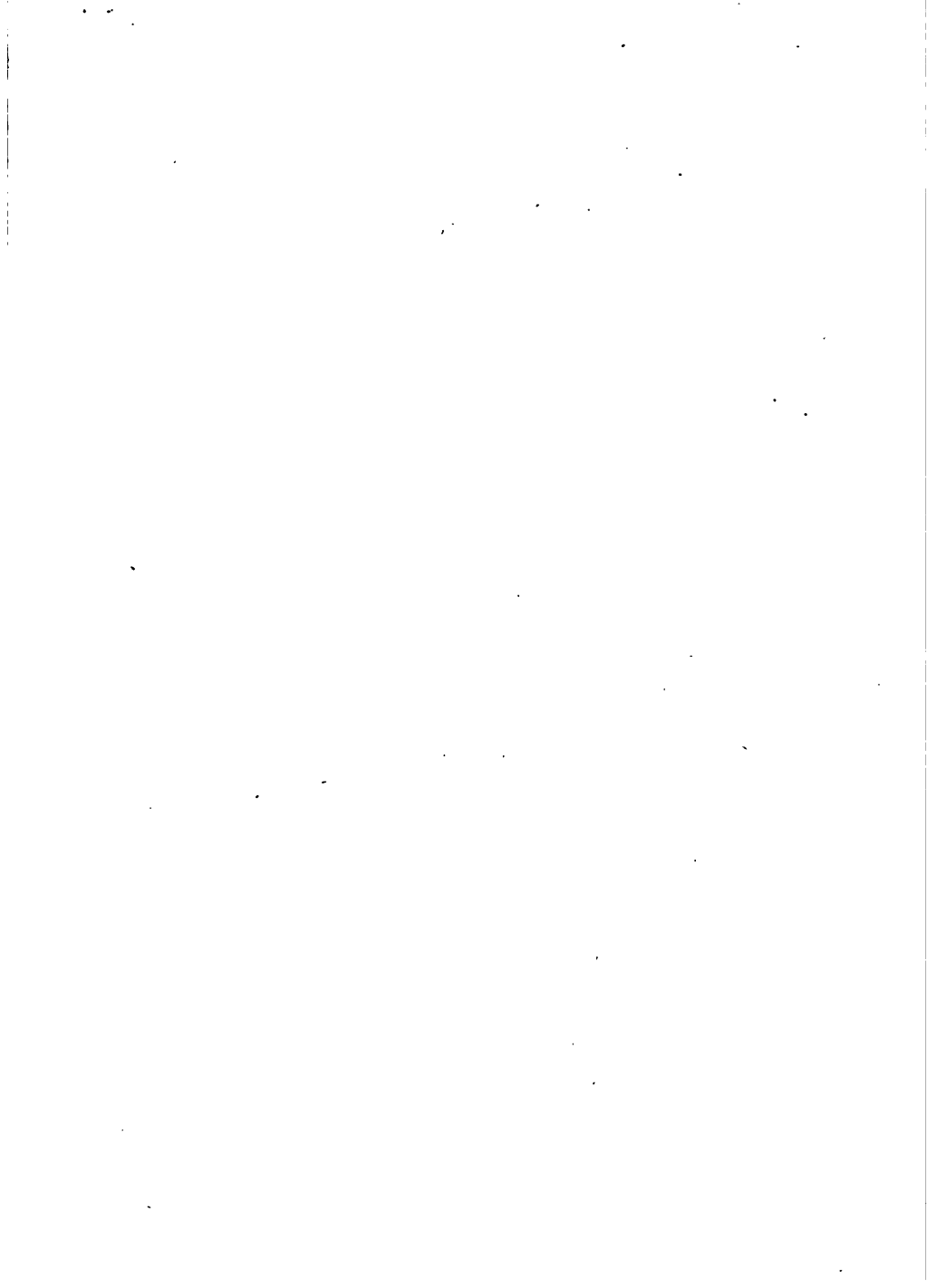
sup'ple (sŭp'l), limber; pliant.

sur vey' (sŭr-vā'), to measure; — to view; to look over.

sur vive' (sŭr-vīv'), to live through; to outlive.

swerve (swŭrv), to turn aside; to deviate.

- swoon** (swōon), to faint; — a fainting fit.
- tactics** (tāk'tīks), plans.
- tal'ent** (tāl'ēnt), ability; a special faculty or gift.
- tem'po ra ry** (tēm'pō-rā-rī), lasting for a short time only.
- teth'er** (tēth'ēr), to tie.
- thrif'tless** (thrif'tlēś), not saving or frugal; wasteful.
- til'ler** (tīl'ēr), a handle for moving a rudder.
- tour'na ment** (tōōr'nā-mēnt), a mock fight between two companies of knights.
- trek** (trēk), time or distance from one outspan to another; a journey.
- tre'mor** (trē'mōr), a shivering or shaking; a trembling.
- tryst'ing** (trīst'īng or trīst'īng), meeting.
- ty'rant** (tī'rānt), a harsh, cruel, and unjust ruler.
- un can'ny** (ūn-kān'nī), unearthly; weird.
- va'grant** (vā'grānt), an idle wanderer; a vagabond.
- van'quish** (vāŋ'kwīsh), to conquer; to overcome; to subdue.
- vas'sal** (vās'āl), a subject.
- ven'er a ble** (vēn'ēr-ā-b'l), worthy of respect, honor, or reverence.
- ver'min** (vūr'mīn), injurious or troublesome insects or small animals.
- vet'er an** (vēt'ēr-ān), one long in service as an old soldier; experienced.
- vice** (vīs), a fault; a bad habit.
- vi'cious** (vīsh'ūs), wicked; dangerous; spiteful.
- vir'tue** (vūr'tū), goodness; righteousness; purity.
- void** (void), empty; destitute.
- vo ra'cious ly** (vō-rā'shūs-lī), greedily; ravenously.
- ward** (wōrd), to guard.
- wax** (wāks), to grow; to increase in size.
- weird** (wērd), mysterious; unearthly; uncanny; wild.
- wick'er** (wīk'ēr), made of slender twigs or shoots.
- wist'ful** (wīst'fōōl), wishful.
- woe** (wō), sorrow; grief; misfortune.
- wont** (wūnt), accustomed.
- wor'ship** (wūr'shīp), worth; honor; respect.



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